

SIR WILLIAM HOWARD
RUSSELL

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE WAR IN CUBA

THE RELIEF OF LADY-
SMITH

NATIONAL PHYSICAL
TRAINING

SIDE SHOWS



Portrait of W. H. Rapel

Portrait of W. H. Rapel

W. H. Rapel

THE LIFE OF
SIR WILLIAM HOWARD
RUSSELL

C.V.O., LL.D.

THE FIRST SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

By JOHN BLACK ATKINS

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL

CHAPTER I

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: PRELIMINARIES

WHILE Russell was on the high seas, bound for America to watch the events which culminated in the American Civil War, Sir De Lacy Evans wrote to Mrs. Russell about her husband's mission :—

“His being selected to proceed to America under the present momentous circumstances is but an additional proof of the great value attached to his high qualifications and rare ability. He does me the honour—and I assure you I consider it to be so—to ask me to assent to one of my names being given to your little son, who is not christened. I shall feel gratified by your making use of my name in any way you please in this matter. I consider that Mr. Russell is a public man of peculiar claims to historical estimation.”

Sir De Lacy Evans never relaxed in his affectionate regard for Russell and his family. It may be said here that the boy referred to died in infancy, and afterwards Evans—to give only one further example of his attentions and geniality—wrote :—

“6, GREAT CUMBERLAND STREET,
“HYDE PARK.

“DEAR MRS. RUSSELL,—I confess I was glad to see yesterday that my young friend Miss Russell has still the same light-hearted vivacity which induced her

some time ago, at the cost of papa, to dance over half-a-dozen of her school companions' bonnets. She is perhaps yet too young to know that you were kind enough to make me god-papa to one of your little sons, now unhappily no more. The favour I venture consequently to request is, that you will ask Miss Russell to regard me in the light in which I stood towards her little brother, and that I may be thus privileged to transmit the bagatelle herein as a New Year's offering, to be exchanged for some article of costume that I am unqualified to select.

"Believe me,

"Dear Mrs. Russell,

"Yours most sincerely and respectfully,

"DE LACY EVANS."

In "My Diary North and South,"* an expanded form of the diaries which he kept during the Civil War in America, Russell wrote of the state of mind in which he approached his work in America:—"I had no theories to uphold, no prejudices to subserve, no interests to advance, no instructions to fulfil; I was a free agent." The quarrel between the Northern and Southern States presented a pretty puzzle to the world; it cut athwart many of the dividing lines of thought in England, and at the beginning a great number of Englishmen notoriously ranged their sympathies on the side on which we of to-day should little have expected to find them. Many who were opposed to slavery by all their prepossessions, convinced themselves that the break-up of the Union would be a greater injury to civilisation than the recognition of slavery as an institution in the Southern States for a few years longer. Among the opponents of the North were Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Gladstone. On the other hand, Bright, Cobden, and the Duke of Argyll perceived the justice of the

* Published by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, 1863.

Northern cause from the first, and one should not forget to mention on this side also Prince Albert, whose moderation and reasonableness were later to be a strong and happy influence in the settlement of the Trent affair. Although most of the great newspapers, headed by the *Times*, favoured the Southerners, the *Daily News*, the *Spectator*, and the *Manchester Guardian* were with the Federals.

In order to understand how difficult it was for Russell to argue in favour of the Federal cause, with which he soon found himself in agreement, it must be remembered, then, that almost the whole English Press was producing evidence to dispose his mind in a contrary direction. He was not invited to yield to a cynical assertion that slavery must be preserved because it paid; that would have been an argument very easy to resist. The case for the South was more engagingly put, and something may be said in extenuation of the error. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, American Minister in London, wrote to his Government in December, 1861:—

“The arrogance of past (American) administrations with which the present has no sympathy, is yet made (by Englishmen) to rest on the latter as if that, too, were animated by the same spirit.”

Again and again the United States Government had alarmed and affronted Great Britain by language which displayed a provocative sympathy with the Irish, and seemed to threaten Canada. Many Englishmen could not help thinking with something like pleasure of a disruption which would remove the haunting danger to British North America. Add to this pertinent and practical argument the natural tendency of our people, as spectators, to cheer on the weaker combatant, the

absence of an unequivocal declaration against slavery by the Federal Government, and, during some time, the pressure of the cotton famine, and it will be seen that there was some excuse for those who took the wrong side.

The English newspapers which declared for the South were never tired of lecturing the Federals on their wickedness in continuing a fratricidal strife. They informed them that, with the most vulgar bigotry, they had mistaken belligerents for rebels, and that the "States' Rights" of the South was an obviously valid plea. *Punch*, which has generally inclined to a lenient middle view of things, represented Lincoln in its cartoons as a lout and a cynic—a man content to enjoy small jokes while ruin spread through the land. A curious fact is, that Delane shifted his opinions for the worse after the dispute had begun. He was not at first a vehement partisan of the South. In January, 1861, the *Times* said:—

"We cannot disguise from ourselves that there is a right and wrong in this question, and that the right belongs to the States of the North. . . . The North is for freedom of discussion, and the South resists freedom of discussion with the tar brush and pine faggot."

And in the same month it said that South Carolina had no more right to secede from the nation called the United States than Lancashire from England. Afterwards it went steadily against the North, believing that the issue of slavery was no longer involved. On October 14th, 1862, it argued that the Emancipation Proclamation was an incitement to assassination, and seven days later asked: "Is the name of Lincoln ultimately to be classed in the catalogue of monsters, wholesale assassins, and butchers of their kind?"

And all this time there was the character of Lincoln—nobly shrewd, tolerant, serene, and resolved—open to be studied and vindicated by those who had eyes to see. The failure of so many Englishmen to do either him or themselves justice at that time is a distressing example of political shortsightedness.

Never were principle and common sense more powerfully combined than in Lincoln. He has been reproached with not making a clear statement against slavery in the early days of the struggle, but there is good reason to think that if he had done so he would have lost the assistance of the Border State. Moreover, with all his hatred of slavery, he would never consent to gratify the extremists by disputing such rights of the Southern States as he judged to be legitimate. He made excuses for his opponents because he always understood them. There is no other instance of a ruler who had so little hate for his enemies in his heart, opposing them with such vigour, even to the death. His whole character is embodied in that magnificent marshalling of political principles, the second Inaugural, which is as exquisitely expressed as it is noble in substance. He was not merely a representative American ; he was representative of all the more admirable qualities in the Anglo-Saxon character ; and the wonder must ever grow that he should have been raised almost by accident to the Presidency, to serve his country to the glory of God and the dignifying of man.

We see these facts clearly enough to-day, but Russell had everything to investigate and to learn, while powerful influences tugged him away from the truth. And for the first time he was to know the inconvenience of differing on important issues from the policy of the *Times*. He was much too honest to fit his opinions to

those of his employers, and Delane, for his part, was much too good an editor to require that he should do so. Delane wanted his correspondents to send him the facts according to their lights and consciences. The business of interpreting those facts and founding a policy on them was his alone.

Russell was often informed on American politics by his friend Mr. John Bigelow. In November, 1860, Mr. Bigelow had written to him :—

“The Republican party, in the fortunes of which I have a parental interest, has been entirely successful, and henceforth the policy of this Government may be considered that of fixed hostility to the extension of slavery. The utter disorganisation of the pro-Slavery parties—for there were three of them against us—cannot readily be made intelligible to a foreigner; you are politician enough, however, to comprehend that parties who enter into coalitions always find it difficult to reorganise after they are routed. Lincoln has carried every non-slave-holding State but New Jersey by immense majorities. There was a desperate effort made to frighten the old people by threat of secession and all that, but they overdid the matter, and produced a reaction. People who were disposed to go with them, finally said, ‘We had better put an end to this talk of disunion by electing Lincoln, rather than live in the eternal vicissitude of freezing and thawing.’ Since the election, the spunky little State of South Carolina has been making a great deal of noise and splutter, but in a few weeks all concerned in making it will be covered with ridicule that are not covered with infamy.

“We shall be vexed for the next four months with all the world’s theory of the new President’s cabinet, and with the rivalries, jealousies, and dissensions of office seekers. When that is over and the new Government is well under way, the world, at least that portion of it which comes in contact with us, will begin to realise the magnitude and value of the revolution accomplished by the election of Lincoln.”

These penetrating words were not wasted on Russell.

On his arrival in New York, March 16th, 1861, Russell received an invitation to dine the next day (St. Patrick's Day) with the Friendly Society of St. Patrick. He accepted it, little foreseeing that it was to draw him into some embarrassment. At the dinner there were loud cries for "Russell!" and he found himself on his feet making a speech before he could decide, or perhaps even ask himself, whether the disadvantages of mixing himself up with political questions in America were greater than those of seeming churlishly to reject a compliment. Speaking of the Press and its influence, he remarked that it would find its freest development, its largest life, and its most liberal interpretation in a land where freedom was founded on the broadest basis. Nothing would more grieve his heart, or the heart of any man who sought the development of the right of man to make his own laws, than to witness the downfall of the American Union. But he was daily met with the assertion that the experiment had reached its end in ashes.

"For God's sake," he said, "preserve those in Europe from that conclusion, and enable them with logical facts to strike a blow for the liberty of mankind on the other side of the world! I come among you at a period of great difficulty and excitement. I recognise in the contending voices of the storm around me the intensity of the emotions and passions that gave it birth; but I cannot and will not believe that the people of the United States are about to whistle* down, a prey to fortune, the greatest legacy a nation ever yet received."

* Russell appears to have had an imperfect recollection of Shakespeare's metaphor from falconry:—

"I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune."

The oracular character of these remarks does not bear the mark of any indiscretion, but so far as they could be exactly applied they might conceivably be held to commit the *Times*. Printing House Square was of that opinion. "I am *very* sorry," wrote Mowbray Morris, "that you attended that dinner and made that speech."

A writer in a New York newspaper, critical but not unfriendly, gave this account of Russell as he appeared to American eyes when making his speech. Russell was to him "the most famous newspaper correspondent the world has ever seen." He had "short, iron-grey locks parted down the middle, a greyish moustache and a strong tendency to double chin; a very broad and very full but not lofty forehead; eyes of a clear, keen blue, sharply observant in their expression, rather prominently set, and indicating abundant language."

"You must imagine this portly and pleasant-looking gentleman," the account went on, "dressed in the extreme elaboration of Piccadilly full evening dress, his massive throat encased in the neatest and most dazzling of snowy ties; his broad chest making an immense display of fine linen; his waistcoat a miracle of embroidered silk, dark in color save where illuminated by flowers or traversed by his heavy watch-chain—another thinner chain running round his neck, meandering over his cambric frills and terminating in a pair of eyeglasses which he is very fond of fiddling with while speaking. This substantial and slightly protuberant figure may stand about five feet seven inches in his boots; and such is the true picture of Mr. Russell as we saw him at the Astor House dinner. As a speaker he is rather nervous and hesitating; but whether affectedly so or not it would be impossible, without further knowledge of the man, to determine. His style of elocution smacks strongly, in manner, of that attributed to 'Lord Phoenix' by Charles Dickens.

He is given to humming and hawing before the commencement of each sentence, much as the Chevalier Wikoff does when telling one of his irresistibly ludicrous anecdotes about James Gordon Bennett; but in the *matter* of his speech we have seldom heard any orator more lucid, compact and self-balanced than Mr. Russell."

At the end of his second day in America Russell was conscious that nearly everyone with whom he had conversed had tried to convince him that "the respectable people were disgusted at the election of such a fellow as Lincoln to be President," and had urged him to back the Southern States if it came to a rupture. The talk was all of the Federal forts Sumter and Pickens. Were they to be relieved or not? As often as an announcement was made in the papers in one sense it was contradicted in the other. During the next few days Russell's astonishment was not modified at the disrespect with which many of his acquaintances and the newspapers spoke of the Government. Its members were described as obscure and undistinguished, and few critics seemed able to rid their minds of the recollection that Lincoln had been a rail-splitter.

One day Russell had a long conversation with Mr. Horace Greeley. Greeley expressed much pleasure at Russell's statement that he was going to visit the Southern States as soon as possible. "Be sure you examine the slave pens," he said. "They will be afraid to refuse *you*, and you can tell the truth."

By March 23rd it was announced positively that the Southern authorities had refused to allow any further supplies to be sent to Fort Pickens, the United States Fleet in the Gulf, and Fort Sumter. The Southerners

were, in fact, forcing an issue, while it appeared to Russell that the Federal Government was drifting along without a set policy. It struck him that it mattered less, however, to many Northerners what course the Government might pursue than that the daily office should be performed of amusing "aristocratic democrats" with "ridicule of the Great Rail Splitter, or a vivid portraiture of Mr. Horace Greeley's old coat, hat, breeches and umbrella."

CHAPTER II

LINCOLN AND SEWARD

RUSSELL arrived at Washington on March 26th and went to Willard's Hotel. The same evening at dinner he met Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State.

"After dinner Mr. Seward told some stories of the pressure on the President for place, which very much amused the guests who knew the men, and talked freely and pleasantly of many things—stating, however, few facts positively. In reference to an assertion in a New York paper, that orders had been given to evacuate Sumter, 'That,' he said, 'is a plain lie—no such orders have been given. We will give up nothing we have—abandon nothing that has been entrusted to us. If people would only read these statements by the light of the President's Inaugural, they would not be deceived.' He wanted no extra session of Congress. 'History tells us that kings who call extra parliaments lose their heads,' and he informed the company he had impressed the President with his historical parallels.

"All through this conversation his tone was that of a man very sanguine and with a supreme contempt for those who thought there was anything serious in secession. 'Why,' said he, 'I myself, my brothers and sisters have been all secessionists—we seceded from home when we were young, but we all went back to it sooner or later. These States will all come back in the same way.'"

Before he went to bed that night Russell wrote to Delane:—

"WILLARD'S MENAGERIE,

"DEN No. 55.

"WASHINGTON,

"*March 26th, 1861.*

"I left New York last night and arrived here this morning rather done up by a transition from frost and snow to southern heat, such as we are now

exposed to. My life at New York was most profitless and pleasureless, spite of the good intentions of my friends, and in one respect I was like the Kingdom of Heaven, for 'I suffered violence at the hands of those who would have possession of me whether I liked it or not. The absence of all good purpose in my stay arose principally from the chaos of opinions into which I was plunged over head and ears, all so opposite and so violent that, like opposing forces, they produced at the unhappy centre to which they directed their course complete absence of all motion; or, more properly speaking, my head was like the central space in a revolving storm, where all is nullity while the furious currents whirl around it and bear along with them their placid interior. Such diversity of assertion and opinion extending even to the minutest matters of fact I never encountered before now, even in the House of Commons or at a meeting of the Geological Society. As far as I can make out, there is no one with any faith in anything stronger than the march of events. Every man is an atom in a gale. New York to my mind is exceedingly gay, *insouciant* and even frivolous, but I am told that the great events which are going on here affected the upper ten thousand, notwithstanding incessant dinners and evening parties. . . . First I fell a victim to the Green Sons of Erin, of whom I was the most verdant, inasmuch as I was told it would be a nice little party, and that I would not be asked to say a word, and at which it was true that hundreds of green sons assembled, and that I was all but driven at the point of the carving fork to make a speech which was duly misreported. Then I was engaged literally in one day for the next fortnight, and when some tormentors found breakfast was a meal I did not indulge in on the same day, they invented lunches and suppers for me. Such transparent artifices as saying I was engaged or was out, or locking my door, they laughed to scorn; and they hunted this poor little tom-cat with as much earnestness, gravity, ferocity, and determination as if they were really engaged in the pursuit of a full-grown 'lion.' They are really most hospitable and jolly exceedingly.

"Some Northern men are so violent as to assert the U.S. Government would regard the recognition of the Southern States by any European nation as a *casus belli*, and of that sort will be found some of the new ministers. They declare that the South must come back and that right soon, and the opinion is, indeed, growing to the effect that a strong reaction will very soon take place against the chiefs of the Secession. The wish may be father to it. The question of fighting seems to be eschewed as far as possible—neither party likes to assume any attitude, save that of Chatham, and as yet the South has got the best of her opponent by the fierceness of her air and the cock of her hat.

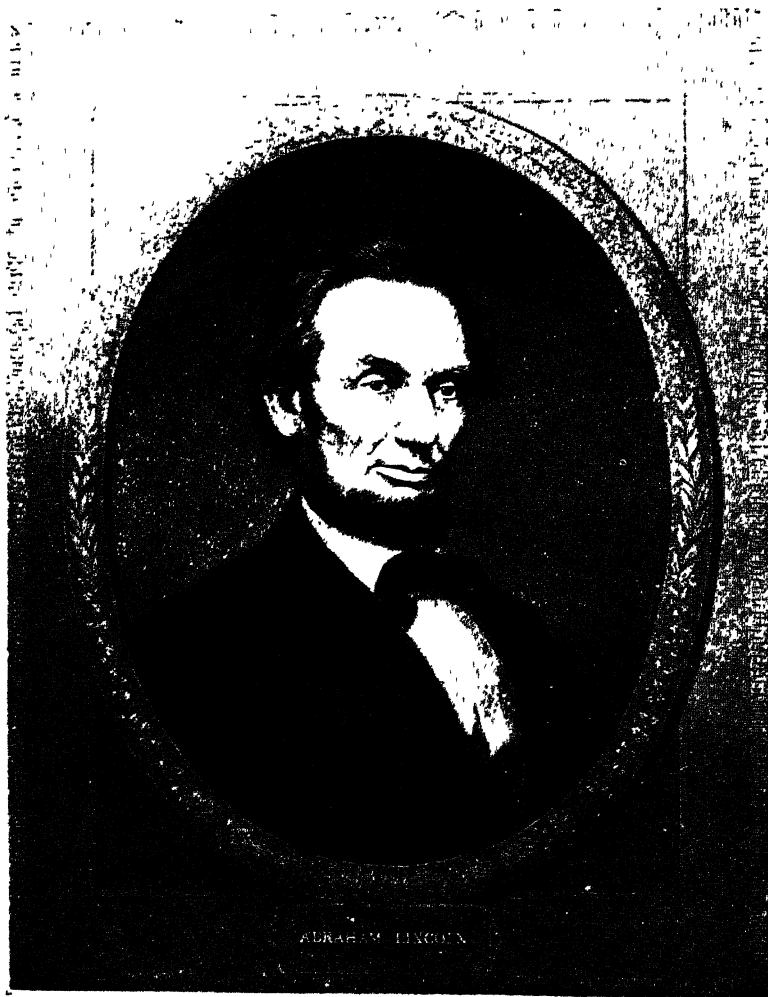
"I shall stay here for a week and then go South, whither the increasing heats summon me. I have got plenty of letters to everybody. I wish some of them would be kind enough to give me a satisfactory reply to the question of jesting Pilate. Below all the big talk there is a sense of humiliation at the spectacle presented by the Great Republic to Europe, although they talk vain things about the moral grandeur of a conflict in which no blood is shed. I am quite certain, if they should fight—and I say Lord forbid!—they are quite ready for a bloody and desperate struggle."

The next day Russell went by appointment to the State Department, where he was to be introduced by Seward to the President. Seward led him to a large room where in company with some others they waited for a few minutes for the President's arrival.

"Soon," writes Russell, "there entered, with a shambling, loose, irregular, almost unsteady gait, a tall, lank, lean man, considerably over six feet in height, with stooping shoulders, long pendulous arms, terminating in hands of extraordinary dimensions, which, however, were far exceeded in proportion by his feet. He was dressed in an ill-fitting, wrinkled suit of black, which put one in mind of an undertaker's uniform at a funeral; round his neck a rope of black silk was knotted in a large bulb, with flying ends

projecting beyond the collar of his coat ; his turned-down shirt-collar disclosed a sinewy, muscular, yellow neck, and above that, nestling in a great black mass of hair, bristling and compact like a ruff of mourning pins, rose the strange, quaint face and head, covered with its thatch of wild republican hair, of President Lincoln. The impression produced by the size of his extremities, and by his flapping and wide projecting ears, may be removed by the expression of kindliness, sagacity, and the awkward *bonhomie* of his face ; the mouth is absolutely prodigious ; the lips, straggling and extending almost from one line of black beard to the other, are only kept in order by two deep furrows from the nostril to the chin ; the nose itself—a prominent organ—stands out from the face, with an inquiring anxious air, as though it were sniffing for some good thing in the wind ; the eyes, dark, full, and deeply set, are penetrating, but full of an expression which almost amounts to tenderness ; and above them projects the shaggy brow, running into the small hard frontal space, the development of which can hardly be estimated accurately, owing to the irregular flocks of thick hair brushed carelessly across it. One would say that, although the mouth was made to enjoy a joke, it could also utter the severest sentence which the head could dictate, but that Mr. Lincoln would be ever more willing to temper justice with mercy, and to enjoy what he considers the amenities of life, than to take a harsh view of men's nature and of the world, and to estimate things in an ascetic or puritan spirit.

"Mr. Seward took me by the hand and said, 'Mr. President, allow me to present to you Mr. Russell, of the *London Times*.' On which Mr. Lincoln put out his hand in a very friendly manner, and said, 'Mr. Russell, I am very glad to make your acquaintance, and to see you in this country. The *London Times* is one of the greatest powers in the world ; in fact, I don't know anything which has more power, except perhaps the Mississippi. I am glad to know you as its minister.' Conversation ensued for some minutes, which the President enlivened by two or three peculiar little sallies, and I left agreeably impressed with his shrewdness, humour, and natural sagacity."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[To face p 14.

This meeting with Lincoln was followed the next day by an invitation to dinner. During the conversation before dinner was announced, Russell was amused to observe the manner in which Lincoln dispensed and employed his famous anecdotes.

"Where men bred in courts," he writes, "accustomed to the world, or versed in diplomacy, would use some subterfuge, or would make a polite speech, or give a shrug of the shoulders as the means of getting out of an embarrassing position, Mr. Lincoln raises a laugh by some bold West-country anecdote, and moves off in the cloud of merriment produced by his joke. Thus, when Mr. Bates was remonstrating apparently against the appointment of some indifferent lawyer to a place of judicial importance, the President interposed with, 'Come now, Bates, he's not half as bad as you think. Besides that, I must tell you he did me a good turn long ago. When I took to the law, I was going to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, and I had no horse. The judge overtook me in his waggon. "Hollo, Lincoln! Are you not going to the court-house? Come in and I'll give you a seat." Well, I got in, and the judge went on reading his papers. Presently the waggon struck a stump on one side of the road; then it hopped off to the other. I looked out, and I saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat; so says I, "Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a little drop too much this morning." "Well, I declare, Lincoln," said he, "I should not much wonder if you are right, for he has nearly upset me half-a-dozen times since starting." So putting his head out of the window, he shouted, "Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!" Upon which, pulling up his horses and turning round with great gravity, the coachman said, "By gorra! that's the first rightful decision you have given for the last twelvemonth." Whilst the company was laughing, the President beat a quiet retreat from the neighbourhood of the Attorney-General."

It was soon borne in upon Russell that the majority of the men staying at Willard's Hotel were in search of some kind of office under the Government, and spent their time in hunting members of Congress through the lobbies. In the hall of the hotel were advertisements announcing that testimonials and similar documents could be printed with neatness and despatch. In fact, the whole city was placarded with announcements of facilities for laying siege to the authorities. "The Excelsior Card-writer" himself, who appeared to be the prince among all these agents, was lodged at Willard's. Some of the applicants had journeyed thousands of miles, and Russell was told of one who, being refused a judgeship, condescended to seek a place in the post office, and was content ultimately to accept an appointment as a lighthouse keeper.

After a few days Russell had another conversation with Seward, who once more set forth his reasoned optimism. The Government could do little at present. What could they do with naval and military officers resigning *en masse* to accept service with the rebels? But all this excitement would soon come right—it was a madness that would pass. The only danger was that foreign Powers might imagine that the Federal Government was too weak to defend its rights and that the attempt to destroy the Union and to set up a Southern Confederacy was already a success. In other words, Seward's only fear was that if the period of inaction were misinterpreted, the Government of the Secessionists established at Montgomery might be "recognised" by Great Britain. He assumed the existence of widespread loyalty to the Union throughout the Southern States. He admitted

that if the majority desired secession he would let them have it, but he could not believe in the existence of a desire so monstrous.

One evening before he left Washington, Russell dined with the Southern Commissioners, and naturally found them all of one opinion, and very firm in that. On this one evening he heard expressed in epitome all the differences between North and South. The Southerners spoke of the Federals rather in the manner that English country gentlemen might speak of prosperous manufacturers. They talked of Lincoln with contempt; they regarded Seward as the ablest but also as the most unscrupulous of their enemies; and the tone in which they alluded to all the Northern people betrayed their conviction that the pursuit of the mechanical arts had so demoralised them that they would not really fight for what they professed to prize.

"Whether it be in consequence of some secret influence which slavery has upon the minds of men," Russell wrote, "or that the aggression of the North upon their institutions has been of a nature to excite the deepest animosity and most vindictive hate, certain it is there is a degree of something like ferocity in the Southern mind towards New England which exceeds belief."

The impressions received on this occasion shaped his opinion, which all his subsequent experiences developed and confirmed, that justice and reason were on the side of the North in spite of all the protestations of the gentlemanlike party.

One sympathiser with the South, in conversation with Russell at Washington, asserted his belief—a belief which every observant traveller in the United States has come across in some form—that the Southerners were the direct descendants of the

Mexican war. Scott was not at all inclined to admit that this was so ridiculous as Seward thought. He appealed to Russell, who protested that he was not a judge, but sagaciously suggested that numerous cases of such a well-known figure of speech might be quoted in justification, though to be sure he was unable to think of another in a military despatch.

Scott took the lead during the evening in telling anecdotes of great length, "fortified," says Russell, "by such episodes as are appropriately introduced by 'Bear with me, dear sir, awhile that I may here diverge from the main current of my story and proceed to mention a curious,' etc., etc." While Scott was in the full flood of anecdote a despatch arrived which caused him so much uneasiness that Russell asked to be allowed to retire while he and Seward discussed matters of State. Russell went into the garden with a major of the Staff, and was surprised to see two figures standing under the obscurity of the wall. The major told Russell that these were sentries, placed there for the protection of the General. The possibility of assassination, he said, had seriously to be reckoned with, and as the General would not consent to have a guard or anything of the kind sentries were posted round his house without his knowledge.*

At the moment of leaving Washington, Russell heard that Beauregard, the Confederate general at Charleston, had informed the Federal officer in command at Fort Sumter that communications between his garrison and

* Mr. John Bigelow's book, "Retrospections of an Active Life," contains, *à propos* of the assassination of Lincoln, a letter from Seward in answer to those who had warned him to beware of Confederate plots and assassination. "Assassination," wrote Seward, "is not an American practice or habit, and one so vicious and so desperate cannot be engrafted into our political system."

the town must cease. The Government at Washington, on their side, had informed the Confederate authorities that they intended to send supplies to Fort Sumter, peaceably if possible, but at all events to send them. Already a battery at Charleston had fired on a vessel flying the United States flag. Thus the talk about Forts Sumter and Pickens which had been buzzing in Russell's ears ever since he landed in America culminated in a *situation nette*. War seemed almost inevitable. Some ladies told him that when he returned to Washington he would find that the Rail Splitter and his family had disappeared, and that "nice people" were installed in their place. A Navy officer said to him, "If the Government are really going to try force at Charleston you'll see they'll be beaten, and we'll have war between the Gentlemen and the Yankee rowdies. If they attempt violence you know how that will end." Such talk, indeed, accompanied Russell in the train all the way to Baltimore. "Well, darn me," said one man, "if I wouldn't draw a bead on Old Abe, Seward—aye, on General Scott himself, though I've got a perty good thing out of them, if they dew try to use their soldiers and sailors to beat down States' rights." To which voices made answer, "That's so!" "That's true!"

CHAPTER III

IN THE SOUTHERN STATES

FROM Baltimore Russell went to Norfolk, using his eyes and ears everywhere to test the feeling of the South. He was in church on a Sunday morning in Norfolk when a bustle arose near the door and caused the congregation to turn round. Several persons were standing up and whispering, while others were tip-toeing out of the church. The influence extended itself gradually till everyone had gone except those nearest the clergyman, and at last they too rose up and walked boldly out, Russell with them. Men were seen running towards the hotel. "What is it?" "Come along," was the answer, "the telegraph is in at the Day Book. The Yankees are whipped." Russell joined the excited crowd which was reading the news of the bombardment of Sumter affixed to the wall.

"It was a terrible writing," he says. "At all the street corners men were discussing the news with every symptom of joy and gratification. Now I confess I could not share in the excitement at all. The act seemed to me the prelude to certain war."

From Norfolk he travelled by train through dismal swamps, like Martin Chuzzlewit's Eden, marking log houses by the way from which Confederate flags were flying, to Goldsborough, where he found the tide of war foaming along for the first time. The streets were filled with a shouting mob carrying arms, and there were signs here and there of a desire to arrive at some kind of uniform. The shouting for Jeff Davis

and the Southern Confederacy overpowered the discordant bands which were busy with "Dixie."

"Here," says Russell, "was true revolutionary *furor* in full sway. The men hectored, cheered, and slapped each other on the backs; the women, in their best, waved handkerchiefs and flung down garlands from the windows. All was noise, dust and patriotism."

Through such scenes as these, repeated always when the train stopped, Russell journeyed to Charleston. As the train approached the marshes near the town the square block of the captured Fort Sumter was seen rising above the water with the Confederate stars and bars flying from it, and the spectacle created enthusiasm among the passengers. Smoke was rising from the walls.

It is not to be supposed that these scenes passed without counter demonstrations in the North.

"You have missed," Mr. Davis, the New York correspondent of the *Times*, wrote to Russell, "the most extraordinary demonstration in history—the rising of the Northern people *en masse* for their institutions. Fifty thousand men are enlisted in the city of New York alone, and ready to go as soon as they can be supplied with arms and equipments. Broadway is a cloud of stars and stripes. Business is abandoned and every man is a soldier. The same spirit prevails throughout the interior. The indifference, the Southern preference, the indecision which prevailed when you were here are vanished. The attack on Sumter and the call of the President swept them away in a single night, and now no man dare avow himself a traitor."

One is reminded of Walt Whitman's "Manhattan Arming":

"To the drum-taps prompt,
The young men falling in and arming;
The mechanics arming, the trowel, the jack-plane, the blacksmith's hammer, tossed aside with precipitation

The lawyer leaving his office, and arming—the judge leaving the court ;

The driver deserting his waggon in the street, jumping down, throwing the reins abruptly down on the horses' backs ;

The salesman leaving the store—the boss, book-keeper, porter, all leaving ;

Squads gathering everywhere by common consent, and arming ;

The new recruits, even boys—the old men show them how to wear their accoutrements—they buckle the straps carefully ;

Outdoors arming — indoors arming—the flash of the musket-barrels ;

The white tents cluster in camps—the armed sentries around—the sunrise cannon, and again at sunset ;

Armed regiments arrive every day, pass through the city, and embark from the wharves ;

How good they look, as they tramp down to the river, sweaty, with their guns on their shoulders !

How I love them ! How I could hug them, with their brown faces, and their clothes and knapsacks covered with dust !

The blood of the city up—armed ! armed ! the cry everywhere."

After dinner on the evening of his arrival at Charleston, Russell was taken by those to whom he had made himself known at the hotel to the headquarters of General Beauregard, who, late as it was, was still writing in his office.

"The General," wrote Russell, "is a small, compact man about thirty-six years of age, with a quick and intelligent eye and action, and a good deal of the Frenchman in his manner and look."

After some conversation Beauregard said to Russell, "You shall go everywhere and see everything. We rely on your discretion and knowledge of what is fair in dealing with what you see. Of course, you don't expect to find regular soldiers in our camps, or very scientific works." Russell answered that he would make no use in America of what he saw, but that he would write an account to England, and if, when it came back, it were found to contain inconvenient

information, he must not be blamed. Beauregard smiled, and said, "I daresay we'll have great changes by that time."

In the club at Charleston Russell was struck by the phrases of extreme confidence and extravagant menace that fell from his acquaintances. The Yankees, they said, were cowardly rascals, and the Southerners had proved it again and again. As to the attitude of Great Britain, there was nothing to fear. John Bull would make a fuss about non-interference at first, but when he began to suffer in his pocket he would no longer be indifferent towards attempts to coerce the Confederates. "When he begins to want cotton he'll come off his perch." Russell found that this was the fixed idea everywhere in the South: that cotton was king, and that in the last resort Great Britain would be glad to bow before his throne.

Songs were already being sung in honour of Beauregard and the capture of Fort Sumter. One of the doggerel rhymes had for its refrain:—

"With cannon and musket, with shell and petard,
We salute the North with our Beau-regard—"

Russell wrote in his diary:—

"The utter contempt and loathing for the venerated Stars and Stripes, the abhorrence of the very words United States, the intense hatred of the Yankees on the part of these people, cannot be conceived by anyone who has not seen them. I am more satisfied than ever that the Union can never be restored as it was."

Russell, for all his sympathy with the North, failed indeed, as this rash prophecy proves, to foresee the splendid resolution of the "Yankees" and their power to forge a great army.

It was in consonance with the profession of many

Southerners to be the descendants of English cavaliers that some of them should have impressed on Russell their desire to pass once more under a monarchy. But it is probable that Russell mistook a relative for an absolute expression of opinion. At that moment a great number of Southerners no doubt felt that they would be glad to live under a monarchy if that were the only alternative to coming again under the control of the hated Union ; and yet most of them would have been surprised if anyone had charged them in the abstract with not being good Republicans. This appears to be the explanation of the curious fact that Russell reported (faithfully, as one cannot doubt) the existence of a widespread desire to invite a prince of the English House to rule over the Southern States, and was repudiated by the very persons whose wishes he believed himself to be recording. If there was not much American support for Russell's version, when it became known, of Southern tendencies in regard to a monarchy, one of his own countrymen came spontaneously to his aid. This was Mr. Bunch, British Vice-Consul at Charleston, who wrote to Lord John Russell :—

“CHARLESTON,

“*June 20th, 1861.*

“MY LORD,—The letters of Mr. W. H. Russell, the special correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, have been looked for in this community with an anxiety which to a stranger might appear ludicrous. But to one who, like myself, has resided for several years in South Carolina, the desire on the part of the people to learn the judgment which would be pronounced upon them by an intelligent observer and writer, especially by one who commands the attention of the world to so great a degree as does Mr. Russell, appears both natural and proper.

"Four of Mr. Russell's letters from the Southern States have now appeared, and have, on the whole, given satisfaction. Although it is asserted that on several points of detail he had not proved himself entirely correct (an opinion from which I altogether differ), there exists an universal disposition to admit his fairness and be flattered by his account of the people and the Government. But I found within the last few days some inclination to deny, and even to resent, the statements of his second letter from Charleston, to the effect that the people of South Carolina, or rather, its upper classes, which in this State at least have the entire control of the 'people,' and are the only portion of the population whose wishes are consulted, would not object to see the connection with the mother country revived and themselves either the subjects of Her Majesty or of a constitutional monarchy under an English prince. I have, therefore, thought it not inexpedient to assure your Lordship that, in my humble judgment, Mr. Russell is entirely correct in the views he expresses. Language such as he describes has been held to me on numberless occasions by the very best and most influential persons in South Carolina, not only during the exciting scenes of the last few months, but from the day of my arrival here in 1853. My predecessor informed me before I came of the existence of the same sentiment to a very great extent, and it is now infinitely stronger than ever. I affirm most deliberately that the governing classes of South Carolina would most gladly become the subjects of a constitutional monarchy based upon the principles of British law.

"Of course I do not wish your Lordship to suppose that such a consummation is likely to be immediately realised, or that there is any present intention of applying to Her Majesty for a king, but it seems to me that during the many changes through which this country is likely to pass before it can be consolidated, it may not be unwise to include the possibility of a return to that form of government of the blessings of which Great Britain is the proud example.

"I have the honour to be, etc.,

"ROBERT BUNCH."

Russell used to argue strongly against the principles of the Southern slave-owners, which he admitted were sometimes put in an extremely plausible form. It was difficult to know what terms to employ in conversation with men who believed that they drew primitive virtues from their connection with the soil and that slavery was a scriptural and beneficial "Institution" with which the superior race aided its lower brethren.

"'We are an agricultural people,' they would say, 'pursuing our own system, and working out our own destiny, breeding up women and men with some other purpose than to make them vulgar, fanatical, cheating Yankees, hypocritical if as women they pretend to real virtue, and lying if as men they pretend to be honest. We have gentlemen and gentlewomen in your sense of it. We have a system which enables us to reap the fruits of the earth by a race which we save from barbarism in restoring them to their real place in the world as labourers.'"

From Charleston, Russell went by way of Savannah to Montgomery. In the Legislative Assembly there he listened to a speaker delivering such statements as Balfour of Burleigh might have preached to his Covenanters, and all in favour of the institution of slavery! Curses were rained on the heads of the enemy and blessings on the Army and Council of the Confederacy. Russell had to admit to himself that such men must have a faith to inspire them.

"And that is so," he writes. "Assaulted by reason, by logic, argument, philanthropy, progress, directed against his peculiar institution, the Southerner at last is driven to a fanaticism—a sacred faith which is above all reason or logical attack in the propriety, righteousness and divinity of slavery."

He was the more puzzled and distressed by the debate because on his way to the Capitol he had been much affected by the spectacle of a slave auction.

"The auctioneer, who was an ill-favoured, dissipated-looking rascal, had his 'article' beside him on, not in, a deal packing-case, a stout young negro, badly dressed and ill-shod, who stood with all his goods fastened in a small bundle in his hand, looking out at the small and listless gathering of men, who, whistling and chewing, had moved out from the shady side of the street as they saw the man put up. The chattel character of slavery in the States renders it most repulsive. What a pity the nigger is not poly-poid, so that he could be put up in junks, and each junk should reproduce itself.

"A man in a cart, some volunteers in coarse uniforms, a few Irish labourers in a long van, and four or five men in the usual black coat, satin waistcoat and black hat, constituted the audience, whom the auctioneer addressed volubly: 'A prime field hand! Just look at him—good-natered, well-tempered; no marks, nary signs of bad about him! En-i-ne hunthered—only nine-hun-ther-ed and fifty dol'rs for 'em! Why, it's quite rad-aklous! Nine hundred and fifty dol'rs! I can't raly—That's good. Thank you, sir. Twenty-five bid—nine-hun-therd and seventy-five dol'rs for this most useful hand.' The price rose to one thousand dollars, at which the useful hand was knocked down to one of the black hats near me. The auctioneer and the negro and his buyer all walked off together to settle the transaction, and the crowd moved away.

"'That nigger went cheap,' said one of them to a companion, as he walked towards the shade. 'Yes, sirr! Niggers is cheap now—that's a fact.' I must admit that I felt myself indulging in a sort of reflection whether it would not be nice to own a man as absolutely as one might possess a horse, to hold him subject to my will and pleasure as if he were a brute beast without the power of kicking or biting—to make him work for me—to hold his fate in my hands; but the thought was for a moment. It was followed by disgust."

At this time Russell slipped between the pages of his diary an advertisement which he had evidently cut out from some Southern newspaper. He made no comment; but the advertisement remains and supplies its own:—

“NOTICE. TEN DOLLARS REWARD.

“Run away on Friday night my woman Silvey, about 40 years of age, of a light brown complexion, and has spots on her face as if done with powder, and limps a little, and speaks very low when spoken to. She formerly belonged to Rev. Mr. Keith, and of late to Johnson the tailor in King Street, near George Street. When she left she had a chain around her ankles to keep her from going off, but she went anyhow. Apply to P. Buchheit, North-West corner of Line and Meeting-Streets, Charleston.”

If Russell had not already had plenty of experience of camp “shaves” he would have been bewildered by the stories which were readily accepted by the Southerners. It was believed by many that there was a reign of terror in New York; that Lincoln was always drunk; that General Lee was bombarding Washington, and so on.

On May 9th, 1861, the papers at Montgomery came out with a Proclamation by Jefferson Davis, as President of the Confederate States of America, announcing the issue of letters of marque and reprisal. Russell went to call on Jefferson Davis at the State Department. He walked straight up with Mr. Wigfall, a senator, to a door on which was written simply, “The President.” Jefferson Davis received him at once.

“He did not impress me,” wrote Russell, “as favourably as I had expected, though he is certainly a very different looking man from Mr. Lincoln. He is like a gentleman—has a slight, light figure, little exceeding

middle height, and holds himself erect and straight. Wonderful to relate, he does not chew, and is neat and clean-looking, with hair trimmed and boots brushed. The expression of his face is anxious, he has a very haggard, care-worn, and pain-drawn look, though no trace of anything but the utmost confidence and the greatest decision could be detected in his conversation. He asked me some general questions respecting the route I had taken in the States.

"I mentioned that I had seen great military preparations throughout the South, and was astonished at the alacrity with which the people sprang to arms. 'Yes, sir,' he remarked, and his tone of voice and manner of speech are rather remarkable for what are considered Yankee peculiarities, 'In Eur-ope' (Mr. Seward also indulges in that pronunciation) 'they laugh at us because of our fondness for military titles and displays. All your travellers in this country have commented on the number of generals, and colonels, and majors all over the States. But the fact is, we are a military people, and these signs of the fact were ignored. We are not less military because we have had no great standing armies. But perhaps we are the only people in the world where gentlemen go to a military academy who do not intend to follow the profession of arms.'

"In the course of our conversation, I asked him to have the goodness to direct that a sort of passport should be given to me, as I might possibly fall in with some guerilla leader on my way northwards, in whose eyes I might not be entitled to safe conduct. Mr. Davis said, 'I shall give such instructions to the Secretary of War as shall be necessary. But, sir, you are among civilised, intelligent people who understand your position, and apprehend your character. We do not seek the sympathy of England by unworthy means, for we respect ourselves, and we are glad to invite the scrutiny of men into our acts; as for our motives, we meet the eye of Heaven.'

"Mr. Davis made no allusion to the authorities at Washington, but he asked me if I thought it was supposed in England there would be war between the two States. I answered, that I was under the impression

the public thought there would be no actual hostilities. 'And yet you see we are driven to take up arms for the defence of our rights and liberties.'

"As I saw an immense mass of papers on his table, I rose and made my bow, and Mr. Davis, seeing me to the door gave me his hand, and said, 'As long as you may stay among us you shall receive every facility it is in our power to afford to you, and I shall always be glad to see you.'"

The pass, or recommendation, which was given to Russell was signed by General Walker, and ran :

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

"WAR DEPARTMENT.

"SIR,—The Government of the Confederate States of America appreciating your visit, and respecting your character, I take pleasure in presenting you this Letter.

"The officers in the service of the Confederate States will recognise my signature, and facilitate your observations within those limits, I feel satisfied, your own tastes will prescribe.

"Your well-known worth in private, as well as public life, will always command the social attention of gentlemen wherever, within our bounds, you may think proper to proceed and sojourn.

"L. P. WALKER,

"Secretary-at-War."

While he was at Montgomery Russell received a letter from Mr. Bigelow which does credit to the writer's political foresight and courage. To appreciate the confidence of the tone one has only to remember the uncertainty of the circumstances :—

"My faith in Republican institutions is too profound to be shaken by the vaticinations which you sent me from Washington. We are going through this thing and all the better and wiser for the ordeal, of this I am still as firmly persuaded as when I wrote you to the same effect before you left England. There will doubtless be some bloodshed, perhaps a good deal, but a loss of

blood is sometimes a gain of vitality. Besides, Béranger says:—

“ ‘ Près de la borne où chaque état commence
Aucun épi n'est pur de sang humain.’ ”

“And the Romuluses of the South would not feel that they had done what was expected of the founders of a new Empire if their labours had not been submitted to the universal test. This week probably, next week certainly, will witness some field operations, and then it will be determined whether we have a Government at Washington or not. If we have there will be a diminution of traitors and thieves in this country before Christmas, or I'm no prophet. Unhappily (in some aspects of the matter) there is no military genius connected with the administration at Washington, and it may be that in consequence the war may be prolonged more than may seem creditable to the Federal Government; but on the other hand I can see reasons why this war ought not to terminate too soon, nor even as soon as a vigorous and competent leader like Jackson would terminate it. The popular mind needs to be disabused of some illusions and some traditional prejudices which only time and Bellona can extirpate. It would be a sad thing, if we are to have war, that it should end before the morbid influences in our political system are expelled. A year or two of fighting will do it. Six months will not. With two such peace-loving statesmen at the head of affairs as Lincoln and Seward there is not so much danger that the war will be too long as that it will be too short.

“As our armies advance southward there will naturally be large numbers of negroes who will take refuge with us. We do not want them in the free States, neither can we leave them destitute where they are. I have heard it proposed that we should allow England if she chose to take such as were disposed to go to her West Indian Colonies as apprentices.* That the time is not distant when that will become a

* Many proposals have been made for the emigration of the negroes. One of the few unpractical proposals of Lincoln was that the slaves should be compulsorily segregated in the West Indies.

practical measure, or something like it, I have not much doubt."

Calmness and optimism were, fortunately, characteristic of the clearest political thinkers in the North at this time. One thinks of J. R. Lowell's lines in "Jonathan to John."

"God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' bein' free.

"Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess
God's price is high,' sez he;
'But nothin' else than wut He sells
Wears long, an' that J. B.
May learn like you an' me.' "

CHAPTER IV

IN THE SOUTHERN STATES (*continued*)

FROM Montgomery Russell went to Mobile. There he hired a coasting schooner of about fifty tons, meaning to try to get through the Federal blockade at Fort Pickens. He was induced to take with him three passengers who professed to be neutrals. During the night, while the schooner was sailing close inshore, he was aroused by the captain talking to one of his crew, and glancing up saw that the captain was staring through his "tallowscope" at the land. Looking in that direction Russell noticed the glare of a fire in a wood and men standing round it. "Wa'll," said the captain, "I guess it is just some of them d—d Yankees as is landed from their tarnation boats, and is 'conoitering' for a road to Mobile." It struck Russell as a curious illustration of the native recklessness of some of these Southerners when the captain said, "Let us put a bag of bullets in the owd gun and touch it off at them." And this he might have done, had not Russell pointed out that the party on shore was just as likely to be from the camp at Pensacola, and that in any case he strongly objected to a belligerent act while he was on board. When the schooner was approaching the waters in which the Federal squadron lay the skipper hove-to till dawn. With the first glimpse of light, however, he resumed his course, and the sun was scarcely up before Fort M'Rae, Fort Pickens, and the masts of the squadron were visible ahead. As the schooner advanced a

small sailing vessel headed towards her. Hand over hand came the small vessel with a gun ready at her bows, and then, swinging up into the wind close by, she lowered away a boat and an officer was soon on board the schooner. After some parleying Russell and the neutrals were conducted on board the flagship *Sabine*, where Captain Adams listened to their explanations. No difficulty was made about Russell's desire to land, but Captain Adams remarked that it would not be right to let the gentlemen from Mobile examine Fort Pickens and then go among the Confederate camps. An engineer officer from Fort Pickens who happened to be on board offered to take a letter to his colonel asking permission for Russell to visit the fort. Finally it was arranged that the schooner was to be allowed to pass into Pensacola harbour, thence to return to Mobile.

"I fear, Mr. Russell," said Captain Adams, "that in giving you this permission I expose myself to misinterpretation and unfounded attacks. Gentlemen of the Press in our country care little about private character, and are, I fear, rather unscrupulous in what they say; but I rely upon your character that no improper use shall be made of this permission. You must hoist a flag of truce, as General Bragg, who commands over there, has sent me word he considers our blockade a declaration of war, and will fire upon any vessel which approaches him from our fleet." Captain Adams spoke with deep feeling of the family divisions caused by the war. He had just heard that one of his sons was enlisted in the Confederate Army, and that two others had joined the forces in Virginia. "God knows," he said sadly, "that when I open my broadside, but that I may be killing my own son."

When Russell went on board the schooner once more and told the skipper to make sail and steer for the harbour he was regarded with an air of pity and incredulity. When the order was repeated the skipper at last kicked up his crew from their sleep on deck, and with a "Wa'll, raly I never did see such a thing," got his vessel under way. As the schooner came abreast of Fort Pickens a tablecloth was hoisted to the peak, and through his glasses Russell noticed that the little craft was attracting no ordinary attention from the garrison as well as from the more distant Confederates in Fort M'Rae. The schooner sailed on unchallenged, and finally the skipper dropped anchor off the end of a wooden jetty. He went ashore with letters which Russell had given him for General Bragg, and speedily returned with permission for the schooner to go alongside the wharf. The Mobile neutrals went off to look for their friends, while Russell was conducted to the quarters of General Bragg, who engaged him in a long conversation.

As Russell went to his hotel from General Bragg's quarters, accompanied by an intelligent middle-aged orderly, he was once again puzzled how to separate the evil from the good.

"This orderly," he writes, "had come to do battle with as much sincerity—ay, and religious confidence—as ever actuated old John Brown or any New England Puritan to make war against slavery."

The orderly told Russell that he had left his family in the care of slaves, had planted all his cotton land with corn, and did not mean to go back alive till he had seen the back of the last Yankee in the Southern States. Russell asked if he was not afraid of the slaves rising in his absence. "They're ignorant, poor

souls," was the answer; "but as yet they're faithful. Anyway, I put my trust in God, and I know He'll watch over the house while I'm away fighting for this good cause!" Russell wondered as he listened; the man was beyond the age of stray enthusiasms, and must have been moved by principles which were to him unquestionable and sacred.

The next day Russell went on board the schooner and exclaimed, "Now then, captain, cast loose. We are going to Fort Pickens." The worthy seaman was by this time, as one may say, all at sea, and did not appear to know whether he belonged to the North or the South, or the British Navy. When the schooner came near the fort the skipper said, "I think we'd best lie to. Them cussed Yankees on the beach is shouting to us." A sentry on the end of a wooden jetty was indeed singing out, "Stand off, or I'll fire." The skipper called out for a boat to take Russell ashore. "No, sir," was the answer; "come in your own boat." The schooner's boat was a very skiff of Charon. As Russell stepped in, followed by two sailors, the water flew in at the open seams. "Deevide," exclaimed the skipper to one of the men, "pull your hardest, for there an't a more terrible place for shearks along the whole coast."

Russell alone was allowed inside the fort. While he was looking over it the officer who accompanied him made casual remarks now and again designed to extract information. "There are the quarters of your friend, General Bragg! He pretends, we hear, that it is a hospital, but we shall soon have him out when we open fire." "Oh, indeed," says Russell. "That's their best battery outside the lighthouse," continues the officer, "we cannot well make out whether there are ten, eleven or twelve guns in it,"

and so on. But Russell kept his Northern facts and his Southern facts in separate pockets. That night the schooner returned to Mobile.

At Mobile Russell observed, what struck everyone else who was witness of the scenes of those days, the vast influence of the Southern women in recruiting troops for the war, and also in feeding the passion which inflamed the South.

"To me," he writes, "it was very painful to hear sweet ringing, silvery voices saying, 'I am so delighted to hear that the Yankees in Fortress Monroe have got typhus fever; I hope it may kill them all.' This was said by one of the most charming young persons possible, just as if she had said, 'I hear all the snakes in Virginia are dying of poison.'"

The ladies of Mobile spent their days sewing cartridges, carding lint and preparing bandages, and Russell was not quite sure that they did not fill shells as well.

In the third week of May he moved on to New Orleans, where he found the streets full of Turcos, Zouaves, and Chasseurs. The walls were covered with the announcements of volunteer companies: Pickwick Rifles, La Fayettees, Beauregards, MacMahon Guides, and so on. He went into a store to buy some shirts, but the mistress and all her seamstresses were busy preparing flags as fast as they could stitch them, and would attend to no other business. He noticed how charges of "abolitionism" appeared in the reports of police cases in the newspapers every morning. Persons found guilty of stating their belief that the Northerners would be successful were sometimes sent to prison for six months.

"The moral suasion of the lasso," says Russell, "of tarring and feathering, head-shaving, ducking, and the

horse pond, deportation on rails, and similar ethical processes are highly in favour."

While he was at New Orleans he visited slave quarters wherever he could, and collected and weighed all the arguments he heard in favour of slavery. Towards the end of this careful inquiry his patience proved unequal to the process of being instructed in the advantages of slavery by his Southern hosts, and he bursts out in his diary with furious sarcasm:—

"The negro skull won't hold as many ounces of shot as a white man's. Potent proof that the white man has a right to sell and to own the creature! He is plantigrade, and curved as to the tibia! Cogent demonstration that he was made to work for the arch-footed, straight-tibiaed Caucasian. He has a *rete mucosum* and a coloured pigment! Surely he cannot have a soul of the same colour as that of an Italian or a Spaniard, far less of a flaxen-haired Saxon! See these peculiarities in the frontal sinus—in sinciput or occiput! Can you doubt that the being with a head of that shape was made only to till, hoe, and dig for another race? Besides, the Bible says that he is a son of Ham, and prophecy must be carried out in the rice-swamps, sugar-canes, and maize-fields of the Southern Confederation. It is flat blasphemy to set yourself against it. Our Saviour sanctions slavery because he does not say a word against it, and it is very likely that St. Paul was a slave-owner. Had cotton and sugar been known the apostle might have been a planter! Furthermore, the negro is civilised by being carried away from Africa and set to work, instead of idling in native inutility. What hope is there of Christianising the African races, except by the agency of the apostles from New Orleans, Mobile, or Charleston, who sing the sweet songs of Zion with such vehemence, and clamour so fervently for baptism in the waters of 'Jawdam'?"

Already the result of his visit to the South was perfectly definite in his mind. He detested slavery so

much that at last he was no longer affected by apparent sincerity in slave-owners; and plausible arguments became in his judgment "the most offensive."

"I declare," he wrote, "that to me the more orderly, methodical, and perfect the arrangements for economising slave labour—regulating slaves—are, the more hateful and odious does slavery become."

He had now been many weeks in the South, and he made up his mind that he must return to Northern territory as soon as possible. He was urged the more strongly to this conclusion because as the South was nearly cut off from communication with the outer world he found it almost impossible to send his letters to London. He decided to take steamer up the Mississippi to the Federal position. It was only natural that his determination to change camps should excite a certain suspicion. Fortunately, his explanations were always well received, and his Southern friends admitted that after all he had no alternative. Although, as Bacon says, suspicion clouds the mind, they recognised that a special correspondent whose letters cannot get out of the country in which he is engaged is scarcely fulfilling the purpose of his mission.

Along the Mississippi he marked the scenes of that river-life which was never to revive fully after the war, but which has been fixed for ever in the language of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," and the other Mississippi books of Mark Twain. At Cairo he passed inside the Federal lines. Sentries paraded the gangways as the steamer made fast to the shore, but no questions were asked of the passengers, and Russell was allowed to go straight to the hotel. General Prentiss received him very kindly, and gave

him several newspapers which discussed Lord John Russell's declaration that the Confederates should have limited belligerent rights.

The change in the political aspect was extraordinary. Now that he was among "cut-throats," "Lincoln's mercenaries," "assassins," and "plundering Dutchmen," as he had heard the Federals called in the South, he was invited to look upon his late companions as "rebels," "conspirators," "robbers," and "slave breeders," criminally bent upon destroying the most perfect government on earth. He filled a scrap book with extracts from the newspapers which discussed the situation in characteristic vein. Many of the newspapers shown to him had been brought from Southern towns, and by these the Federals allowed themselves to be provoked to frenzy. One of these Southern newspapers said: "The Irish are for us, and they will knock Bologna sausages out of the Dutch, and we will knock wooden nutmegs out of the Yankees." Another: "Prentiss wants our scalp; we propose a plan by which he may get that valuable article. Let him select 150 of his lagerbier Dutchmen, we will select 100, and then let both parties meet where there will be no interruption at the scalping business, and the longest pole will knock the persimmon. If he does not accept this proposal, he is a coward. We think this a gentlemanly proposition and quite fair and equal to both parties."

But the flower of these specimens was the report of a speech made by a General Riley, in the House of Representatives, in the Central State of Missouri. In that distracted State General Riley was apparently a sympathiser with the North, though, as will be seen, the purport of his speech was not very clear. But for

rhetoric shall we not compare it with the language of Pistol or the great defiance of Eljah Pogram ?

“ ‘Mr. Speaker,’ said General Riley, ‘everybody is pitching into this matter like toad frogs into a willow swamp, on a lovely evening in the balmy month of June, when the mellow light of the full moon fills with a delicious flood the thin, ethereal, atmospheric air. (Applause.) Sir, I want to put in a word, or perhaps a word and a half. There seems to be a disposition to fight. I say, if there is any fighting to be done, come on with your corn-cobs and lightning-bugs! (Applause.) In the language of the ancient Roman,

“ ‘Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base—in a pig’s eye.’

“ ‘Now, there has been a great deal of bombast here to-day. I call it bombast from “Alpha” to “Omega.” (I don’t understand the meaning of the words, though.) Sir, the question to refer, is a great and magnificent question. It is the all-absorbing question—like a *sponge*. Sir—a large unmeasurable sponge, of globe shape, in a small tumbler of water—it sucks up everything. Sir, I stand here with the weapons I have designated, to defend the rights of St. Louis County, the rights of any other county—even the County of Cedar itself. (Laughter and applause.) Sir, the debate has assumed a latitudinosity. We have had a little black-jack buncombe, a little two-bit buncombe, a bombast buncombe, bungle buncombe, and the devil and his grandmother knows what other kind of buncombe. (Laughter and applause.)

“ ‘Why, Sir, just give some of ’em a little of Southern soap and a little Northern water, and quicker than a hound pup can lick a skillet they will make enough buncombe-lather to wash the golden flock that roams abroad the azure meads of Heaven. (Cheers and laughter.) I allude to the starry firmament.’

“The Speaker: ‘The gentleman is out of order. He must confine himself to the question.’

“General Riley: ‘Just retain your linen if you please. I’ll stick to the text as close as a pitch plaster to a pine plank, or a lean pig to a hot jam rock.’ (Cries of ‘Go on.’ ‘You’ll do.’)

“‘I want to say to these carboniferous gentlemen, these igneous individuals, these detonating demonstrators, these sepereginous volcanoes, come on with your combustibles! If I don’t—well, I’ll suck the Gulf of Mexico through a goose quill. (Laughter and applause.) Perhaps you think I am diminutive tubers and sparse in a mundane elevation. You may discover, gentlemen, you are labouring under as great a misapprehension as though you had incinerated your inner vestment. In the language of the noble bard—

“‘I was not born in a thicket
To be scared by a cricket.’

(Applause.) Sir, we have lost our proper position. Our proper position is the zenith and nadir—our heads to the one, our heels to the other, at right angles with the horizon, spangled by that azure arc of the lustrous firmament, bright with the coruscations of innumerable constellations, and proud as a speckled stud horse on a county-court day. (Cheers.)

“‘“But how have the mighty fallen!” in the language of the poet Silversmith. We have lost our proper position. We have assumed a sloshindicular or a diagonological position. And what is the cause? Echo answers, “Buncombe,” Sir, “Buncombe.” The people have been fed on buncombe while a lot of spavined, ringboned, hamstrung, wind-galled, swine-eyed, split-hoofed, distempered, poll-eviled, pot-bellied politicians have had their noses in the public crib, and there ain’t fodder enough left to make gruel for a sick grasshopper. (Cheers and laughter.) . . .

“‘Mr. Speaker, you must excuse me for my latitudinosity, and circumlocutoriness. My old blunderbuss scatters amazingly, but if anybody gets peppered, it ain’t my fault if they are in the way.

“‘Sir, these candadical supersquirtical, mahogany-faced gentry—what do they know about the blessings of freedom? About as much, Sir, as a toad frog does of high glory. Do they think they can escape me? I’ll follow them through pandemonium and high water! (Cheers and laughter.)

“‘These are the ones that have got our liberty people off its perpendicularity. ’Tis they who would rend

the Stars and Stripes—that noble flag, the blood of our revolutionary fathers embalmed in its red. The purity of the cause for which they died, denoted by the white; the blue—freedom they attained, like the azure air that wraps their native hills and lingers on their lovely plains. (Cheers.) The high bird of liberty sits perched on the topmost branch, but there is no Secession salt on its glorious tail. I fear he will no more spread his noble pinions to soar beyond the azure regions of the boreal pole. But let not Missouri pull the last feather from his sheltering wing, to plume a shaft to pierce his noble breast: or what is the same, make a pen to sign a Secession ordinance. (Applause.) Alas! poor bird, if they drive you from the branches of the hemlock of the North, and the palmetto of the South, come over to the gum tree of the West, and we will protect your noble birdship, while water grows and grass runs.’ (Immense applause.)”

General Prentiss took Russell round the camps, and in one of them the General was called upon by his men for a speech. He was followed by a colonel, who, after speaking of the danger of too much talking, gradually edged round to the mischief of too much writing, and thus to the subject of Russell himself. In fact, Russell, to his consternation, remembering well how he had fared with his speech on St. Patrick's Day in New York, found himself hustled into the middle of a friendly circle and could not escape till he had discharged a few sentiments about “mighty struggle,” “Europe gazing,” and “the world anxious,” and the aspiration that in a quarrel wherein a British subject was ordered, by an authority he was bound to respect, to remain neutral, God might preserve the right.

CHAPTER V

BULL RUN

RUSSELL returned to Washington on July 3rd. He took rooms in a private house in order to avoid the tumult of Willard's Hotel, and within a few hours had an interview with Seward. "Well, Mr. Secretary," he said, "I am quite sure that if all the South are in the same mind as those I met in my travels, you will have many battles before they submit to the Federal Government." Seward, undismayed, expressed himself with his former optimism, glossing over the word "submit," and declaring that all that was needed was assent to the principles of the Constitution. As for the attitude of Great Britain, he said that the Federal Government was dealing with an insurrection in its own country, and that Great Britain had thought fit to concede the status of belligerents to the rebels before the Union had had time to gather its strength. Although the Federals might justly complain of such an unfriendly act, they did not desire to give any excuse for foreign interference. Yet if any European Power provoked a war they would not shrink from it.

"I could not," writes Russell, "but admire the confidence—may I say the coolness?—of the statesman who sat in his modest little room within the sound of the enemy's guns, in a capital menaced by their forces, who spoke so fearlessly of war with a Power which could have blotted out the paper blockade of the Southern forts and coast in a few hours, and, in conjunction with the Southern armies, have effected the occupation and destruction of the capital."

The next day Russell went to the Capitol and heard Lincoln's message to Congress read in the Senate. It was listened to in silence scarcely broken, except when some senator murmured, "Good; that is so." As a matter of fact, the purport of it was already known to supporters of the Government. As Russell was returning he met General Scott, who said, "I shall provide you with a pass and the necessary introductions to afford you all facilities with the army."

On the morning of July 6th Russell breakfasted with Mr. John Bigelow to meet General M'Dowell, commanding the Army of the Potomac.

"M'Dowell's manner," he wrote, "is frank, simple, and agreeable, and he did not hesitate to speak with great openness of the difficulties he had to contend with, and the imperfection of all the arrangements of the army. His regard for old associations was evinced in many questions he asked me about Beauregard, with whom he had been a student at West Point, where the Confederate commander was noted for his studious and reserved habits, and his excellence in feats of strength and athletic exercises."

Two days later General M'Dowell took Russell round the camps.

"I was not favourably impressed with what I saw," Russell wrote, "for I had expected to find upwards of 100,000 men in the highest state of efficiency, whereas there were not more than a third of the number, and those in a very incomplete, ill-disciplined state."

During his ride that day he occasionally heard shots in the camp. In answer to his inquiries an engineer officer said, sardonically, "They are volunteers shooting themselves." One day afterwards Russell reported this answer to Lincoln, who replied, "Well, that seems

to be a waste of good material in every way." The accidents were due, of course, to carelessness, but they were numerous. "In every day's paper," wrote Russell, "there is an account of deaths and wounds caused by the discharge of firearms."

Russell left Washington for a few days, and on his return, on July 19th, the first person he met on stepping out of the train was General M'Dowell, who was alone, and was looking anxiously into the carriages. Seeing Russell, he inquired eagerly whether he had noticed two batteries of artillery, which were expected but had gone astray. Russell ventured to hint his surprise that the General himself should be conducting such a quest. "Well, it is quite true, Mr. Russell," answered M'Dowell, "but I am obliged to look after them myself, as I have so small a staff, and they are all engaged out with my headquarters. You are aware I have advanced? No! Well, you have just come in time, and I shall be happy indeed to take you with me. I have made arrangements for the correspondents of our papers to take the field under certain regulations, and I have suggested to them they should wear a white uniform to indicate the purity of their character." He admitted that he could find out little about the enemy. "Can you not order a reconnaissance?" asked Russell. "Wait till you see the country," was the answer; "but even if it were as flat as Flanders I have not an officer on whom I could depend for the work. They would fall into some trap, or bring on a general engagement when I did not seek it or desire it. I have no cavalry such as you would work with in Europe."

On the evening of July 17th Russell was informed that the real advance of the Army would begin the next

day. He was without tent and servant. He might manage without them, but he felt that he must get a horse at all costs. A citizen who owned a dark bay, spavined and ringboned, named 1,000 dollars as the price. Desperate as Russell's need was, he held out against this extortion. "Well," said the owner, "take it or leave it. If you want to see this fight a thousand dollars is cheap. I guess there were chaps paid more than that to see Jenny Lind on her first night; and this battle is not going to be repeated, I can tell you. The price of horses will rise when the chaps out there have had themselves pretty well used up with bowie-knives and six-shooters."

The next morning Russell went to General Mansfield's quarters, and instantly the General dashed out of his room in some excitement, exclaiming, "Mr. Russell, I fear there is bad news from the front. That fellow Tyler has been engaged, and we are whipped." Again Russell went off to the owner of the bay horse, but this time the price was 1,100 dollars. "For," said the owner, "I don't want my animals to be ripped up by them cannon and them musketry, and those who wish to be guilty of such cruelty must pay for it."

At the State Department, at the Senate, and at the White House there was much activity and excitement. Russell was bewildered by the contradictions which were poured into his ears. "We have obtained a great success," said Senator Sumner; "the rebels are falling back in all directions. General Scott says we ought to be in Richmond by Saturday night." Soon afterwards an officer riding rapidly past called out a different story. "You have heard we are whipped? Those confounded volunteers have run away." Inside the Senate legislators were discussing the best means

whenever possible. Finally it was settled that the gig with all the horses should be at his door immediately after daybreak.

He went to bed wretchedly discontented with his plan for following the Army. To have pledged himself to return to his starting-point whatever might be happening at the front—that was a surrender of all his ideas as to how a war correspondent should conduct his business. Yet he felt that he could have done no more in the circumstances, of which he was indeed the victim. He could not go into camp with M'Dowell's Army and move wherever it moved, as he had been unable to get an order to draw rations either for himself or his animals. There was in fact no precedent for correspondents being supplied with Government stores. American correspondents could make shift somehow with the help of their friends, who were officers in the Army, but for Russell it was different. Moreover, at this time he was beginning to feel appreciably the disadvantages of representing a paper opposed to the Federal cause. The *Times* was assailed everywhere as the chief Secession organ, and he suffered accordingly. The only consolation he had was the prospect that he would have plenty of time, after returning to Washington, to overtake the Army before it could reach Richmond.

After some delay in the morning, he and Warre started in the gig, followed by the negro boy on the black horse. When they were fairly in the enemy's country Russell heard the well-known boom of a gun at a considerable distance. "Did you hear that?" he asked. As he spoke a thudding noise like taps of a gentle hand upon a muffled drum was repeated. "They are at it! We shall be late! Drive on as fast as you can!"

The gig rattled on as fast as possible, and soon came to a farmhouse, where a group of people were looking at a cloud of dust rising above the tops of the trees. One of the men in the group told Russell that the guns had been firing since early morning. "I do really believe," he added, "some of our poor Union chaps have had enough of it already; for here's some of them darned Secessionists marching down to go into Alexandry."

The gig drove on again, came nearer to the cloud of dust, and presently a turn of the road brought a body of armed men into view stretching into interminable distance. It was obvious that they were not the enemy.

"The men," Russell wrote, "were marching without any resemblance of order in twos and threes or larger groups; some without arms, carrying great bundles on their backs; others with their coats hung from their firelocks; many foot-sore. They were all talking, and in haste; many plodding along laughing, so I concluded that they could not belong to a defeated army, and imagined M'Dowell was effecting some flank movement. 'Where are you going to, may I ask?' 'If this is the road to Alexandria, we are going there.' 'There is an action going on in front, is there not?' 'Well, so we believe, but we have not been fighting.'

"Although they were in such good spirits they were not communicative, and we resumed our journey impeded by the straggling troops and by the country cars containing their baggage, and chairs, and tables, and domestic furniture, which had never belonged to a regiment in the field. Still they came pouring on. I ordered the driver to stop at a rivulet, where a number of men were seated in the shade drinking the water and bathing their hands and feet. On getting out I asked an officer, 'May I beg to know, sir, where your regiment is going to?' 'Well, I reckon, sir, we are going home to Pennsylvania.' 'This is the fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, is it not, sir?' 'It is so, sir; that's the fact.' 'I should think there is severe fighting

going on behind you, judging from the firing?' (for every moment the sound of the cannon had been growing more distinct and more heavy). 'Well, I reckon, sir, there is.' I paused for a moment, not knowing what to say, and yet anxious for an explanation, and the epauletted gentleman, after a few seconds' awkward hesitation, added, 'We are going home because, as you see, the men's time's up, sir. We have had three months of this sort of work, and that's quite enough of it.'

"The men who were listening to the conversation expressed their assent to the noble and patriotic utterances of the centurion."

It was nearly noon when Russell reached Fairfax court-house. The driver pulled up at an inn in the town and announced that both he and his horses must have something to eat. Fortunately for Russell, who was in a fever of impatience, the woman of the inn said she could not provide anything for another hour. This announcement and the growing noise of the cannonade, which had become a respectable tumult, added vigour to the driver's arm, and he consented to drive on. At last Centreville was reached, and Russell confessed to himself that for all his experience he had been deceived as to the nearness and the magnitude of the cannonade. A large number of excited people were gathered at the highest point of Centreville, many of them politicians who had come out to see the triumph of the Union arms. A lady with an opera-glass near Russell was quite beside herself when there was an unusually heavy discharge of artillery. "That is splendid. Oh my! Is not that first-rate? I guess we shall be in Richmond this time to-morrow." Notwithstanding all the exultation and confidence, Russell judged that there had been no advance, as the ammunition and baggage waggons had not moved. As the

spectators continued to gaze, a philosophic observer said to Russell, "Are we really seeing a battle now? Are they supposed to be fighting where all that smoke is going on? This is rather interesting, you know."

Soon a Federal officer who had been seen riding violently across the plain below galloped up to the group of spectators, waving his cap and shouting, "We have whipped them on all points; we have taken all their batteries. They are retreating as fast as they can, and we are after them." Rounds of cheers went up, the Congressmen shook hands, and there were exclamations of "Bully for us!" Russell had his horse brought to him, and, leaving Mr. Warre and the driver, rode to the front. Before starting he told Mr. Warre that he would come back in any event about an hour before dusk, and would go to the spot where the gig was then standing in order to return to Washington. The black horse, in spite of his twenty-seven mile ride, was full of spirit, and Russell hurried on at a fine pace, making circuits here and there to get through the ox fences and to avoid the streams which cut up the country. He had ridden about four miles when he was compelled by a considerable stream to get into the main road where there was a bridge. Here his narrative must be continued in his own words:—

"My attention was attracted by loud shouts in advance, and I perceived several wagons coming from the direction of the battlefield, the drivers of which were endeavouring to force their horses past the ammunition carts going in the contrary direction near the bridge; a thick cloud of dust rose behind them, and running by the side of the wagons were a number of men in uniform whom I supposed to be the guard. My first impression was that the wagons were returning for fresh supplies of ammunition. But every moment the crowd increased; drivers and men cried out with

the most vehement gestures, 'Turn back! turn back! we are whipped.' They seized the heads of the horses and swore at the opposing drivers. Emerging from the crowd a breathless man in the uniform of an officer with an empty scabbard dangling by his side was cut off by getting between my horse and a cart for a moment. 'What is the matter, sir? What is all this about?' 'Why, it means we are pretty badly whipped, that's the truth,' he gasped, and continued.

"By this time the confusion had been communicating itself through the line of wagons towards the rear, and the drivers endeavoured to turn round their vehicles in the narrow road, which caused the usual amount of imprecations from the men, and plunging and kicking from the horses.

"The crowd from the front continually increased; the heat, the uproar, and the dust were beyond description, and these were augmented when some cavalry soldiers, flourishing their sabres and preceded by an officer, who cried out, 'Make way there; make way there for the General,' attempted to force a covered wagon in which was seated a man with a bloody handkerchief round his head through the press.

"I had succeeded in getting across the bridge with great difficulty before the wagon came up, and I saw the crowd on the road was still gathering thicker and thicker. Again I asked an officer, who was on foot with his sword under his arm, 'What is all this for?' 'We are whipped, sir. We are all in retreat. You are all to go back.' 'Can you tell me where I can find General M'Dowell?' 'No! nor can anyone else.'

"A few shells could be heard bursting not very far off, but there was nothing to account for such an extraordinary scene. A third officer, however, confirmed the report that the whole army was in retreat, and that the Federals were beaten on all points, but there was nothing in this disorder to indicate a general rout. All these things took place in a few seconds. I got up out of the road into a cornfield, through which men were hastily walking or running, their faces streaming with perspiration, and generally without arms, and worked my way for about half a mile or so, as well as I could judge, against an increasing stream of fugitives,

—the ground being strewn with coats, blankets, fire-locks, cooking tins, caps, belts, bayonets—asking in vain where General M'Dowell was.

"Again I was compelled by the condition of the fields to come into the road; and having passed a piece of wood and a regiment which seemed to be moving back in column of march in tolerably good order, I turned once more into an opening close to a white house, not far from the lane, beyond which there was a belt of forest. Two field-pieces unlimbered near the house, with panting horses in the rear, were pointed towards the front, and along the road beside them there swept a tolerably steady column of men mingled with field ambulances and light baggage carts back to Centreville. I had just stretched out my hand to get a cigar-light from a German gunner, when the dropping shots which had been sounding through the wood in front of us suddenly swelled into an animated fire. In a few seconds a crowd of men rushed out of the wood down towards the guns, and the artillerymen near me seized the trail of a piece, and were wheeling it round to fire, when an officer or sergeant called out, 'Stop! stop! They are our own men'; and in two or three minutes the whole battalion came sweeping past the guns at the double, and in the utmost disorder. Some of the artillerymen dragged the horses out of the tumbrils; and for a moment the confusion was so great I could not understand what had taken place; but a soldier whom I stopped, said, 'We are pursued by their cavalry; they have cut us all to pieces.'

"Murat himself would not have dared to move a squadron on such ground. However, it could not be doubted that something serious was taking place; and at that moment a shell burst in front of the house, scattering the soldiers near it, which was followed by another that bounded along the road; and in a few minutes more out came another regiment from the wood, almost as broken as the first. The scene on the road had now assumed an aspect which has not a parallel in any description I have ever read. . . . Infantry soldiers on mules and draught horses, with the harness clinging to their heels, as much frightened

as their riders; negro servants on their masters' chargers; ambulances crowded with unwounded soldiers; wagons swarming with men who threw out the contents in the road to make room, grinding through a shouting, screaming mass of men on foot, who were literally yelling with rage at every halt, and shrieking out, 'Here are the cavalry! Will you get on?' This portion of the force was evidently in discord.

"There was nothing left for it but to go with the current one could not stem. I turned round my horse from the deserted guns and endeavoured to find out what had occurred, and as I rode quietly back on the skirts of the crowd, I talked with those on all sides of me. Some uttered prodigious nonsense, describing batteries tier over tier, and ambuscades, and blood running knee deep. Others described how their boys had carried whole lines of entrenchments, but were beaten back for want of reinforcements. The names of many regiments were mentioned as being utterly destroyed. Cavalry and bayonet charges and masked batteries played prominent parts in all the narrations. Some of the officers seemed to feel the disgrace of defeat; but the strangest thing was the general indifference with which the event seemed to be regarded by those who collected their senses as soon as they got out of fire, and who said they were just going as far as Centreville, and would have a big fight to-morrow.

"By this time I was unwillingly approaching Centreville in the midst of heat, dust, confusion, imprecations inconceivable. On arriving at the place where a small rivulet crossed the road, the throng increased still more. The ground over which I passed going out was now covered with arms, clothing of all kinds, accoutrements thrown off and left to be trampled in the dust under the hoofs of men and horses. The runaways ran alongside the wagons, striving to force themselves in among the occupants, who resisted tooth and nail. The drivers spurred and whipped, and urged the horses to the utmost of their bent. I felt an inclination to laugh, which was overcome by disgust, and by the vague sense of something extraordinary

taking place, which is experienced when a man sees a number of people acting as if driven by some unknown terror. As I rode in the crowd with men clinging to the stirrup-leathers, or holding on by anything they could lay hands on, so that I had some apprehension of being pulled off, I spoke to the men, and asked them over and over again not to be in such a hurry. 'There's no enemy to pursue you. All the cavalry in the world could not get at you.' But I might as well have talked to the stones.

"For my own part, I wanted to get out of the ruck as fast as I could, for the heat and the dust were very distressing, particularly to a half-starved man. Many of the fugitives were in the last stage of exhaustion, and some actually sank down by the fences, at the risk of being trampled to death. Above the roar of the flight, which was like the rush of a great river, the guns burst forth from time to time.

"The road at last became somewhat clearer; for I got ahead of some of the ammunition train and wagons, and the others were dashing up the hill towards Centreville. The men's greatcoats and blankets had been stowed in the trains; but the fugitives had apparently thrown them out on the road, to make room for themselves. Just beyond the stream I saw a heap of clothing tumble out of a large covered cart, and cried out after the driver, 'Stop! stop! All the things are tumbling out of the cart.' But my zeal was checked by a scoundrel putting his head out and shouting with a curse, 'If you try to stop the team, I'll blow your — brains out.' My brains advised me to adopt the principle of non-intervention.

"It never occurred to me that this was a grand *débâcle*. All along I believed that the mass of the Army was not broken, and that all I saw around me was the result of confusion created in a crude organisation by a forced retreat."

At Centreville, Russell could not find his gig at the rendezvous, but after some search he learned that it had been seen driving away towards Washington an hour and a half before.

"Nothing was left for it," he goes on, "but to brace up the girths for a ride to the capital, for which, hungry and fagged as I was, I felt very little inclination. I was trotting quietly down the hill road beyond Centreville, when suddenly the guns on the other side or from a battery very near, opened fire, and a fresh outburst of artillery sounded through the woods. In an instant the mass of vehicles and retreating soldiers, teamsters, and civilians, as if agonised by an electric shock, quivered throughout the tortuous line. With dreadful shouts and cursings, the drivers lashed their maddened horses, and leaping from the carts, left them to their fate and ran on foot. Artillerymen and foot-soldiers, and negroes mounted on gun horses, with the chain traces and loose trappings trailing in the dust, spurred and flogged their steeds down the road or by the side paths. The firing continued and seemed to approach the hill, and at every report the agitated body of horsemen and wagons was seized, as it were, with a fresh convulsion.

"Once more the dreaded cry, 'The cavalry! Cavalry are coming!' rang through the crowd, and looking back to Centreville I perceived coming down the hill, between me and the sky, a number of mounted men, who might at a hasty glance be taken for horsemen in the act of sabreing the fugitives. In reality they were soldiers and civilians, with, I regret to say, some officers among them, who were whipping and striking their horses with sticks or whatever else they could lay hands on. I called out to the men who were frantic with terror beside me, 'They are not cavalry at all; they're your own men,' but they did not heed me. A fellow who was shouting, 'Run! run!' as loud as he could beside me, seemed to take delight in creating alarm; and as he was perfectly collected as far as I could judge, I said 'What on earth are you running for? What are you afraid of?' He was in the roadside below me, and at once turning on me and exclaiming, 'I'm not afraid of you,' presented his piece and pulled the trigger so instantaneously that had it gone off I could not have swerved from the ball. As the scoundrel deliberately drew up to examine the nipple, I judged it best not to give him another chance,

and spurred on through the crowd, where any man could have shot as many as he pleased without interruption. . . .

"A soldier presented his firelock at my head from the higher ground on which he stood, for the road had a deep trench cut on the side by which I was endeavouring to pass, and sang out, 'Halt! Stop—or I fire!' The officers in front were waving their swords and shouting out, 'Don't let a soul pass! Keep back! keep back!' Bowing to the officer who was near me, I said, 'I beg to assure you, sir, I am not running away. I am a civilian and a British subject. I have done my best as I came along to stop this disgraceful rout. I am in no hurry. I merely want to get back to Washington to-night. I have been telling them all along there are no cavalry near us.' The officer to whom I was speaking, young and somewhat excited, kept repeating, 'Keep back, sir! keep back! you must keep back.' Again I said to him, 'I assure you I am not with this crowd; my pulse is as cool as your own.' But as he paid no attention to what I said, I suddenly bethought me of General Scott's letter, and addressing another officer, said, 'I am a civilian going to Washington; will you be kind enough to look at this pass, specially given to me by General Scott.' The officer looked at it, and handed it to a mounted man, either adjutant or colonel, who having examined it, returned it to me, saying, 'Oh, yes! certainly pass that man!' And with a cry of 'Pass that man!' along the line, I rode down the trench very leisurely, and got out on the road, which was now clear, though some fugitives had stolen through the woods on the flanks of the column and were in front of me."

Such were some of the scenes, as Russell saw them, of the disordered recoil of the Federal Army after the first battle of Bull Run. After riding well into the night he reached Washington.

CHAPTER VI

ATTACKS ON RUSSELL

As Russell crossed the Long Bridge on his way into Washington after the events related in the last chapter, he was pressed by the troops for information.

"'Stranger, have you been to the fight?' 'I have been only a little beyond Centreville.' But that was quite enough. Soldiers, civilians, and women, who seemed to be out unusually late, crowded round the horse, and again I told my stereotyped story of the unsuccessful attempt to carry the Confederate position, and the retreat to Centreville to await better luck next time. The soldiers alongside me cheered, and those next them took it up till it ran through the whole line, and must have awoken the night owls. . . .

"I passed on to the livery stables, where everyone was alive and stirring. 'I'm sure,' said the man, 'I thought I'd never see you nor the horse back again. The gig and the other gentleman have been back a long time. How did he carry you?' 'Oh, pretty well; what's his price?' 'Well, now that I look at him, and to you it will be 100 dollars less than I said. I'm in good heart to-night.' 'Why so? A number of your horses and carriages have not come back yet, you tell me.' 'Oh, well, I'll get paid for them some time or another. Oh, such news! such news!' said he, rubbing his hands. 'Twenty thousand of them killed and wounded! Maybe they're not having fits in the White House to-night!'

"I walked to my lodgings. Then having pulled off my boots, bathed my head, trimmed candles, and lighted a pipe, I sat down to write. I made some feeble sentences, but the pen went flying about the paper as if the spirits were playing tricks with it. When I screwed up my utmost resolution, the y's would still run into long streaks, and the letters

combine most curiously, and my eyes closed, and my pen slipped, and just as I was aroused from a nap, and settled into a stern determination to hold my pen straight, I was interrupted by a messenger from Lord Lyons to inquire whether I had returned, and, if so, to ask me to go up to the Legation and get something to eat. I explained, with my thanks, that I was quite safe, and had eaten supper, and learned from the servant that Mr. Warre and his companion had arrived about two hours previously. I resumed my seat once more, haunted by the memory of the Boston mail, which would be closed in a few hours, and I had much to tell, although I had not seen the battle. Again and again I woke up, but at last the greatest conqueror but death overcame me, and with my head on the blotted paper I fell fast asleep."

When Russell awoke it was about six o'clock in the morning. He was now too late to catch the Boston mail, but fortunately he soon heard of the dispatch of a mail that evening by another route. Rain falling in torrents was making a thudding sound on the roof, but louder than that came a strange, continuous sound of the tramp of men and the murmur of voices. Going to his window he looked out on the street and saw there a steady stream of men, soaked with rain and covered with mud, who were passing without any semblance of order towards the Capitol. Looking closely at them he noticed that they belonged to various regiments; many were without knapsacks, belts, and muskets; some had neither greatcoats nor shoes; others were covered with blankets. He ran downstairs, and addressing a young officer who had apparently lost his sword, for an empty sheath dangled at his side, asked him where the men were coming from. "Well, sir," he answered, "I guess we're all coming out of Virginny as far as we can, and pretty well whipped, too." "What! the whole Army, sir?"

"That's more than I know. They may stay that like. I know I'm going home."

It dawned on Russell for the first time that the Army of the Potomac was really placing the river between itself and the enemy as rapidly as possible. "Is there any pursuit?" he asked of several men. Some were too surly to answer; others said "They are coming as fast as they can after us"; others, "I guess they've stopped it now—the rain is too much for them." A few simply said they did not know, and looked as though they did not care.

Returning to his room, Russell faced one of those professional crises which have visited every correspondent who has worked through hazardous and crowded days. On his table the writing materials beside the burnt-out candles reminded him that the time was running on and that the mail for England closed that day. On the other hand, if he stayed to write down what he already knew it might be that he would miss events more dramatic and possibly much more important than those he had seen. Material for a dozen letters no doubt awaited him out in the open. Then he would have liked to see General Scott and hear his opinion, and also to find out how the members of Congress regarded this catastrophe. Here was, indeed, a "divided duty." On reflection he gave his doubts the cautious answer which is after all the only safe one. He told himself that the events of the twenty-first must have precedence of those of the twenty-second, and so he put up his usual notice, "Mr. Russell is out," and resumed his letter. All day while he wrote the Army of the Potomac was straggling by. In the evening, when he had finished, many persons dropped in to see him. They all described

the Army as disorganised ; a few even declared that it was dangerous to move about the streets. Although several of his informants spoke of the contest as already over, Russell remembered that they had, on the whole, Southern sympathies, and he was himself persuaded that the reverse would rouse the North to a sense of the nature of the conflict in which it was engaged.

After his friends had departed he struggled on with his second letter, which he had decided to send north by special messenger in the hope of catching a chance steamer. The tumult in the street did not cease. Again and again he was interrupted by soldiers, who were attracted by the light in his window, clamouring for drink. At three o'clock in the morning his messenger took the letter, and then, after looking hastily round to see that everything was in readiness in case rapid movements might be necessary, he jumped into bed and slept till late in the day.

His first act on rising was to go down to the river, where he found the Long Bridge blocked from end to end with waggon and ambulances full of wounded men. The military disorder in the city was even greater than on the day before. As for General M'Dowell, he was swiftly penalised for his defeat ; the President had ordered General M'Clellan to take command of the Army. Six years before M'Clellan, then about thirty years of age, had been appointed with two other officers to report on the Crimean War. He and his colleagues did not arrive till the war was over, but Russell, who was still on the plateau before Sebastopol, used to see them examining the deserted trenches and batteries.

During the day it was continually rumoured that the

Confederates were advancing. Lincoln and one of his ministers drove out in a carriage to see what was happening. At Fort Corcoran they found the men threatening to kill the officer who was trying to get them into a fit state to oppose the enemy. This officer had declared that he would shoot one of his captains if he persisted in disobedience, and the men had taken the part of the captain. Lincoln arrived at the height of the confusion. The men demanded with loud cries that the commanding officer should be punished, and Lincoln asked him why he had used such violent language towards his subordinate. The answer was, "I told him, Mr. President, that if he refused to obey my orders I would shoot him on the spot; and I here repeat it, sir, that, if I remain in command here, and he or any other man refuses to obey my orders, I'll shoot him on the spot." The resolution of Sherman—for the officer was none other—in the presence of the chief magistrate of the State, overawed the mutineers, and they began to put the work into order to resist the enemy.

On July 24th Russell rode out before breakfast to Arlington House with Mr. Monson of the Legation. They found M'Dowell seated at a table under a tree in front of his tent.

"Cast down from his high estate," Russell wrote, "placed as a subordinate to his junior, covered with obloquy and abuse, the American general displayed a calm self-possession and perfect amiability which could only proceed from a philosophic temperament and a consciousness that he would outlive the calumnies of his countrymen. He accused nobody; but it was not difficult to perceive he had been sacrificed to the vanity, self-seeking, and disobedience of some of his officers, and to radical vices in the composition of his Army."

Two or three days later, what with the heat, the smells, and fatigue, Russell felt so ill that he sent for a doctor, who prescribed powders in "mint juleps."

"Now mint juleps," he writes, "are made of whisky, sugar, ice, very little water, and sprigs of fresh mint, to be sucked up after the manner of sherry cobbler, if so it be pleased, with a straw. 'A powder every two hours, with a mint julep. Why, that's six a day, doctor! Won't that be—eh?—won't that be rather intoxicating?' 'Well, sir, that depends on the constitution. You'll find they will do you no harm, even if the worst takes place.'"

The next ten days of Russell's life were passed in a state of powder and mint julep, and the doctor declared that thus was his life saved. When he returned to normal life the scenes in the streets had also become normal; patrols were in the streets, guards at the corners, and a rigid system of passes was established once more. The Northerners had had their lesson; they had discovered that the strength of their magnificent Army was mythical, but knew that they had the elements of an Army, and they now set to work to create it. And each day it became more obvious that M'Clellan had no thought of advancing till he had produced it.

On August 5th M'Clellan invited the newspaper correspondents in Washington to meet him, and after a discussion conditions of amity were drawn up. Editors were to refrain from printing anything which could help the enemy, and their correspondents were to observe an equal caution. In return, M'Clellan undertook to ask the Government to give the correspondents opportunities for obtaining and transmitting news suitable for publication.

A few evenings later Russell dined with Seward,

who declared that he had been reassured and comforted by the resolution of the men during the past few days. "All we want is time," he said. "We have been blamed for not making greater use of our Navy and extending it at once. It was our first duty to provide for the safety of our capital. Besides, a man will generally pay little attention to agencies he does not understand. None of us knew anything about a Navy. I doubt if the President ever saw anything more formidable than a river steamboat, and I don't think the Secretary of the Navy knew the stem from the stern of a ship. Of the whole Cabinet I am the only member who ever was *fairly* at sea or crossed the Atlantic. Some of us never even saw it."

A month after the battle of Bull Run the mail arrived from London bringing the *Times*, with Russell's account of the rout. His narrative was received with execration. When he wrote the Government had been listening for the sounds of the enemy's cannon, while the beaten and demoralised Federal Army trailed at sixes and sevens through the streets of the capital, and under the shock of this disaster the Northern newspapers had poured out invective and ridicule on their defeated general and his broken hosts. But all this was forgotten; the perils had passed, and the Northern newspapers, restored to confidence, could not tolerate the rebuke to their pride administered by Russell's narrative, which seemed to be sacrilegiously disinterred from a buried past. A storm—nay, a hurricane—broke about Russell's head. A general officer said to him, "Of course you will never remain when once all the Press are down upon you. I would not take a million dollars to be in your place." "But is what I have written untrue?" "God bless you!

Do you know in this country if you can get enough of people to start a lie about any man he would be ruined if the Evangelists themselves came forward to swear the story was false. There are thousands of people who at this moment believe that M'Dowell, who never tasted anything stronger than a water-melon in his life, was helplessly drunk at Bull Run. Mind what I say; they'll run you into a mud-hole as sure as you live." Almost alone among the newspapers the *New York Times* wrote of Russell's letter with generosity. "The terrible epistle," it said, "has been read with quite as much avidity as an average President's message. We scarcely exaggerate the fact when we say the first and foremost thought in the minds of a very large portion of our people after the repulse of Bull Run was, What will Russell say?" After analysing the account the *New York Times* concluded that Russell gave a "very spirited and perfectly just description of the panic which impelled the troops from Centreville to Washington."

"He does not, for he cannot, in the least exaggerate its horrible disorder or the disgraceful behaviour of the incompetent officers, by whom it was aided instead of being checked. He saw nothing whatever of the fighting, and therefore says nothing whatever of its quality. He gives a clear, fair, and perfectly just and accurate, as it is spirited and graphic, account of the extraordinary scenes which passed under his observation. Discreditable as those scenes were to our Army, we have nothing in connection with them whereof to accuse the reporter. He has done justice alike to himself, his subject, and the country."

But this judgment was only a whisper in the storm.

"I knew," Russell wrote, "that there would be a certain amount of risk, but I confess I was not by any means disposed to think that the leaders of public

opinion would seek the small gratification of revenge and the petty popularity of pandering to the passions of the mob by creating a popular cry against me."

Here is the entry in his diary for August 23rd:—

"The torrent is swollen to-day by anonymous letters threatening me with bowie-knife and revolver, or simply abusive, frantic with hate, and full of obscure warnings. Some bear the Washington postmark, others come from New York; the greater number—for I have had nine—are from Philadelphia. Perhaps they may come from that 'gallant' 4th Pennsylvania Regiment."

From his own countrymen Russell supported a good deal of genial banter as to the exact form of death he would have to meet. Printing House Square advised him to apply for protection to Lord Lyons, but as that protection could be afforded only within the four walls of the Legation, he decided that it would not be of much use to a correspondent. The rancour of the newspapers, it should be said, was not reproduced in the officers of the Army. One day, when Russell was visiting the camp, General M'Dowell said laughingly, "I must confess I am much rejoiced to find you are as much abused as I have been. I hope you mind it as little as I did. Bull Run was an unfortunate affair for both of us, for had I won it you would have had to describe the pursuit of the flying enemy, and then you would have been the most popular writer in America and I should have been lauded as the greatest of generals. See what measure has been meted to us now! I am accused of drunkenness and gambling, and you, Mr. Russell—well! I really do hope you are not as black as you are painted."

"Immediately after Bull Run," Russell says, "when the President first saw M'Dowell he said to him, 'I

have not lost a particle of confidence in you,' to which the general replied, 'I don't see why you should, Mr. President.'" Russell adds: "There was a curious commentary, either in the sincerity of Mr. Lincoln or his utter subservience to mob opinion, in the fact that he who can overrule Congress and act pretty much as he pleases in time of war, had, without opportunity for explanation or demand for it, at once displaced the man in whom he still retained the fullest confidence, degraded him to command of a division of the Army of which he had been General-in-Chief, and placed a junior officer over his head."*

Since he left England Russell had not received a letter from Delane, but now two came.

"It is quite true," wrote Delane in the first letter, "that I have not written to you, but it is also true that I have had a tolerably sufficient excuse, which I thought others would have told you of. I have lost an eye, and for a long time was prohibited from writing a line that I could avoid. Of course I did not give up work, but I had to dictate, which I can't at all manage, and to be read to, which I detest. Now, at last, the fear of sympathetic inflammation is over, and I can do my best with my remaining eye; but it is one instead of two, and I am urgently pressed to be what I could never be—careful.

"As to yourself, I have heard of your well-being from others as well as from yourself, and besides all that I have had the best possible evidence in your letters, which are as fresh and crisp as if you were nearer twenty than forty. I don't believe you ever wrote better; the interest has been throughout maintained, and the skill with which you managed your Southern raid has delighted everybody here.

"As to cotton, do not let the South trust or the North fret about that. We shall get all we want to supplement the enormous stock in hand from other sources without breaking the blockade or interfering in any way whatever. The South, indeed, will find

* Time has disposed of the unjust charges against Lincoln. Among these one of the most frequent was that he interfered unnecessarily with his generals.

this very unexpected result of the war—that they have already lost the practical monopoly they have so long enjoyed. If this war should continue another year we should be independent of them.

“It does not seem to me that you will have any Inkermans or even Almas to describe. I fancy the war will be mostly a series of bush fights, with very little play on either side; but the result concerns us so nearly that you need not dread any flagging of interest.

“Quin tells me your wife is steadily mending, and that you need feel no more anxiety for her. Will not this do? Or can’t you reconcile yourself to absence from the Garrick? I can’t profess to envy you at Washington just now, but perhaps it is not everybody who would envy me writing on all day and night all the year through here in Serjeants’ Inn. So good-bye, and may all good attend you, and don’t be in a hurry to grumble with yours, ever as ever, “J. T. D.”

In the second letter Delane said :

“I can’t describe to you the delight with which I, and I believe everybody else, read your vivid account of the repulse at Bull Run and the terrible *débâcle* which ensued. My fear is only that U.S. will not be able to bear the truth so plainly told. As to their ‘girding’ against us, the pretty little fleet we already have in those waters acting in concert with Mr. Jeff Davis would raise the paltry blockade and turn all the tables against them in a week. Not that we desire to do anything unfriendly or to commit any breach of the most sacred neutrality, but simply that we don’t mean to be bullied by a so-called Power that can scarcely defend its capital against its fellow-citizens. Nor does France either, and she is acting most loyally with us in all our dealings with U.S. So keep up your spirits and don’t fear for us. It is only for you that I have any fear.”

On the day when Lincoln and Seward inspected M’Clellan’s Army, Russell was invited to M’Dowell’s tent for dinner, and was much gratified to hear every officer present declare that his narrative of Bull Run was not only true but moderate. Sherman said to

him: "Mr. Russell, I can endorse every word that you wrote; your statements about the battle, which you say you did not witness, are equally correct. All the stories about charging batteries and attacks with the bayonet are simply falsehoods, so far as my command is concerned, though some of the troops did fight well." General Keyes said: "I don't think you made it half bad enough. I could not get the men to stand after they had received the first severe check. The enemy swept the open with a tremendous musketry fire. Some of our men and portions of regiments behaved admirably—we drove them easily at first; the cavalry did very little indeed; but when they did come on I could not get the infantry to stand, and after a harmless volley they broke."

Russell's letters to the *Times* after Bull Run show a curious mingling of penetration and rash prediction. He prophesied, in opposition to all the opinions which were pressed upon him, that hostilities could not end for a couple of years or so, but he believed that even then peace could be restored only by a concession to the South of a qualified independence. Because he was their critic, he was unhappily regarded by most Federals as an ardent sympathiser with the South. Yet, much as he liked and respected many Southerners, he had scarcely lost an opportunity of expressing his detestation of the cause for which they fought. For some weeks the flow of anonymous letters threatening him, at the worst, with assassination, and, at the best, with tar and feathers, did not cease. One day, on going into Willard's Hotel, he said to one of the clerks with whom he had often conversed, "Why, I heard you were gone away." "Well, sir, I'm not. If I was, you would have lost the last one who is ready to say

a word for you in this house, I can tell you." Even in the streets Russell was conscious of frowning faces and of his own painful notoriety. Often in stores he would be conscious that the proprietor was pointing him out to others. He would hear, perhaps, "So that's Bull Run Russell!" and he reflected in his diary on the odd state of mind which assumed that a disgrace to the Federal Arms was diminished by attaching the name of the scene as a nickname to the person who described it.

One day, as he was passing through one of the Federal earthworks, a German soldier called out from the parapet, 'Pull-Run Russell! You shall never write Pull Runs again!' and thereupon cocked his piece and levelled it at Russell. Russell at once turned and rode back into the works, and asked the man what he meant, at the same time calling for the sergeant of the guard. The sergeant arrested the German, who protested that it was all a joke. Probably it was, but it was a joke Russell was within his rights in not appreciating, for the rifle was loaded and the fellow had his finger on the trigger, and continued to cover Russell while he was speaking to him.*

Another day Russell had the curious experience of having his pass from General Scott, who was still the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, refused by a picket. "I guess the General's a dead man, sir," was the answer of the officer. "Is he not the Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army?" "Well, I believe that's a fact, sir; but you had better argue that point

* Some readers may remember the appeal of Quintus Russellius to the American nation in Sir George Trevelyan's entertaining "Horace at Athens" :—

"Stain not a spotless name with useless crimes,
O, save the correspondent of the *Times*!"

with M'Clellan. He is our boy, and I do believe he'd like to let the London *Times* know how we Green Mountain boys can fight. But all passes are stopped, anyhow, and I had to turn back a Congressman this very morning; and lucky for him it was, because the Seceshers are just half a mile in front of us." On his way back to Washington Russell passed a farmer's house, and there, "seated in the verandah, with his legs hanging over the railings, was Lincoln, in a felt hat and a loose coat, letting off one of his jokes, to judge by the laughter of the officers round him, quite indifferent to the Confederate flag which floated across the river within his sight."

On September 13th, 1861, Russell wrote to Delane:—

"MY DEAR DELANE,—If the remark has been made to me once I have heard it fifty times lately: 'Why does the *Times* quote the *New York Herald* almost exclusively, and give its name in the American news, particularly after the language it has used towards you?' and I must confess I have not been able to answer the question. By incessant attacks to which I cannot reply, the paper and its congeners have succeeded in creating a dangerous feeling against me. They take me as the exponent of Englishmen, England, and the *Times*, and would like to avenge themselves upon me. As long as a man stays quiet and is with superior officers there is little or no fear for him, but when the field is approached it becomes a different matter, and there is little safety from the animosity of those behind his back. Nor, indeed, along the road and railways or in hotels would one be safe. I have heard from various people all in the same strain of warning, and the only thing that makes me stick out here is the determination not to show a white feather for these fellows. But that may go too far. Davis writes from New York that it is the bitter leaders in the *Times* that do the harm and excite the people, and that I shall be made the scapegoat of people's sins at home. It is quite obvious, I think, that the North will succeed in

reducing the South. There is an iron will in M'Clellan, and he will not move till he is able to do so with an enormous force, well drilled and secure against defeat as far as man can give guarantees. But meantime the populace must be amused by something, and I doubt if the passions will not be increased to frenzy by hostile comments on their inactivity and want of means to carry on the war. Seriously and truly, neutrality in tone is the only safeguard for your correspondents here, unless they go in, body and bones, for the Union.

"I am *going to be lectured upon* at Willard's on the 17th by a professor, and the President is invited to attend.

"The situation in which I am placed, at a moment, too, when I am as weak as a cat from Potomac fever, is anything but agreeable, and I look out for articles in the *Times* very much as a wounded man looks out for a marauder with a knife in his hand on the battlefield. I don't want to ask you to sacrifice the policy of the *Times* to me, but I would like you, if possible, not to sacrifice me (and no end of children and a wife) to the leaders in the *Times*. . . . What, then, is to be done? I am at a loss, I confess. The storm may blow over; now it rages furiously. The fear of insult makes me hold aloof from such men as Seward, who is at present very wild with Lord Lyons; and the President, whom I met the other night at M'Clellan's, looked as black as thunder. I wish you could—I know you would—help me through and out of my dilemmas. If, on consultation with M'Clellan, I find my presence distasteful, so that my mission can no longer be continued with advantage to the paper, it will be best for you to consider what steps to take, and to withdraw me altogether if necessary, though I confess I should not like to give all the rascals in U.S. such a triumph over me and you.

"Yours ever and always,

"Truly and faithfully,

"W. H. RUSSELL."

A member of the British Legation staff wrote to Russell about the lecture mentioned in this letter:—

"It was such a blackguard affair that neither V. nor I have been able to get anybody to acknowledge they

were present, and the only information we can get is that the catchpenny orator was so violent and abusive in his language that almost all the respectable portion of the audience left the room! He went through the 'old gun trick,' by producing a man on the platform who took his 'solid oath' that he was *with* Dr. Russell during the *whole* day on which Bull Run was fought, and that *all* he stated in his letter was perfectly *untrue*. The affair altogether was a disreputable and paltry piece of abuse of England and the *Times*. It is not referred to even in any of their papers. So much for that."

It only remains to be said that Lincoln did not accept the invitation to the lecture, and did not countenance it in any way.

As a rule Russell did not publicly answer abuse, but occasionally he was provoked into a retort. After one such retort, Mr. Davis, the New York correspondent of the *Times*, wrote to him :—

"In your last letter to the *Times* I see that you continue to notice the attacks on you. Excuse me for suggesting whether it is wise to do so. Probably that is exactly what those who assail you want you to do. A newspaper controversy in the United States, with the freedom of language enjoyed here, is not a very comfortable thing. The people of this country are goaded by Delane's constant threats, and make you suffer for it—you being the only victim near at hand. It strikes me that Delane is bitter and unjust towards us in this controversy. We don't merit what he says of repudiation."

Writing to Russell on the same subject at the end of September, 1861, Delane said :—

"I hope most sincerely, then, that you will endeavour to be patient under the manifold vexations and anxieties of your position, and, *unless there is danger*, not think of returning here where there is nothing to be done. I felt, as you will have seen, great danger of a bitter resentment upon the receipt of your letter

describing Bull Run, but, now that is well over, I should hope there was no more to be feared on that account. Motley is here, very rabid indeed. He won't even mention America before me. He affects to think that England has acted a most unfriendly part to the North, but neither he nor anyone else I have met can explain in what our unfriendliness has appeared. Seward has demanded the recall of Mr. Bunch for having been in communication with 'rebels and traitors.' Our Government has replied, that what Bunch* has done he did in strict pursuance of his orders, and that therefore it cannot recall him. We therefore adopt and justify Bunch's act, so that if he is consistent, Seward should now demand the recall of Lord Lyons. I doubt if he will do this, or rather, whether Lincoln will permit him to do it."

* British Vice-Consul at Charleston. His letter to Lord John Russell has been quoted on an earlier page.

CHAPTER VII

A PERIOD OF WAITING

By the middle of September Russell had come to the conclusion that M'Clellan had no intention of moving yet. He decided therefore to take a journey to study opinion and political conditions away from the Capital. He was glad to escape, for life in Washington was monotonous. "But for the hospitality of Lord Lyons to the English residents," he remarks, "the place would be nearly insufferable." The people he met at night were the people he had met during the day; they said the same things, told the same stories, sang the same songs.

"A flask of Bordeaux, a wicker-covered demijohn of Bourbon, a jug of iced water and a bundle of cigars, with the latest arrival of newspapers, furnished the *matériel* of these symposiums, in which Americans and Englishmen, and a few members of Foreign Legations, mingled in a friendly cosmopolitan manner. Now and then a star of greater magnitude came down upon us: a senator or an 'earnest man,' or a 'live man,' or a constitutional lawyer, or a remarkable statesman, coruscated, and rushing off into the outer world left us befogged, with our glimmering lights half extinguished with tobacco-smoke."

Russell found the pith and core of this Anglo-American society in an informal club known as "The Bold Buccaneers," to which the secretaries of the British Legation and certain American soldiers and officials belonged.

As for Russell's journey, a single incident may be mentioned. One morning in Illinois he saw his companions filling their shot flasks and making arrangements for shooting, when he remembered that it was Sunday. "You don't mean to say that you are going out to shoot to-day?" he said. "What, on the prairies!" exclaimed his American friend Colonel Foster. "Why, of course we are; there's nothing wrong in it here. It is the custom of the people hereabouts to shoot on Sunday, and it is a matter of necessity with us, for our larder is very low." While Russell and his friends were at dinner that night after the day's sport a constable appeared in the room and inquired for the correspondent of the London *Times*. Russell confessed to his identity. The constable then drew a document out of his hat which declared that one Morgan of Dwight had that day come to the magistrate and complained that Russell, with a company of men and dogs, had unlawfully assembled, fired shots and disturbed the peace of Illinois, and the constable was accordingly commanded to bring Russell's body before the magistrate for having thus disturbed the peace. Now the town of Dwight was a good many miles away, and while the constable continued to draw out of his hat paper after paper and served subpœnas on the rest of the party to appear next morning in court, Colonel Foster's anger could scarcely be restrained. "This is infamous!" he cried; "it is a political persecution." No one had ever heard of the Act being put in force before, and most of the party apparently did not know of its existence. It was arranged that a special engine should take Russell and his friends next morning to the prairie town of Dwight.



Dr. W. H. Russell at the time of
the Austro-Prussian War

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At Dwight the citizens were all astir ; it was a great day, and as Russell walked to the court with Colonel Foster the people seemed to enjoy the treat of gazing at so unexampled a criminal. Their surprise at beholding Bull Run Russell among them was perhaps only equalled by their astonishment that the informer against Russell should suddenly have become a champion of religious observances. When the informations had been read in court Russell was asked what he had to say, but he merely bowed and answered that he had no remarks to offer.

"But my friend Colonel Foster," he writes, "who had been churning up his wrath and forensic lore for some time, putting one hand under his coat tail and elevating the other in the air, with modulated cadences poured out a fine oratorical flow which completely astonished me, and whipped the audience morally off their legs completely. In touching terms he described the mission of an illustrious stranger, who had wandered over thousands of miles of land and sea to gaze upon the beauties of those prairies which the Great Maker of the Universe had expanded as the banqueting tables for the famishing millions of pauperised and despotic Europe. As the representative of an influence which the people of the great State of Illinois should wish to see developed instead of contracted, honoured instead of being insulted, he had come among them to admire the grandeur of Nature, and to behold with wonder the magnificent progress of human happiness and institutions. (Some thumping of sticks and cries of 'Bravo, that's so,' which warmed the Colonel to still higher flights.) I began to feel if he was as great in invective as he was in eulogy it was well he had not lived to throw a smooth pebble from his sling at Warren Hastings. As great indeed! Why, when the Colonel had drawn a beautiful picture of me examining coal deposits—investigating strata—breathing autumnal air and culling flowers in unsuspecting innocence, and then suddenly denounced the serpent who had dogged my steps in order to strike me down

with a justice's warrant, I protest it is doubtful if he did not reach to the most elevated stage of vituperative oratory, the progression of which was marked by increasing thumps of sticks, and louder murmurs of applause, to the discomfiture of the wretched prosecutor."

The magistrate, however, ordered that Russell be amerced in something more than half the maximum fine fixed by statute.

As Russell was handing the notes to the magistrate, several men came forward, and exclaimed, "Pray oblige us, Mr. Russell, by letting us pay the amount for you. This is a shameful proceeding." But thanking them heartily, he completed the transaction and wished the magistrate good morning, with the remark that he trusted the people of the State of Illinois would always find such worthy defenders of the statutes as the prosecutor, and never have offenders against their peace and morals more culpable than himself.

On October 1st he was still in Illinois when he opened a newspaper and saw stretched across the top of several columns the startling words, "Great Advance of the Union Army." "M'Clellan Marching on Richmond." "Retreat of the Enemy: 30,000 Men Seize their Fortifications." He was too well experienced in rumours to assume that all this was true; at the same time he was not willing to leave anything to chance, and he decided to return to Washington with all haste. His return merely meant that he resumed his monotonous life divided between visits to the camps and mild entertainments among the same unchanging set of friends. The numerous allusions to him in the newspapers continued to be so inaccurate that he marked it as almost a red-letter day in his diary when he came across a minor tribute in a West Country newspaper.

It was headed "Good for Russell," and contained an account of what had passed between him and an officer who had bought his horse. The officer, after censuring Russell's John Bullism in not receiving with the utmost courtesy a stranger who walked into his room before breakfast on unknown business, cited as a proof of Russell's honesty—in the business of horseflesh too—that though the groom had sought to put ten dollars in Russell's pocket by a mild exaggeration of the amount paid for the animal, Russell would not have it, as he had said that he would accept the price he had himself given.

During his wanderings in the official quarters of Washington he had frequent glimpses of Lincoln at this crisis in the affairs of the Union.

"He runs from one house to another armed with plans, papers, reports, recommendations, sometimes good-humoured, never angry, occasionally dejected, and always a little fussy. The other night, as I was sitting in the parlour at headquarters with an English friend, there walked in a tall man, with a navy's cap and an ill-made shooting suit, from the pockets of which protruded papers and bundles. 'Well,' said he to Brigadier Van Vliet, who rose to receive him, 'is George in?' 'Yes, sir. He's come back, but is lying down, very much fatigued. I'll send up, sir, and inform him you wish to see him.' 'Oh, no; I can wait. I think I'll take supper with him. Well, and what are you now,—I forget your name—are you a major, or a colonel, or a general?' 'Whatever you like to make me, sir.'"

Presently Russell withdrew with his friend, who asked him as they reached the street why he had stood up when that tall fellow in the shooting suit came into the room. "Because it was the President." "The President of what?" "Of the United States." "Oh! come now, you're humbugging me. Let me

have another look at him." After another look the friend came back and exclaimed, "I give up the United States after this."

"But for all that," adds Russell, "there have been many more courtly Presidents who, in a similar crisis, would have displayed less capacity, honesty, and plain dealing than Abraham Lincoln."

A few days later an acquaintance of Russell's arrived from New Orleans with the agreeable information that Russell was more detested at New Orleans than in New York. He added that the Mayor of Jackson, with whom Russell had stayed, had published a card denying that he had ever breathed a word to indicate that the good citizens around were not famous for their love of law, order, and life, and a scrupulous regard for personal liberty. Russell, in fact, was hated in "Secessia" because he could not bring himself to write otherwise than with intense dislike of the peculiar Institution. Thus, denounced by one side because he rejected their cause, and by the other because he criticised their methods, he understood what a painful process it often is to express a middle opinion and to be ground to powder like a Girondist.

On October 14th, 1861, he wrote to Delane:—

"MY DEAR DELANE,—Morris and you wish me to remain at Washington if there is no danger, and to see the end of the war, I suppose, if there is no risk. It is impossible to express one's opinions freely or to be on a battlefield in America without risk and danger, and the literary assassinations previously are but the preparations for the execution. I am a pachyderm as to myself, but not as to others, and though I know you and Morris would not say it if anything were to happen, the kind world would certainly observe, 'He was really a very thoughtless, wicked, and unnatural fellow to lose his life and expose himself

after repeated warnings to leave the country,' etc. I have so often to allude to my family ties that I fear you think it's a sort of *cheval de bataille* of mine, but God knows it is not, and whilst I am out here on account of them to a great extent I am anxious to do my duty to them as well as I can by living for them and trying to provide for them. My wife is now in such a state of health that she is not able to bear the management of two growing boys and two girls. If, then, I remain it will be at the risk of exposure, against the consequence of which I rely on your friendship to shield me and mine. As a man I should like to remain and see what is to be seen of this extraordinary spectacle, if it did not consume a lifetime, but, as W. H. R., husband and father, there are hosts of opposing considerations which ought to be in some way encountered and overbalanced. I meet with the utmost civility from Army and Navy officers in spite of the frantic adjurations of the Press to them to cut me. The President is cold indeed, but he says it is because I represent the *Times*, which has shown such a bitter enmity to U.S. McClellan, who at first was very polite, has become quite invisible, and is evidently afraid to raise an outcry by showing me any attentions as he did at first, finding that they were publicly noticed. But he is not discourteous by any means, and I think I would have no difficulty in being permitted to accompany one of the Generals, say M'Dowell, whom I like very much, in case the Army takes the field. All this good feeling of the officers is, however, exhibited under a certain sort of restraint, and there is a smack of dislike towards the Volunteers in it all, as well as a spirit of defiance towards their own Press, which they cordially detest. Would it not be possible for me to arrange to go home for a month, when active operations must probably be terminated for some weeks? My wife's letters to me are most affecting, for she is patient, and yet has such good reason to complain. I will write to you again in reference to the matter, and in the meantime I shall hold on as well as I can.

"The Americans, with all their faults, are a prodigious fine people, and I cannot help admiring

many things about them, though I am now unwilling to say so lest it should be supposed I did so *pour cause*. It is their cursed Press. I say not so because it has abused me, but because I really believe it is a curse conducted as it is, which renders the country so obnoxious. And going further back, we may say it is the politicians who work the Press for their ends, who are the *fons et origo malorum*. . . . I am equipping myself for a campaign and have got a nice cart or ambulance, saddlery, etc., but no tent as yet. If I cannot hook on to M'Dowell I shall be in a fix. As to going out by myself in an independent corps catering and moving my own traps, etc., it would never answer. Consider what I have said in the early part of my letter, and let me have your aid and assistance in the matter.

"Yours, my dear Delane,

"As ever and most truly,

"W. H. RUSSELL."

On November 15th the monotony of Russell's existence was broken in upon unpleasantly by the news of the *Trent* affair, which had happened at sea on November 8th. A friend who had a habit of appearing at moments of stress rushed into Russell's room, muttered something about the seizure of Mason and Slidell, British flag insulted, and so forth, and vanished, leaving Russell bewildered and less than half informed. Going down into the street Russell met the French Minister, who told him there was no doubt that Captain Wilkes, of the United States Navy, had forcibly boarded the British mail steamer *Trent* and had seized Mason and Slidell, the Confederate Commissioners accredited to the French Government, who were on their way to Europe. The whole incident was related in the evening newspapers, and there was exultation in the hotels and bar-rooms. Russell was genuinely alarmed. He was afraid that the Federal

Government dared not retire from a mistaken position, and that war might only too easily follow.

"I rarely sat down to write under a sense of greater responsibility," he said on November 19th, "for it is just possible my letter may contain the first account of the seizure of the Southern Commissioners which will reach England; and having heard all opinions and looked at authorities, as far as I could, it appears to me that the conduct of the American officer, now sustained by his Government, is without excuse."

Day passed into day, and the *Trent* affair shook the two hemispheres. Messrs. Mason and Slidell were in prison at Boston, and Russell had nothing to record except a dangerous solidification of American opinion that the seizure was quite according to law, custom, and international comity, and that Great Britain should and could do nothing.

Meanwhile he admitted that the tide of the Civil War was running strongly in favour of the North; although the Federal troops were generally worsted in small affairs in front of Washington, the Federal fleets were biting their way into the Confederate lines along the coast. Lincoln continued on his course serene and undismayed, even finding time to indulge in quaint speculations, some of which found their way into State papers. He calculated, for instance, that there were men then alive who, before they died, might behold the United States peopled by 250 millions of souls. Talking of a high mound on the prairie in Illinois, he remarked, that if all the nations were assembled there, a man standing on its top would see them all, for the whole human race would fit on a space twelve miles square, which was about the extent of the plain.

On December 11th, Delane wrote to Russell about

the *Trent* affair a letter marked by the exaggerations which are licensed by private correspondence and are naturally adjusted by the understanding between the recipient and the writer. It nevertheless proved to what a perilous degree anger was being provoked.

"Please remember that I write when I have time and frequently for no better reason. As you can't have *Punch* in Washington, I send you the enclosed, which just about expresses our sentiments on the *Trent* affair. You will have heard all about it when this reaches you—if it ever does. The country took to the Crimean War because it was so long since we had enjoyed the luxury; it did not much care about the Turks, but it had paid so many millions a year so many years for its Army and wanted the natural equivalent in play. Whether it got this or not you can best tell. It backed Palma Vecchio * in the Chinese War for a general idea that 'we ought to support our envoys.' But it is another affair here. It is real, downright, honest desire to avenge old scores. We have no news here except that the whole Army, Navy, and Volunteers are of one mind, and all mad for service in America. For once the Navy has been found ready when wanted. As to the Army, we might recruit each company into a battalion if necessary."

Before this reached him Russell wrote to Delane (December 20th, 1861) a letter from which it will be seen with what a chastened and much more responsible spirit he contemplated the same events:—

"I am trying to find out about what has taken place, but at the Legation they are very close, and Seward is not visible. I dined with him the day before the despatches arrived, and he was then in very good humour, and said that everything consistent with the honour of the U.S. would be done to make England feel U.S. did not mean to hurt her feelings or injure her *prestige*; but I said that would be difficult so long as the Press and public opinion insisted on lauding

* A nickname for Palmerston.



A LIKELY STORY

Captain Jonathan, F.N. : "Jst look'd in to see if thar's any rebels he'arr."
Mr. Bull : "Oh, indeed ! John ! Look after the plate basket, and then fetch a policeman."

(Reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of "Punch")

the seizure as a 'bold act' and as one which lowered the pretensions of England. Lord Lyons is most diligent, clear-headed and straight-viewed, but he has no personal influence in Washington because he never goes into American society, though he gives dinners very frequently. For some reason or other I am not so well with him as I was, and I fancy it is recently since the papers have had such a crow over him about that despatch to Seward, which came, I suspect, direct from home, as my Lord writes very good English. There have been some very good articles on the Mason and Slidell affair in reply to the opinion expressed in the English papers and by the Law officers, whose ground, as far as I can judge, is neither very broad nor very firm. . . . As to this war question, I wish we were entering on it with cleaner hands if it comes to blows. There is too much of a legal subtlety in the points raised by the Government, and it would have been better at once to say, 'President be darned! We won't take political offenders from neutral ships going from one neutral port to another, and we won't let them be taken from under our flag when as neutrals we are bearing them from one neutral port to another.' If U.S. were all right we might pick a quarrel with him on any grounds we pleased. Now his condition will excite sympathy in the rest of the world, perhaps provoke interference, and it certainly may end in a large exhibition of—not pro-Union but anti-English feeling in the South.

"The Queen's message arrived the night before last, but up to yesterday evening I can't hear that anything occurred. They won't tell me a thing about it at the Legation, and if my Lord don't like I'm sure I'm not going to ask him. I must only fall back on Mr. Seward, who is much less reserved. However, you can learn more at the Foreign Office than I can hear in these parts.

"I am much exercised about the Southern people becoming independent and a slave power—and we the authors of it! That touches me nearly."

On January 1st, 1862 (to look forward a little), Messrs. Mason and Slidell were released from Fort Warren at Boston and were allowed to continue their

voyage to Europe. Lincoln's interpretation of Great Britain's demand as a recognition of the American doctrine which denied the "right of search" made the arrangement possible by giving the Americans the gratifying sense of winning a dialectical victory. The right of search had not been formally renounced by Great Britain in the Treaty of Ghent after the war of 1812—5. As for Lincoln's own feelings, it is improbable that an act of wisdom needed to be sweetened for his palate. Yet even Lincoln had to take account of the flow of popular feeling, and as the despatch demanding the surrender of Mason and Slidell was originally worded by Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell, it might well have been rejected by the Federal Government. If it had been sent in that form and had been rejected, the Emperor Napoleon, anxious for the success of his schemes in the Western world, would have been only too glad to co-operate with the British fleet in the attempt to bring the civil war to an end. In its final form the despatch was in the Queen's own handwriting. The *Trent* affair was to bring a serious trouble into Russell's life, but he did not foresee this at the time, and it will be better to explain later how his honour and reputation became involved.

After the release of Mason and Slidell, as there seemed no prospect of a serious move by M'Clellan till the early spring, Russell, whose health was not satisfactory, went to New York, where he stayed till the end of January. He wrote to Delane:—

"NEW YORK HOTEL, N.Y.

"*January 16th, 1862.*

"MY DEAR DELANE,—Wikoff—you know who he is—waited on Stewart yesterday, by Bennett's*

* Mr. Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*,

desire, to ask him as a mutual friend whether something could not be done to come to an understanding and patch up the unhappy quarrel between me and Bennett. I replied that I could not refuse to accept an apology for a series of unprovoked attacks, but that I could not permit anyone to approach me on the part of Mr. Bennett with any other purpose. . . . Ward told me yesterday that a great speculator in the Funds and an enormous millionaire had come to him to ask whether Mr. Russell could not be induced to write more favourable articles for the U.S. so as to influence the *Times* in its general tone, and in that case, said he, 'we could afford to place some hundreds of thousands of dollars at the call of Mr. Russell and his friends.' I told Ward that he had better ask his friend to call upon me and make me the proposition directly, but he said that he would only convey the substance of the conversation to me, whereupon I said 'the gentleman had better communicate directly with the Editor of the *Times*—the answer he will get from me if he comes will not suit him.' Ward further said that 'the gentleman' was anxious to know what it would cost to buy all the *Times* shares, as to which I referred him to the solicitor in London, and expressed an opinion that it might be done by Mr. Chase when he had raised his £30,000,000.

"I am now nearly well, but there is a sort of weakness and languor over me that I never experienced before. I hope my next letter for the paper will be better.

"Yours ever as ever,
"W. H. RUSSELL."

From New York Russell went to Canada. His notes were afterwards expanded into a book* which made a third volume to "My Diary North and South," but the information has long since fallen out of date. He was received with remarkable, and in the circumstances significant, cordiality. He wrote to Delane that he had to fly from one city to another

* "Canada: Its Defences, Condition, and Resources," published by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

to avoid public dinners. At Toronto he was invited to receive a testimonial, which he politely refused. The form of words in which subscriptions were invited has been preserved among his papers :—

“ It is proposed by the friends of Mr. Russell, resident in and near Toronto, to give him some testimonial as an evidence of their admiration of his talents as a writer, his character as a gentleman and scholar, and of the bravery displayed by him on many occasions where from his desire to give truthful accounts of the events he was commissioned to record, his life was in frequent danger. It is suggested that a subscription of sufficient amount to enable him to offer two prizes of the value of £25 each, one to Trinity College, and the other to University College, would be a form of testimonial congenial to his tastes. The nature of the prizes, whether books or gold medals, and the subject, to be left to Mr. Russell. If the sum should reach 300 dollars—a very small amount to be raised in a city like Toronto—books to the amount of 100 dollars might be selected by Mr. Russell and presented by him to the Soldiers’ Institute.”

A delightful postscript was added which, if a complete *non sequitur*, at all events indicated the promoters’ sense of responsibility :—

“ N.B.—The testimonial proposed is not offered to Mr. Russell as the correspondent of the *Times*.”

Delane wrote to Russell in February :—

“ Read Derby if you want to see what we think of Lincoln, Seward and Co. There is certainly the advantage in an Opposition that it can say what no Government would dare to express, however much it might feel it.

“ We have to-day appointed Mr. Mackay as New York correspondent. Davis’s proclivities were entirely Northern, and he gave them expression to the exclusion of all other. I fancy he believes even now the Union to be triumphant and solid—a delusion shared by no one on this side of the Atlantic,

"Do you remember a Mr. Chaplin, who made acquaintance with you at Washington? He has come back, like everybody else, full of your praises. Indeed, if you knew how large a share you occupy in public attention and what importance is attached to every word you write, you would cease to repine."

From Montreal, Russell wrote to Mowbray Morris:—

"February 16th, 1862.

"MY DEAR MORRIS,—I have now been a year in this country all but a few days, and I am, I fear, more and more unpopular each moment I stay here, not personally I believe and know among those acquainted with me, but politically and nationally. When the Press of the United States is unanimous in its assaults it is, as Tocqueville observed long ago, perfectly irresistible, and no one can stand against it. The fact is not wonderful. The tone of the *Times* has been regarded with anger and indignation; it is considered by the Federals as intensely antagonistic and embittered, and I am looked upon as the main agent in producing that disposition on the part of the paper. Right or wrong, there is no arguing the matter away. If you could see what I have had to bear in railway trains and in the street you would at least give me the credit of no common devotion and endurance—of danger I speak not now, though danger there is and will be, increasing instead of diminishing. It is really astonishing how I have escaped hitherto. *Mutatis mutandis*, I don't believe an American journalist in my position would have gone so far had he been placed, as I have been here, during a civil war in England or in a rebellion in Ireland. I have not met a man in Canada who has not declared to me he never thought I should have left the United States alive. God knows if ever I shall do so.

Cheerfully admitting all I have gained in the service of the *Times*, to which I have devoted some fifteen years of the best part of my life (you will not find fault with me for saying it), I am sensible that I have done my duty and that I have had my part of suffering in it also. It is only by this mail I received a letter from Ferguson of Hanover Street in which he orders me 'a horizontal

position' as the only way of diminishing the evils I suffer from that miserable leg of mine, a souvenir of India. You know how useful I should be in that attitude. Crimean fevers and Indian sunstrokes have not been the least part of the *petites misères* of my special duty. I have incurred the hostility of powerful classes in England who have never forgiven and never will forgive the course I took during the war in the Crimea. And I have reason to know that among them was poor Prince Albert and no doubt the Queen herself.

"It was with comparative pleasure—when I saw my wife's health in such a state that she could be left though not with perfect safety—I accepted the engagement to go to America for six months from you. The terms were liberal, but the difference of salary in my favour was not very great when it was considered that for the difference between £1,200 and £800 I was separated from home, exposed to many vicissitudes, and deprived of any opportunity of adding to my income by writing. That, however, was my own concern; I was glad to get into the harness and serve under the old banner again for one more campaign. But when I overstayed my six months difficulties began to arise. The work I had promised to do at home and for which I was to receive most munificent payment, which would have placed me in a position of the greatest ease, was perforce neglected. And autumn came on me actually without the means of meeting claims which ought to have been met last summer. I am writing to you, my dear Morris, as a friend *currente calamo*. Pray bear with me. I'm a huge lump of improvidence and want of forethought, I know. So do you. I would to Heaven I had an ounce of your prudence and excellent sense on such matters. But as I was saying, I calculated that I would be back in September, and then I would go on with my novel, already begun, for which Bradbury and Evans were to pay me literally enormously (more fools they, perhaps), £1,500 when half done, and share of profits and all sorts of things, and complete other work which would bring me in at least as much again. When I was compromised so far as to be obliged to remain here by regard for your

wishes and my personal character matters became difficult at home, but so long as Willans was on the spot he could manage, he said, provided I could come over for a week or two in the winter, though he by no means desired me to abandon my post, as he thought by doing so I would damage my reputation, above all among my friends, such as yourself, Delane, MacDonald and Mr. Walter, at the office. Now that he is away I am in a regular quandary; the word hardly expresses it. I scarcely know what to do. If only I could understand my own affairs! It is quite evident, too, that the crisis here is approaching, and I cannot now get away. If I could have managed a short visit some time ago I could have arranged matters, but now I must only ask you to do the best you can for me. I leave my interest and fortune with every confidence in the hands of you and Delane.

"My expenses in future will not be so great, as I have dismissed a very expensive and very dishonest servant, and have got quieter lodgings in Washington. When in the field it will cost me little or nothing compared with my past bills. I send you the accounts as nearly as I can lay my hands on them, and commence regular monthly statements.

"Believe me, my dear Morris,

"Yours always,

"W. H. RUSSELL."

Not long after these admirable resolutions as to expenses were formed, Russell, alas! had to send to Mowbray Morris what he described as a "frightful" bill. At New York on his way back to Washington he conceived the notion—well warranted, one feels sure—that if some of the American journalists knew him better they would find fewer reasons for hostility towards him. He disliked the idea of seeming to buy a truce, but the difficulties in his way were so great and so injurious to his work that he thought the interests of the *Times* required him definitely to play for goodwill. He accordingly invited some of the

best-known journalists to dinner. Thus was the frightful bill incurred, for the proprietor of the hotel was only too ready to take part in the rejoicing according to his own ideas. There was little other result. No one who came in contact with Russell's personality could be indifferent to its engaging and companionable qualities, but unfortunately the increase of friendliness which we may assume to have taken place in those who got to know him better was counterbalanced by the annoyance of those who had not been invited. Russell's private letters to England were altogether rather a tale of woe, and Delane and Mowbray Morris checked the sympathy they might otherwise have felt with him for reasons which appear in the following letter from J. C. MacDonald :—

"P. H. S.,

"March 14th, 1862.

"MY DEAR W. H. R.,—Here is a letter for you from foreign parts, and I hope when you get it you will be back at your post. Delane doesn't like letters from Canada when he wants them from the Potomac. And Morris is tremendously riled with you for writing long *grumbles* ending in nothing specific. Neither of them in my opinion makes sufficient allowance for the excessively difficult and unpleasant position in which, through no fault of yours or indeed of anyone's but the circumstances, you are placed, and like all the rest of the world they only see their own objects and the interests of the paper in your mission. Perhaps you will think me tarred with the same brush, but I think I am more under the influences of old and intimate and friendly feelings than either, and I try to consider not only what suits the *Times*, but also what is best for W. H. R. Now, looked at from this point of view, you are far better where you are than you could be in any kind of literary employment in London. You are in a position of great trust and responsibility, and if circumstances render it extremely difficult and disagreeable, there will be ample compensation for you among your

own countrymen when you *return*. We could not probably find any suitable person to fill your place if you quitted it in disgust, but quite apart from that, for your own sake I do hope you won't. Take the large view of the situation, preserve your good humour unbroken amongst all the incivilities of the Yankees, the exactingness of Printing House Square and the trials of being separated so long from your wife and children. Depend upon it, my dear fellow, that this is your right and your wise course. At least, so thinks

"Yours always affectionately,

"JOHN C. MACDONALD."

CHAPTER VIII

CRISIS AND DEPARTURE

AT Washington, Russell found the Army much as he had left it, except that a good deal of winter sickness had intervened. His first object was to get permission from Mr. Stanton to follow the troops in the field and to draw rations. Several American officers let him know that he would be welcome to accompany them, but they all said in effect, "You will of course get written permission from the War Department, and then there will be no difficulty." None of them was willing to accept the obloquy of taking a man of Russell's reputation unless the responsibility rested with the Government.

It so happened that the evening after Russell's return to Washington, Lord Lyons gave some private theatricals at the Legation, and there Russell met and tackled Mr. Stanton. "I want," said he, "an order to go with the Army to Manassas." He found a sheet of paper, and Stanton wrote a pass, making a copy of it which he kept. Russell noticed that the pass gave him permission only to go to Manassas and back, and required everyone in the service of the Government to help him and show him courtesy. The return of the Army to Alexandria made even this pass useless, but Russell, though foiled in the first round of his encounter with Stanton, by no means abandoned hope of getting what he wanted. The sequel will be told later. Meanwhile he wrote to Mowbray Morris:—

"I cannot admit I have in any degree justified you in saying I had lost heart or thrown the paper over-

board. I may find it impossible to do what you tell me to do—to go to the front—and if I fail I shall return home. If I have not lost heart I have lost health, or rather did lose it, and regained it by the trip in Canada, which I sought to render interesting and useful to the paper. If I had lost heart it would not have been wonderful, for never did man find himself in a more painful, ungrateful position, and I think it is rather hard now after I had at your request endured it so long to accuse me of yielding. In a few days I shall learn whether I can get away with the Army or not, and I will acquaint you and await instructions.

“P.S.—I have applied to:—

Genl. M'Clellan . . . No answer.

Genl. Marcy . . . Not satisfactory.

Genl. M'Dowell . . . Cannot without Genl. M'C.'s orders.

Genl. Van Vliet . . . Will help if he can.

Secy. of State . . . No answer.

Secy. of War . . . Has refused the Press and does not think he can help me, but will see.

“I must say I don't think you were just in your note, and that your conclusion was at least premature.”

The reader is asked now to cast his mind back to the *Trent* affair. It was remarked that this was to bring Russell serious trouble. It did more: it was the cause of one of the greatest sorrows in his career as a journalist. The *New York Herald* of March 22nd, 1862, accused him of having on December 27th, 1861, used private information which he had received from the British Legation at the height of the *Trent* crisis to speculate on the Stock Exchange. The fact that he had sent a telegram to his friend Mr. Sam Ward* in

* Mr. Sam Ward—“Uncle Sam,” as he was called by his friends—was an American, well known on both sides of the Atlantic. He came, perhaps, as nearly as any man ever did to being all things to all men; no two accounts of him ever agreed, and yet both might be true. He was born in New York, and inherited a fortune from his

New York on December 27th had come to the knowledge of the *New York Herald*, and the sense of the message was quoted to prove the charge. Here was an accusation indeed! If it was true, Russell's title to respect was gone for ever. The next day a great number of newspapers took up the cry. Russell well understood that the very foundation on which his authority and his livelihood rested was threatened; and the worst of it was that by sending the telegram to Ward he had with his own hand given colour to the charge. He was not deeply concerned that the American newspapers had a new stick, though a heavy one, to beat him with; but he was almost paralysed by the thought that he might not be able to persuade his friends at the Legation and at Printing House Square to believe that his telegram to Ward was written and dispatched in all innocence.

What happened on December 27th was briefly this. The Federal Government informed Lord Lyons that they would surrender Mason and Slidell, and Russell was told this in confidence at the Legation by Mr. Monson. As he was passing the White House a little parents which he increased greatly by his ability and exertions. The tide set against him after a time, however, and before he was middle-aged he found himself a poor man. His experiences were diverse and curious. He had lived among Indians and had made a reputation as a hunter. He had been a gold digger, and was well known to the members of Congress in Washington as an assiduous lobbyist when he was prosecuting the interests of his business. He was popular in both American and European society, and although he always seemed to be up to the eyes in engagements he somehow found time to cultivate his mind. "What a wonderful man Sam Ward is!" runs an entry in Russell's diary during the Civil War. "To-day I was trying to find a passage in Dante's '*Inferno*' which I remembered but vaguely, and which applied rather neatly to something I was writing. In came Sam Ward, and I mentioned my difficulty. He quoted the passage in Italian out of his head, and others as well which he thought might be useful." Ward had a certain reputation as a writer of verse, but he was undoubtedly a better critic of other men's poetry than of his own.

later he was given the same good news by a senator, as though it were public property. He next went to see Messrs. Corcoran and Riggs, bankers, who were in close touch with great affairs, and Mr. Corcoran gave him the same information. Returning to his rooms he found a letter from Sam Ward in frantic terms—"Fratricidal conflict, ruin of two States," and so on. On the spur of the moment he telegraphed to Ward telling him that he might act as though he had heard very good news and ought to enjoy his dinner.

On the evening of March 23rd, Russell found in his room a letter from Monson, enclosing an extract from the *New York Herald*, which he then read for the first time. Monson asked for an immediate explanation of what, on the face of it, seemed to be a most improper use of a private conversation and a gross breach of confidence. Russell at once sent off a few lines to Monson explaining the circumstances, and he also wrote a note to Mr. Corcoran. Mr. Corcoran kindly came and sat with Russell for an hour in conversation. He remembered the whole of the conversation at the bank—how, for instance, he had said that he hardly knew whether to be sorry or glad that Mason and Slidell were to be surrendered; that he ought to be glad for the sake of his son-in-law, but that he was exceedingly sorry for the sake of the Southern cause, with which he sympathised. The next day a note came from Monson to say that he would like to place Russell's letter before Lord Lyons, if Russell had no objection. Russell replied that he had none whatever, and added what had since been said to him by Mr. Corcoran. After a long ride alone in the open in a vain attempt to cool his brain and think things over, he saw Mr. Riggs, who fully confirmed what

Mr. Corcoran had said. Russell, however, was too honest with himself not to confess that the hasty sending of the telegram to Ward was an indiscretion which his calmer self deplored. The use of the word "act," addressed to a business man, was capable of the interpretation which had been put upon it. Of course, he was at perfect liberty to advise Ward, even in his business ; but if he had intended the word in that sense, which it appears he did not, he should have first made it clear to Monson that he was absolved from the pledge of secrecy through having received the news from others. That was the heart of his offence : not that he was guilty of a breach of confidence, but that he had not been careful to make suspicion that he was guilty, impossible.

The same day Ward wrote to Russell :—

"No. 31, INDIANA AVENUE,
"March 23rd, 1862.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I see by the *New York Herald* of yesterday that you are wrongfully accused of using the secrets of the British Legation for speculative purposes, because an innocent and friendly telegram of yours to me, unearthed by some exploring committee, is susceptible of being thus tortured by ill-nature or malice. I trust you feel neither compromised nor annoyed by this newspaper inference drawn from what, if my memory serves me, is an incorrect or at least incomplete transcript of your telegram, the concluding portion of which, 'eat a good dinner,' has been, I suppose, purposely omitted.

"As the telegram was a link in the chain of our frequent and friendly correspondence, which was only broken off by your departure from Washington at the close of the year, and you may possibly feel called upon to explain what now seems an isolated scrap, liable to such misinterpretation as I am condemning, suffer me to recall to your memory the origin of this despatch, and to spread out my own tolerably accurate

recollection of the circumstances under which it was received.

"It was handed to me at the New York Hotel on Friday, 27th December, at 5½ o'clock p.m., as I was on my way to dinner. I had received from you in the a.m. a most gloomy letter, despairing of the surrender of Mason and Slidell, and regarding war as inevitable. I had kept my room all day, seeking in my books relief from the anxieties your letter had aroused. I understood your telegram as intended to remove the painful effects of your mistaken views of the day previous, and I remember that, feeling comforted by this grateful and unexpected contradiction, I followed your advice and 'ate a good dinner,' in the course of which I exhibited your despatch to Mr. Cranston and one or two of my neighbours at the *table d'hôte*. The next morning I showed it to Mr. C. Livingstone, who said laughingly, 'That news was in the Board of Brokers yesterday at noon,' and treated me as though I had brought him a 'mare's nest.' I also embodied your despatch in a note to my daughter at 10 o'clock that (Saturday) morning, thinking it might gratify her to communicate it to her grandfather, Mr. W. B. Astor. I did not go down town on Saturday, but saw by the *Evening Post* that Mr. Seward's despatch to Lord Lyons had appeared in the *National Intelligence* of that a.m.

"No one familiar with the mechanism of stock operations, or with the present modes of employing the telegraph in this country, could, for a moment, suspect you or me of any intention to speculate upon such a telegram as you sent me. Guileless as I know you to be of such motive or experience, you would surely have selected some other associate or agent than a poor votary of the Muses like myself, and have telegraphed to a broker or a banker in Wall Street (where I do not set my foot twice a month), some one of the concerted familiar phrases which pass daily over the wires under the nose of the lynx-eyed Censor. I am told that the correspondents of newspapers and of brokers make an order for whiskey or cigars, and inquiry about Martha's health, or a 'row' about a pair of jack-boots, convey every species of early and valuable information.

"As to the imputation of using the secrets of the Legation, I remember that you related to me afterwards, all the *péripéties* of those eventful ten days preceding the delivery of Mr. Seward's despatch, one phasis of which was that you had heard the intelligence on Friday, at Riggs's Banking House, I think from Mr. Corcoran, and, bethinking yourself of your doleful letter to me of the day previous, sent me the cheerful telegram to give me an appetite for my dinner.

"Regretting that an impulse of kind feeling towards your friend and *compagnon de voyage* should have put into the hands of your enemies the means of forging a weapon against you—although said weapon turns out to be but a harlequin's lath—

"I am always

"Your faithful and grateful

"SAM WARD."

On April 1st, Ward wrote again:—

"I found the original of your kind telegram of the 27th December, which runs as follows: 'Act as if you heard some very good news for yourself. Dine as soon as you get this.' If you will compare this despatch with the one furnished by the Congressional Committee to the Press, and published in the *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, etc., you will perceive that your message has been falsified and you yourself most maliciously misrepresented. I have placed the telegram, which is a strip about 18 inches long per *printing* telegraph, which cannot lie, in the safe of the New York Hotel in charge of Mr. Cranston, who holds the *pièce justificative*, subject to your orders. I generally light my cigars with similiar bits of paper, but it occurred to me to preserve this as a memento of the friendly impulse which prompted you to send it.

"Whenever it shall suit you to haul the perpetrators of this libel over the coals, I shall most cheerfully put in the following affidavit: 'That you were never interested in any manner, directly or indirectly, in the purchase or sale of stocks, or in any pecuniary or speculative transaction with myself or, to my knowledge, any other person whatever in the United States; and that I have never had any understanding with

you as to the concerted meaning of telegrams, and furthermore, I would affirm my belief that you hardly know what a share is.' Said wilful ignorance is, so far as I can judge, a matter of taste as well as of honor, and I hope you do not feel yours, which I know to be as pure as 'Stainless Tunstall's shield,' attainted by the calumnious and distorted evidence."

We have looked ahead in quoting Ward's letters. Meanwhile, Russell had found it as difficult as he had feared, to set himself right with his friends at Washington. Lord Lyons felt that an unnecessary scandal had fixed itself on the Legation, and for some time was not ready to unbend from his first attitude of sternness. Some extracts from Russell's diary show how acutely he suffered, feeling a stain on his honour like a wound.

March 24th.—"One of the saddest days I have had in all my life, and Heaven knows I have had some sad ones too. Lawley came in to tell me from Monson that Lord Lyons would not see me to-day, as I demanded. This is not fair; but even now in my great anger and distress I do not attribute to Lord Lyons any vindictive feeling towards me so much as immense annoyance at the idea of being called to account in Parliament for communicating to me the information at all. He persists apparently in thinking that I acted solely on the words of Monson."

March 25th.—"This morning very seedy. Dear old Rowan came in, and I tried to be gay and failed miserably, I fear. Down to breakfast, could eat nothing. Monson came, and we had a long and to me most painful conversation, because I could not but feel that though he felt that I had only been indiscreet he felt bound to intimate the indiscretion could not be pardoned. Oh, William Russell, where was your sense? Why did not your pride kill you? You on whose character for truth and honour no man ever cast a shadow, because he could not! And had I not been tried in the fire? Dear old Lawley came in ere I was

out of bed, and talked to me, also advising me, as indeed was best, to get away, because it would save the Legation any unpleasantness. I can't remember what I said to him, to Monson, or to Warre, who came in afterwards. God above! to think of this punishment for a man of honour and of truth, whose innocence of any evil intent must have been as plain to those who knew him as it was to himself! All were unanimous that I was not capable of any dishonourable action, and that I was not actuated by motives of any personal advantage in the matter. I should have gone back and told Monson I had heard the news from others. Lamy's plain common sense put things in their true light. He indeed is gifted with discretion I don't possess. Percy Anderson is a very fine fellow. He was kind as could be. So were all."

We have dealt at more length than might seem justifiable with a personal matter which happened long ago, and is now remembered by few. But if the reader does not recognise that it was really a crisis of Russell's life, this record has failed to make clear what the peculiar pitfalls of a correspondent's career are, and still more, how Russell prided himself on avoiding them. It may be said without further delay that Lord Lyons, acknowledging Russell's good faith, restored him to the confidence he had formerly enjoyed. Nor did his regard waver with the years. In 1886, when he was Ambassador in Paris, he wrote to Russell:—

"I have come to the age when my warmest feelings must belong to old times and old friends. It will ere long be a quarter of a century since our Washington days—days full of interest and not devoid to me of pleasant memories, in which your part is by no means a small one."

We cannot forbear to quote before we pass to other affairs a letter written by Francis Lawley to Russell,

which for wisdom, kindness, and candour is surely a model of what a friend's advice should be:—

“EVERETT HOUSE, NEW YORK,
“*March 31st, 1862.*

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I received your letter yesterday with much interest, and although I feel no confidence in your ever receiving this reply to it, I write it unreservedly, and only hope that it will come safe into your hands.

“In the first place, let me unhesitatingly say that in many conversations about you with different Ministers of the British Legation at Washington, I have never heard one word from the lips of anyone which could have given you pain, or was animated by any other than the kindest and friendliest spirit towards yourself. I will go farther and say that, in my private judgment, if Monson and Anderson (who are the guiding heads) were convinced the whole affair would blow over in England, they would be willing and even anxious that your relations with the Legation at Washington should be substantially and socially unchanged. Lord Lyons might insist upon even greater reticence than has hitherto prevailed—(I say ‘even greater,’ because I have been struck by the normal caution and prudence of men living on such intimate relations with us all, as Anderson & Co.)—but you would not personally be sensible of any change of feeling towards yourself because no such change of feeling exists.

“It is this which makes me strongly urge upon you the advisability of going as little as possible to Washington, of staying there as short a time as possible, and of keeping away while there, as far as you can, from the British Legation, during the next five or six weeks. Nothing can be gained, and much may be lost, by any step which, however remotely, has the appearance of a desire to push yourself into the old relations. Starting with this preliminary advice, which, let events fall out as they may, seems to me of the most vital importance to yourself, I will proceed briefly to other less material points.

“I may notice then, secondly, that it has never entered into the head of anyone at the Legation to whom I have

spoken at Washington, that there is the smallest ground for thinking you sought pecuniary advantage for yourself. It is undoubtedly right that you should fortify yourself with letters from Ward, Riggs, or Corcoran, as it is possible you may have occasion to use them in England; but as far as this country is concerned, and notably as far as the Legation is concerned, your personal honour as regards pecuniary gain has never been impugned, and your statement that the information telegraphed to Ward was gleaned in the street, has also never been questioned.

"The head and front of your offending is that you did not communicate to Monson that you had availed yourself of street rumours, and wished him to know of their existence. The failure on your part in thus communicating with Monson has given the only dark tinge to the transaction, and has led to the question, 'Would Russell have telegraphed to New York unless his official knowledge had given backbone and colour to street rumours?'

"After all, an answer to this interrogation could probably hardly be given in pure faith, even by yourself. It is a question for a casuist, and it is enough for our purpose that you did not make use of your official information immediately it was imparted to you; but that you did conceive yourself at liberty, when rumours met you in the street, to stretch out a hand to a drowning friend. How far your mind associated the official and non-official information, how far the possession of the one gave tone to the other, is as far beyond our and your ken as the track of a bird through the air. Those who are hostile to you will, of course, insist upon the unfavourable interpretation; those who are your friends (a far more numerous and whole-hearted party) will rally round you, and if need be carry you through on their shoulders.

"Stand firm on this rock, viz., that you did not at once telegraph to Sam Ward when Monson spoke to you, but that you did telegraph when street rumours reached you, and the gates of Hell will not prevail against you. Wait patiently until the reflux from England has come, and then seek Lord Lyons, own the grave indiscretion alluded to above, and I as firmly

believe as I ardently hope, that he will see you, and that your parting will be all you could wish.

"Lastly, do not be the least apprehensive about private letters to England. Every word that goes from anyone in a position to speak, will be in the kindest spirit towards yourself. Not a word is said by anyone of the Legation to strangers on the subject; and not a word will be said.

"My dear friend, this whole episode will have been pregnant with meaning if you understand it aright; I have too much faith in you to doubt that, come what may of it, you will arise out of its depths, and (as is the condition of humanity) derive infinite advantage from its teachings; but while on the other hand I warn you against undue depression, and against promiscuous discussions during your month of uncertainty, so would I also venture still more emphatically to warn you against forgetting its warnings, in the much desired, and, as I believe, probable event, of little notice being taken of it in England. There is all the difference in the world between the way in which men take warnings in their lives. That this is a very notable warning to you, let it turn out as it may in England, your own heart will loudly tell you.

"I know not that I should have dared to write so much were it not for a feeling of doubt whether we shall ever meet again in life.

"God bless and guide you, my dear Russell.

"Always most heartily and sincerely yours,

"FRANCIS LAWLEY."

All who have followed these incidents in Russell's career may appreciate the full meaning of Delane's declaration to Sir John Rose, the Canadian statesman:—

"I don't much care to have confidential papers sent to me at any time, because the possession of them prevents me from using the information which from one source or another is sure to reach me without any such condition in reserve."*

* "John Thadeus Delane, Editor of the *Times*: His Life and Correspondence." By Arthur Irwin Dasent (John Murray).

We must return now to Russell's efforts to accompany M'Clellan in the field. On March 22nd, General Marcy, chief of the staff, asked Russell to call at his office. He said, "You know we are a sensitive people, and that our Press is exceedingly jealous. General M'Clellan has many enemies who seek to pull him down, and scruple at no means of doing so. He and I would be glad to do anything in our power to help you, if you come with us, but we must not expose ourselves needlessly to attack." Russell was satisfied from these words that no further difficulty would be put in his way. A day or two afterwards, therefore, he went to the Department of War and asked to be allowed to see Mr. Stanton. He was told that Stanton was engaged with the President, but that he would no doubt send an answer to a letter. Russell accordingly wrote a note requesting that Stanton would be good enough to give him an order to go by the mail steamer to Monroe. In a short time Stanton's answer came: "Mr. Stanton informs Mr. Russell that no passes to Fortress Monroe can be given at present, unless to officers in the United States service." Russell tried again, but could get no more satisfaction, and the invitation of M'Clellan was not of much use while the Government withheld permission. He nevertheless determined to go to Fortress Monroe with a pass signed by General M'Clellan which he had safely in his pocket. He was on board the steamer with his baggage and ready to move off when a despatch came for General Van Vliet, the Quartermaster-General, who was also on board, summoning him at once to the War Department. The steamer was detained during Van Vliet's absence, and when Van Vliet returned he informed Russell that he had written orders to prevent

him from going. These written orders were of a curious nature: they did not name Russell, but instructed the Quartermaster-General, first, that no person should be permitted to embark on any vessel in the United States' service without written orders from the War Department; and secondly, that Colonel Neville, Colonel Fletcher, and Captain Lamy, of the British Army, having been invited by General M'Clellan to accompany the expedition, were authorised to embark. By a process of negative assertion and elimination Russell was prohibited from going with the expedition. Van Vliet, who was one of the "Bold Buccaneers," and M'Dowell, had urged every argument they could think of in his favour, particularly the fact that he was the invited guest of M'Clellan. The moment was an unfortunate one for Russell; M'Clellan was far away and so was Marcy. As a last resort he laid a statement of what had occurred before Lincoln, who at first made him think, from the wording of his letter, that he would overrule Stanton, but this was not to be. Russell also discharged the following letter at Stanton, without, however, provoking an answer:—

"WASHINGTON,

"487, 17TH ST.,

"April 2nd, 1862.

"SIR,—A few days ago you wrote me a pass at the house of Lord Lyons in which you desired all persons in the service of the United States to treat me with courtesy and show me every attention in their power. To-day I am refused, by your order, permission to go as the invited guest of General M'Clellan with the expedition under his command along with my other friends to whom he had exhibited similiar courtesy. I can, sir, only conceive one object for such conduct; but you are a man of honour and a gentleman, as well as a Minister of the Government, and I am not

conscious in the interval that elapsed of any cause for the change which has occurred. If there be any, at least I should have in justice to myself an opportunity of knowing what it is ere I leave for Europe, which I shall do in a couple of days. The very eminence of your position should rather strengthen the force of this appeal from one so humble as myself.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"W. H. RUSSELL."

Russell conceived that only one course was open to him. He had been sent to America to report the military operations if there should be any, and now that he was prevented from accompanying the troops, he held that his mission was at an end. On April 4th, he telegraphed to New York to engage a berth by the next steamer which sailed for England.

When he was already embarked, Delane and Mowbray Morris wrote letters to him which eventually reached him in England. Delane said :—

"*April 15th, 1862.*

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—Your indiscretion—for I am sure it was no more in the affair of Ward—has caused me and all your friends here the most extreme mortification, and we were afraid indeed that it might lead to the absolute necessity of recalling you from the U.S. There was a fear, indeed, that it might be taken up in Parliament and in the hostile faction of the Press, and that it would be impossible for us to defend you successfully. Happily, the Press has taken very little notice of it, your great personal popularity has so far stood you in good stead, and as Parliament adjourned for the Easter Holidays there is an end of all probable danger. But it was a bad business, and had you not been well supported and had not J. Walter taken a most kind and just view of the attendant circumstances, the consequences would have been very unpleasant. MacDonald will, I hope, tell you how miserable it made us all and how keenly we felt the tarnish it cast on a

reputation in which we take so warm and affectionate an interest. Remember that of all the weaknesses poor mankind is cursed with, good nature is the most dangerous.

"This incident makes it all the more necessary that you should not think of coming home. If you returned at present, nothing would convince either the Americans or our own public that you were not recalled in disgrace. Pray then 'hold on' and do your best, but *do not forget my parting instructions not to incur any avoidable risk.* There is no necessity for it. Of course, I should much prefer that you should be in the field; but if this is impossible without an appreciable amount of danger, stay in safety and write us the best letters you can from materials obtained at second hand. I should be very unjust if I did not mention that F. Lawley wrote a very kind and very able letter in your defence to a friend here, evidently for transmission to me. It was of much use.

"Good-bye, my dear Russell, and may all good attend you.

"Yours ever,

"J. T. D."

Mowbray Morris wrote:—

"Pray understand that I do not wish you to abandon your post, and that I hope you will retain it as long as you can render any service to the old paper, which really has not been a bad friend to you. I am sure you are not wise to dwell upon the sacrifice you have made in remaining abroad on our account. Consult your friends—your true friends—and ask them whether the balance of advantage from first to last is on our side or on yours. That you are thoroughly appreciated by those whose good opinion you value, and whose good offices are valuable, is an assurance which you cannot require at this time. I forbear to say anything about my own feelings, because they are luxuries in which I am not permitted to indulge. My responsibilities and duties are clear enough to my own apprehension, and whilst I sit in this *uneasy* chair I must perforce accept the one and discharge the other without fear, favour, or affection. It is hard to be misjudged and to create discontent where I have

laboured for a better result, but I am content to take the rough and the smooth together, hoping that time will do me justice and that all will come right in the end. And now I have said my say—more than I intended, but much less than I could. Only one thing I beg of you. Weigh well your own prospects, and do not act rashly.”

More than thirty years afterwards, Mr. John Bigelow wrote to Russell:—

“I think Seward regretted the necessity of your leaving the U.S. when you did. I wrote him a letter of expostulation from Paris. From his answer and silence together, I concluded that you were then and there somewhat in the condition of Zola in Paris now—a victim of the Army for revealing its shortcomings to the world. You were thrown overboard to propitiate the War Department, but really not so much for what you wrote yourself but for what appeared in the columns of the print you represented.”

In October, 1867, General M'Clellan was in London, and wrote to Russell:—

“I called at your office this morning and was much disappointed to find that you are not in town, for I had hoped to renew the acquaintance begun some years since in Washington, and to express the regret I have always felt that the Secretary of War did not permit you to accompany the Army of the Potomac to the Peninsula.”

It is indeed much to be regretted that Russell did not remain in America to see the Army of the Union wonderfully build itself up on experience in a war which is one of the most astounding in history, to see the great character of Lincoln unfold itself, and perhaps—who knows?—ultimately to influence in the direction he desired the policy of the *Times*. Russell had visited the South, and the leader writers of the *Times* had not. With more knowledge, most men of

education and sensibility would have arrived at the position of Mr. Henry James, who wrote of his visit to Richmond: "Before I went there I knew there was a cause which had lost. After I left the place I knew there was a cause which never could have won." The last words on this subject shall be Russell's own. In June, 1865, he wrote in his diary:—

"The *Times* is committing the enormous blunder of threatening the Yankees with loss of our good opinion if they hang Jefferson Davis. Why, we have been abusing them for four years, and cannot think worse of them! But had the *Times* followed my advice, how different our position would be—not only that of the leading journal, but of England. If ever I did State service it was in my letters from America."

CHAPTER IX

OLD AND NEW FRIENDS

DELANE and Mowbray Morris, as the reader has foreseen, were not at all pleased at Russell's return to England. And there is no question that this was one of the cases in which Russell's impetuosity misled him. He was justified in concluding that the Federal authorities definitely intended not to allow him to accompany the Army, but the interests of the *Times* required that he should await instructions instead of permitting himself the luxury of consulting his own feelings.

"I wish I could think you had done right," wrote Delane in a brief note of regretful greeting, "in coming home so precipitately in the very crisis of the war. It is lamentable that at such a time we should be practically unrepresented. However, here you are and we must make the best of it."

In November, 1862, when he was settled down again at editing the *Army and Navy Gazette*, Russell received one of the most pleasing pieces of news of his life. In his diary he wrote:—

"Saw Morris. Such good news! He told me the *Times* had settled £300 a year on me for life, and that without any claim on me for labour whatever. 'Just,' he says, 'as a soldier receives a pension.'"

Russell had had no suspicion that he was to be treated in this generous fashion; the journalist's occupation is not one which normally carries pensions with it, and he perhaps expected a pension least of all at that moment, when he was conscious that his too

dignified departure from the United States was disapproved.

Early in 1863, when he published "My Diary, North and South," from which many quotations have already been made, Mr. John Bigelow wrote to him :—

"PARIS,

"*February 18th, 1863.*

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I have just finished reading your Diary, and when I say of it, as I do without hesitation, that I am much better pleased with it than I expected to be, I pay it something of a compliment. You have shown yourself quite as blind to our national failings as we had any right to expect under the circumstances or perhaps to desire. I wish I could feel sure that the leading members of the American Press visiting England in a period of great national trial would prove as fair witnesses. I am sorry that some of the compensating features of American Republicanism did not attract more of your attention, because I think they merited it, and, secondly, because I feel that if they had, you would have been spared much of the unkind feeling awakened by your letters, and would have left the country as you entered it, as universally popular among my country people as any living Englishman.

"You have made a book which I found exceedingly readable, and I think it will prove so generally to Americans. I shall not be surprised to learn that it is more read by them than on this side of the Atlantic. So far as I am competent to judge, you will have small occasion to plead the foreigner's privilege of blundering. It would not be easy to name an American who could have written so much upon current events in America with so few inaccuracies.

"It may be worth while for you to know that the Treasury buildings at Washington are of granite instead of marble; that Mr. Seward *did* spend some time in the early part of his life at the South—in Georgia, I believe, teaching school, and pardon me for thinking that in repeating conversations you sometimes indulge in the use of a dialect which is thought

genuine Yankee, in England, but which I never heard elsewhere. I never heard the word 'Britisher' used seriously by an American in my life, to my knowledge. You use it as if it were quite a familiar term with us. But these are trifles only worth noticing when you come to a second edition. I am sorry you did not find more to admire in America, but am grateful for your criticisms, which, after all, are of far more permanent value than any amount of praise. The first will have a tendency to make us better, the other might have made us worse.

"Yours very truly,
"J. BIGELOW."

In March, 1863, an important national event happened, and was to exert many influences on Russell's life. Delane wrote to him:—

"Torrington has, with his usual kindness, procured for me a ticket somewhere at Windsor. I would rather spend the day in the Castle well than use it. But, you who wrote the Coronation at Moscow as never man wrote—don't you feel it a duty to describe the marriage of the Prince of Wales? I am sure you do, and that you will not let a work so peculiarly your own fall to any other scholar of the school that you have founded."

Russell responded to this entreaty to Delane's entire satisfaction; he not only described the marriage of the Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, but the preceding and subsequent ceremonies. And in the following year, acting on certain suggestions from the Prince of Wales, he developed his narrative into a sumptuous book, published by Messrs. Day and Son, with illustrations by Mr. Robert Dudley, which was accepted as the official account of the ceremonies. These events brought him into contact with the Prince and Princess of Wales, who admitted him to a gracious friendship, which grew firmer as the years passed, and

was attested by countless acts of thoughtfulness and consideration.

In August he wrote a moving description of Lord Clyde's burial in Westminster Abbey. It was a description written from the heart, for he not only revered the man whose comradeship he had enjoyed, and whose achievements he had watched in the Crimea and in India, but he had a particular sympathy with him as the victim as well as the conqueror of an old-fashioned system. Delane wrote to him the day after the funeral :—

"I should be a beast if I did not thank you for your most beautiful and affecting description of poor old Clyde's funeral. It touched me much more than the ceremony itself, which I thought had too much of the undertaker element."

Sir De Lacy Evans wrote to Mrs. Russell of this same article :—

"Pray congratulate him on my part on the just result of the splendid article in the *Times*, which so beautifully and emphatically pointed out what was really due to the remains of the illustrious Lord Clyde. It was perhaps to be expected that in our aristocratic system Lord Clyde would have to endure not a few slights and palpable wrongs.* He bore them with wonderful patience and magnanimity. But Providence would appear to have reserved for him the crowning and glorious compensation of subduing the greatest revolt we ever had to deal with, and of restoring British power in the East."

Towards the end of 1863 Russell had the satisfaction of observing that opinion in England about the rights and wrongs of the American Civil War had greatly changed, and for his part he did his best to preach far

* Lord Clyde was the son of a Glasgow carpenter named Macliver. He assumed the name of Campbell early in life.

and wide the doctrine that the North was in the right, deserved to win, and, what was more, would win if there were a God in heaven.

"Our papers," he writes, "still go on, however, with the pleasant conceit that the hated Northerners are going to lose the game. Such rubbish! Charleston is believed to be impregnable, but if it goes it is no great loss. I really believe that on the United States question the great John Bull has lost his head, and is distracted by jealousy to such an extent that he has not only forgotten to be just and generous, but to be moderately reasonable."

On December 24th he wrote in his diary:—

"My dear friend Thackeray died this morning. Oh, God, how soon and untimely! Had to do my *Army and Navy Gazette* work. Dined with O'Dowd at the Club; the talk all of Thackeray—of him alone."

On December 30th comes the entry:—

"This day followed the remains of my dear friend Thackeray to the grave at Kensal Green. Such a scene! Such a gathering! Dickens, thin and worn, so rejoiced me by saying he had lately been speaking to Thackeray of familiar topics. John Leech, Doyle, Millais, O'Dowd, O'Shea, J. C. Deane, Shirley Brooks, etc. The Garrick almost whipped of its cream, but not a swell, not one of the order. Little he cared!"

Russell's affectionate nature, as we have seen before, was not easily reconciled to the loss of friends, and the loss of Thackeray was such a blow as he had not suffered since Douglas Jerrold's death. Again and again he returned to the subject in his private letters and diaries. Here is a characteristic entry more than three months after Thackeray's death:—

"Read to-day an article about Thackeray. Lord, how I wish the man who wrote it were dead and he of whom it was written were alive! No more will the world be to me as once it was. No, not with all the

happiness of wife and children, or even if fame and fortune came instead of this dull, dead, inglorious struggle with the present, and no hope in the future."

This "dull, dead, inglorious struggle" was emphasised by his unceasing anxiety at this time for his wife, whose illness admitted but a slender hope of her recovery. One new arrangement, however, in his business gave him a good deal of satisfaction and a sense of security which he had not before enjoyed: the *Army and Navy Gazette* was transferred in July, 1864, from Messrs. Bradbury and Evans's to his own proprietorship.

Towards the end of 1864 Russell reviewed for the *Times* Todleben's history of the defence of Sebastopol. Delane was anxious that he should translate it into English, but, unfortunately, owing to the costliness of production—for the volume was swollen with maps and plans—no publisher cared to undertake the work. Russell, however, held it his duty to give his countrymen a *précis* of this peculiarly interesting book, and, together with a few comments, it was published at the beginning of 1865 by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers.

In May, 1865, Delane asked Russell to go to the United States to describe the settlement after the war. After due reflection, Russell refused, though he had several strong reasons for wishing to go.

"I am persuaded," he wrote, "that I have taken the side of interest, prudence, and of honourable feeling towards my family in refusing the offer. I have sacrificed my own strong personal feeling to go to the States and wipe off the mud with which I have been encrusted there."

In London his life went on as before. Ever ready to wait upon his wife when he was allowed by the doctors to do so, he nevertheless was compelled to

pass much of his time away from his home. For relaxation and for the opportunities to enjoy the society of his friends, he turned more than ever to the Garrick. Two letters written to him in this year are quoted here, not as specially pertinent to this record, but as pleasantly characteristic of their authors. The first is from Dickens:—

“GAD’S HILL PLACE,

“HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER,

“*Twenty-sixth May, 1865.*

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I have had a hearty laugh over your note. The Committee should certainly have deferred to your representations, though I am very glad that they did no such thing.

“The dirty faced man (it must have been the same, because there cannot have been two men, each so dirty faced) was beset by an idea, after I vacated the chair, that I had lost something. He tried to articulate a sentence to the effect that whatever I had lost, should be instantly found. At that period he was supported by an angle between two doors, and his shirt front had the appearance of having been clutched by waiters in personal strife. I think he must have confounded me with himself, and that he had lost his senses in making the preliminary arrangements.

“I settle down in these parts early in June. Look out for my making a dash upon you, and endeavouring to prevail upon you to come down and see us. Billiards, croquet, boats, etc., on the premises. Cool cups and good drinks. Good beds. Harmony, most evenings.

“Ever faithfully yours,

“CHARLES DICKENS.”

The second is from Shirley Brooks, and attempts to impress upon Russell an address which he was in the habit of forgetting:—

“SIX, KENT TERRACE, REGENT’S PARK, N.W.,

“*Monday.*

“MY DEAR O’RUSSELL,—Your note to hand just now. I live at 6, Kent Terrace, R.P. N.W. Bother about

your 'opuscula.' I have made much by my Faith in your Works, and I owe you much gratitude (which I wish you may get).

"I live at No. 6, Kent Terrace, R.P.

"Your note is dated, only I can't read it—the 16th, I *think*, but then it may *not* be the 16th. Anyhow, we shall be delighted to dine with you any day after Thursday.

"I live at No. 6, Kent Terrace, R.P. N.W.

"But, my dear fellow, not the children, please. I shall let 'em see a morning performance once, but they shall go to bed at night. The elder is summoned to the Court by his Queen (in the City) for Wednesday. And I would not like him beheaded for high treason; but they shall not go anywhere else and bore people. We live at No. 6, Kent Terrace, R.P. And we shall be delighted to come—as aforesaid—and make the day most convenient to yourself. We live at No. 6, Kent Terrace, Regent's Park.

"I write from the Club, *waiting for dinner* (I have an object in mentioning this, for mankind is apt to be suspicious), but my wife would join in my sentiments, and beg her kindest regards to Mrs. Russell, but cannot, because she (Mrs. B.) lives at No. 6, Kent Terrace, Regent's Park.

"Receive the assurances, etc., and believe me,

"Yours ever,

"S. DE BROOKS.

"6, Kent Terrace, Regent's Park."

"W. H. O'Russell, Esquire.

"P.S.—A line addressed to 6, Kent Terrace, Regent's Park, will oblige."

Although Russell had refused to go to the United States to watch the settlement after the war, he was, nevertheless, to cross the Atlantic again in 1865. This was when he went in the *Great Eastern* to describe the laying of the Atlantic cable. He was the only journalist on board. He republished his narrative afterwards in a book issued by Messrs. Day and Son, and illustrated by Mr. Robert Dudley. In it he paid

a tribute to the fine persistence of Mr. Cyrus Field, the New York capitalist, who had made the establishment of the Atlantic cable the object of his life. Towards the end of 1856 Mr. Field, after much negotiation, had formed a company with a capital of £350,000, and both the British and American Governments had granted a subsidy. In August, 1858, after several breakages of the cable, communication was established, but the messages were hesitating and irregular, and took an unconscionable time in the sending. The Queen's message to President Buchanan took a large part of two days, and Buchanan's answer ten hours. But the greatest defect so far had been, not the snapping of the cable of its own accord, but its ill-usage through imperfect electrical apparatus. "High-pressure steam had been got up in a low-pressure boiler."* Europe and America awaited the installation of the improved instruments, the invention of Professor W. Thomson, afterwards Lord Kelvin.

The cable of 1865 was made of one copper wire, round which six smaller wires were twisted so as to give great flexibility and reduce the risk of breakage. The cable was then encased in many coatings of "Chatterton's compound" and gutta percha. Outside the gutta percha there was a covering of jute, and last of all strength and protection was given by an outer covering of ten wires of homogeneous iron covered with tarred yarn. On July 23rd the *Great Eastern* headed west from Ireland with 7,000 tons of this cable stowed in tanks, which were filled with water to prevent the softening of the gutta percha. As the cable was paid out over the stern it was tested by Professor Thomson's

* "The Story of the Atlantic Cable." By Charles Bright, F.R.S.E.

mirror galvanometer—Thomson himself was on board—and whenever a leakage of the electric current was disclosed the cable was hauled back for examination. On July 24th and 29th the galvanometer showed that all the current was escaping, and examination proved in each case that pieces of the homogeneous wire had become embedded in the gutta percha. Many of those on board firmly believed that these mishaps were the result of foul play. There was no proof of this, whereas there was distinct proof that the homogeneous iron was brittle in places, and that when once it became embedded in the gutta percha it ruined everything.

By far the most interesting lesson of the expedition, failure though it was, was that a broken cable could be grappled for and brought up from the bottom from depths of about 3,000 fathoms. Before this voyage no one had ventured to think such a thing possible, and the grappling cable used was only improvised for the purpose on board ship. This experience of 1865 indeed made the ultimate success of Atlantic telegraphy seem almost certain, for Professor Thomson's invention had provided the necessary delicacy in the instruments, and the comparative precision with which a broken cable was fished up from the bottom of the ocean showed that a cable need never be regarded as lost. Russell felt, however, that his narrative of a failure must itself be in some sort a failure. Not so Delane, who ridiculed his apology, and wrote on August 20th :—

"I don't in the least agree with you about your report of the *Great Eastern's* voyage, and you will find a whole column in praise of it in the first article of to-morrow's paper. Everybody I have met is delighted with it and considers it a miracle of lucidity, which on

such a subject was not easy. Anything like garnish would have been altogether out of place."

Professor Thomson wrote to Russell:—

"KILMICHAEL, BRODICK,
"ISLE OF ARRAN, BY ARDROSSAN,
"September 12th, 1865.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The more I think of the prospects, etc., in connection with the experience of this year, the more confident I feel as to the result. Even the lifting and completing the cable of this year seems almost a certainty. By grappling it at any point along its length, hauling up as far as can be done safely without breaking it, buoying up the grapnel rope and leaving it supporting the cable as far as it has been got above the bottom, going three miles westward from the buoy and grappling again, this time lifting till the cable breaks (or comes to the surface, of which, however, there would be but little chance), and lastly, going back to the first buoy and lifting again, I believe that in a few days of moderate weather the sea-serpent would be got kinking about on deck. The point to begin upon ought, I think, to be at least five or six miles east from the places of the last three grapplings of this year, so as to get the cable free from the hamper of lost buoy ropes, and to make pretty sure of not finding the old fault on the wrong side of the point lifted. I have just returned from a yacht cruise to the Giant's Causeway and some of the Scotch islands north of Cantyre. I am sure it would have pleased Mr. Gooch* to see how bad a sailor (physiologically speaking) I proved at the beginning of the cruise. It demonstrates that my five weeks on board the *Great Eastern* were no better seasoning for such work than if they had been spent on *terra firma*.

"Believe me, yours very truly,
"W. THOMSON."

* Mr. Gooch had accompanied the expedition as the representative of the owners of the *Great Eastern*.

CHAPTER X

THE SECOND DUKE OF WELLINGTON

IN December, 1865, Russell stayed for the first time at Strathfield Saye with the second Duke of Wellington, whom he had already come to know and like in London. The development of this friendship meant so much in Russell's life that it is desirable to say something of the nature of the able man, full of character, who liked to be known as "The Son of Waterloo." This may best be done by quoting a few of his letters to Russell. And as it is impossible to record Russell's innumerable meetings with him or his frequent visits to Strathfield Saye, the reader is asked to remember, if he cares to do so, that these things continued to the end of the Duke's life in 1884. The public knew comparatively little of this Duke of Wellington, even though he was the son of his father, and the present generation has heard even less. When it became generally known that Russell was "the best company in the world," the British nobility, whose privilege it is to entertain the most entertaining people, laid siege to him. It was only an accident that he went to the top of the tree to find two of his best friends—the Duke of Wellington and his still greater friend, the third Duke of Sutherland.

In December, 1865, Russell was shooting for a week at Strathfield Saye. Disraeli was a guest for part of

the time, and Russell's diary on the day of his arrival contains this entry :—

"Dizzy in great force after dinner. Talked of Tycho Brahe, Copernicus, Euler, Kepler, Galileo and Ptolemaic systems to our wonder, till Calcraft suggested he was lecturing, and John Hay shrewdly hit on the fact that he was only repeating a part of the speech that he was to have made if he had been elected Rector of the University of Edinburgh! He does not shoot and does nothing at all but spy into books. . . . The Duke said, 'I believe the Almighty takes no more heed of a Duke than if he were a rat!' whereupon John Hay said, 'But what if he is both?'"

The Duke of Wellington soon understood, if he did not always appreciate, Russell's incalculable habits. He himself was punctual to the point of pedantry. After some experience of Russell's carelessness in answering invitations or keeping engagements, he used to employ a nice phrase about "provoking" him to dinner. The following letter reveals the awful results that sometimes attended Russell's behaviour.

"LONDON,

"*March 26th, 1866.*

"MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I now understand how you escaped being murdered in America—by throwing over appointments, and so late as to make it impossible to catch you in any other way. Your note reached Apsley House at 5.25, at which moment my brougham was standing at your door. No one in your house knew more than Socrates did, viz., that he knew nothing. The man waited so long that he was late for me, and when he arrived I was gone in a hack cab. I have discharged the man because he disobeyed orders in that, and in not giving me his reasons when I returned home. I had written the order to call for you at 5.25 and for me at 5.45.

"You have ruined *him*; *me* for he was my favourite groom; my *horses* for he was my best rider; and

broken my *coachman's* heart for he had taught him to drive.

"I am, yours sincerely,
"W."

It only remains to say that Russell interceded for the groom, and that, furnished with this excuse for abating his punctiliousness, the Duke was delighted to restore the man, and that the coachman's broken heart was mended.

Another time the Duke wrote from Strathfield Saye :—

"MY DEAR MR. RUSSELL,—We dined yesterday, and shot to-day, with tears in our eyes because Russell was not. As you say that Saturday is a free day with you, I have postponed the shooting that was to have been to-morrow till Saturday.

"Yours sincerely,
"W."

It will not be recognised how great a tribute this was to Russell's charm and liveliness till it is explained that the Duke had a poor, but always candidly expressed, opinion of Russell's marksmanship. Sometimes Russell shot well, and he had been used to guns since boyhood, but he was not a very serious sportsman and at critical moments he was capable of complete absence of mind. Some of his achievements are recorded by himself in his diaries with evident gusto. Thus when staying once at Dunrobin :—

"I alone slaughtered a hind and was duly quizzed for my performance by the cruel young ladies. We had been instructed that hinds and calves were not to be shot."

Of another occasion when shooting cock pheasants in Essex he writes, "I killed a hen by mistake. Great laughter."

On yet another occasion he had a correspondence with the Duke of Wellington as to whether he had or had not fired his gun in a dangerous direction during pheasant shooting at Strathfield Saye. He drew a diagram of the positions to prove his harmlessness and brought counter-charges against some person or persons. The Duke wrote in answer:—

"I believe that your diagram is quite correct and that you did *not* nearly shoot them, but that they had been where you shot and that you did not know that they had moved from there. I may add that another man in the street said to me before the party, 'You are, I believe, to have at S. Saye the most dangerous man in England,' meaning *you*. You certainly succeeded in well alarming Cowley. That you were hit in the stomach I did not know, and I should like to know by whom."

In 1868, when Russell was standing for Parliament at Chelsea, he asked the Duke of Wellington for the use of his riding school in Knightsbridge for a meeting. The Duke wrote:—

"S. SAYE,

"*November 4th, 1868.*

"MY DEAR MR. RUSSELL,—Most certainly you may use my school whenever you please, day or night, and I trust you may succeed in educating your party. I wrote to my coachman. If you want it in the evening you must inform my coachman, if possible, more than a week before; because I lend it every night to some Volunteer Corps or other, and it will be necessary to give them notice, which is not easy. After 9 p.m., however, it is quite free. I can supply gas light. Of course, if any of them steal you will have a share, which you must refund to me. I make but one condition, that you shall let me know when it is coming off that I may be a witness behind my chink (I will explain it when I see you), and that when your troubles are over you will come here and kill, wound, or miss my pheasants and peasants.

"Yours,

"W."

The next letter contains the Duke's reflections on the proper treatment of calumny :—

"S. SAYE,

"*May 16th, 1872.*

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—You are an intemperate Irishman. Why can you wish to probe to the bottom a piece of calumny which you are bound not to notice? Those things happen to every one and have very often to me; but I am more patient than you are. I have been accused behind my back of nearly everything except stealing and murdering, but I considered the inconvenience of being angry. Anger is not the remedy for a wounded reputation; quite the contrary. It was once said to a French gambler, 'Monsieur, vous trichez.' 'C'est possible, mais je n'aime pas qu'on en me le dise.' Hence a duel. And the man's character remained as bad as ever.

"Yours,

"W."

In 1874 Russell had a correspondence with the Duke as to the behaviour of the artillery at Waterloo. The Duke wrote :—

"LONDON,

"*January 13th, 1874.*

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—My case is this: my father said 'The contents of these boxes will pull many a statue off its pedestal.' He destroyed everything that evidently ought not to appear, and he arranged the rest. All this I take to be an expressed wish that his papers should appear. He added also, when he was asked why he did not write a history: 'My papers are my history.'

"After this can any penny-a-liner suggest to me that after 56 years I ought not to publish a semi-official letter from a Commander-in-Chief to a Master-General of the Ordnance upon an official subject? The thing is preposterous, and I am not disposed to be offered up as a propitiation to R.A. susceptibilities.

"When you see Delane's review you will observe that Duncan owns to many shortcomings which, of course, I shall bring before the light in the most *amiable* manner, suggesting that a general who, after Waterloo, in talking of the horrors of war, said, 'Thank God, I have never been defeated, but I cannot say how horrible I feel to be the consequence of a

victory,' should have no great reliance on a corps, which with great presumption, are capable of such mistakes which the friendly reviewer says would be ridiculous if they were not so serious. This, or a similar course, I would avoid if possible, but I will not allow it to be even suggested that I am wrong in performing the filial but troublesome and extensive duty I impose upon myself.

"Now, what I think happened at Waterloo is this: My father was then of opinion, as are the Prussians now, that artillery should fire at troops rather than at opponent artillery. This idea is held even by Hamley *now*, for he told me so. He ordered accordingly. He detected that he was disobeyed. He also ordered that there should be a reserve of artillery; and that the guns in front should retire before the enemy in time, so as to admit the artillerymen into the square. This last order he says was disobeyed, and Mercer boasts that he disobeyed it, and that *he won* the battle by doing so. His Grace says in his letter to Mulgrave, that in consequence of the alleged disobedience he should have had no artillery at the end but his reserve. The defence is, that the guns used in the advance were those before in front, and not the reserve. This is proved. But my suspected rejoinder is, as Mercer's book makes me think, that the reserve was all used up by the chiefs of artillery themselves and that his Grace had *no* reserve. He being ignorant of it. If I were obliged I should call upon them to show what batteries were in reserve.

"Now you know the fact, and you can see that it is for the interest of your favourite corps to let me alone. It is not difficult to save all the honour the corps care about, for they are charged solely with disobedience, and disobedience they don't care about.

"Yours sincerely,
"W."

Next there is a glimpse of the Duke of Wellington as unavowed peacemaker between his neighbours:—

"December 12th, 1876.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I daresay you recollect taking me to fish at Colonel ——'s. I am now connected, as you

know, with his neighbour, and I am very sorry to learn that they have had a legal difference. Colonel — has, I understand, given way on certain points, and I write, unknown to anyone, to enlist your good offices to restore two neighbours to harmony. I perfectly understand that a man who buys a property may not quite know his rights; but now I hope they may act towards each other as neighbours ought. I recollect the same kind of thing occurred when I first bought property in Norfolk about a boundary. I went myself to examine it, and was convinced that I—or rather my predecessor—was wrong.

"I hope you may do good.

"Yours sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

Finally, here is an illustration of the affection which Russell could inspire in the least forthcoming of men. The letter was written after Russell's return from the 1879—80 campaign in South Africa:—

"BROOKS'S,

"February 17th, 1880.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—I wish you would come down to Scotland and stay with us and write your book there, for of course you have a book in process of construction.

"You will find that no one here cares for any mortal thing, or person. I am, however, an exception, for I care for you, and am so delighted to have you back sound and well and philosophic.

"Yours ever,

"W."

The Duke of Wellington's letters have caused us to look ahead. We must return to the year 1866. In January of this year Russell went to stay for the first time with Dickens at Gad's Hill. Year after year, and many times in each year, had he been invited there, but something had always prevented him from going.

"At Gravesend," he writes in his diary, "Dickens met me driving a basket carriage affair, with his boy

with him—a showy trap of the sort with bells. Gad's Hill is on the roadside almost, with a small patch of ground, vegetable garden, and croquet plot. A tunnel under the road leads to a small walled-in enclosure, in which is a fine cedar or two, and a Swiss cottage and a pillar-like gazebo in which Boz writes in the summer. Inside the house is very comfortable. Miss Hogarth and Miss Dickens received me. Then came in Mrs. Collins looking so pretty, and her husband so pale, then Captain Randolph, Captain Stewart, Captain Tatham, Colonel Symonds, Major Longley, and a certain proportion of wives. A very good dinner for about twenty people. Talk concerning the *London* and her loss, and a dance in which Sir Roger was incessant and all subduing, till Miss Hogarth who played, nearly died. Dickens's son is an editor and prints his own *Gad's Hill Gazette*. Then we played billiards. I beat Dickens and Collins beat me, and then we went to bed. My bedroom charming and comfortable in all ways. Dickens looks old, but is only ten years older than myself"

CHAPTER XI

THE AUSTRO-PRUSSIAN WAR

AT the end of May, 1866, war between Austria and Prussia, who had not been able to settle their dispute over Schleswig-Holstein, had become inevitable, and Russell was invited to take the field. He hesitated for some time on account of his wife, but on June 15th, Delane, who could support no further delay, wrote a pressing note of agitated and agitating staccato sentences:—

“PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE,
“*June 15th*, 1866.

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—Pray give me a decisive and unmistakable answer as to whether you will go abroad as a ‘Special’ with one of the armies. Your wife is not worse than she has been for several years. You talk as if you wished to go abroad, and I offer you almost any place you like. You have been announced as the only man Benedek will receive. I need not tell you it is not so, for Benedek will take any man we send him and has accepted Brackenbury. But I had rather you went there than Brackenbury, and so again I ask you, ‘Will you go?’ and ‘When?’ You ought to start at once. The Prussians have already entered Saxony and you ought this very day to be beside Benedek. But there is still time if you will go. Say the word. The messenger waits for your ‘Yes’ or ‘No.’ But pray let it be ‘Yes.’ You know how I care for you and your reputation. I am sure you will lose character if you do not go. Say ‘Yes,’ now. Come and see me to-morrow and start on Monday.

“Yours ever,
“JOHN T. DELANE.

“I shall be here until 4 a.m.”

Russell’s answer was “Yes.” On June 20th he left London to join the Austrian Army.

The situation was this. On June 18th, the Prussians had occupied Dresden, and the Saxon Army had retired to join the Austrians. The Austrian Army of the North under Benedek was ranged along the frontier which separates Moravia from Saxony and Silesia. The Prussian forces were divided into three armies: (1) The Crown Prince's Army for Silesia; (2) Prince Ferdinand Charles's Army for Saxony and Bohemia; (3) General Herwarth's Army. These three Prussian Armies intended to concentrate near Gitschin. The Crown Prince, with the principal Army, had to march through the difficult mountain passes between Silesia and Bohemia, and Benedek was waiting to engage him in a strong position. We are not concerned here with the numerous towns occupied and the engagements fought as the Prussians advanced. Enough to say that Benedek was forced to abandon his chosen position owing to the unfortunate attack on the Prussians at Gitschin on June 29th, made against orders by Count Clam Gallas. Thus far in the "Seven Weeks' War" Austria had lost over 30,000 men, and Benedek found himself in front of Königgrätz with the Elbe behind him, awaiting the final disaster of Sadowa.

Meanwhile Russell had arrived in Vienna, and on June 23rd had presented his letters to the Ambassador, Lord Bloomfield. He was received so kindly on all hands, that he confessed he had never entered upon a campaign with such ease. "It is almost as though I were doing the Austrians a service by being here." On June 25th he received instructions not to leave Vienna till he had a letter from Count Mensdorff to Benedek. On the morning of the 26th he went to see Mensdorff, who was pacing up and down in the garden

behind the Ministry. He took Russell inside the building and talked for an hour. "He was all that was charming," says the diary, "but very sad." He readily gave Russell a letter of recommendation to Benedek.

On June 28th Russell arrived at Josephstadt, where he found the railway station full of wounded men. The Crown Prince of Prussia had won the battle of Nachod on the previous day. Russell had brought a horse and carriage by the train. He drove to the fort, and there met Benedek, who was on his way to the fighting outside. Benedek put him under the care of an interpreter, who was immensely useful, and bidding him to dinner in the evening, hurriedly went off.

"It is well known," Russell wrote to the *Times* after the war, "that the Feldzeugmeister is not very popular among the nobility, to whom his blunt manner gives offence. If he asked an officer his name, and was told 'I am Prince Victor Altjung,' or 'I am Count Leopold Weissnitz,' Benedek was wont to reply, 'I did not ask what your title was. Your Christian name is the affair of your godfather. I only asked your name, sir.'"

Ludwig Benedek was the son of a doctor, and such military fame as he had won at Solferino, when with the 8th Army Corps he repelled the Piedmontese attack. This did nothing to alter the general course of the battle, it is true, but Benedek's performance was a piece of individual gallantry and judgment which marked him as a good leader in the field, and brought him popularity. Among the nobles who commanded the greater part of the Austrian Army, however, he was disliked, just as Colin Campbell had been treated with reserve in the Crimea because he was not "one of us." When he was appointed to command the

Northern Army in Bohemia, he deprecated the choice, well knowing that he was not a scientific general. Appalled by the rapid defeat of the Austrian arms at Nachod, Münchengrätz, Trautenau and Gitschin, he soon advised the Emperor to make peace. The Emperor ordered him to accept a decisive battle with the whole of his Army at Königgrätz.

Delane, as we have seen, had told Russell that he wished to send him instead of Brackenbury* to the Austrian camp, but as a matter of fact, Brackenbury received a mission from the *Times* in spite of Russell's decision, and like a keen soldier who was anxious to study the fighting on any terms, he readily agreed to subordinate himself to Russell. On the Prussian side the *Times* was represented by Captain Hozier (afterwards Sir Henry Hozier). On June 30th Russell found himself at Königgrätz, awaiting the terrible culmination of these swift and crowded days.

In the early hours of the fatal morning of Tuesday, July 3rd, he was awakened by a cascade of water pouring down from heavy thunder clouds; the whole Austrian Army was spread out in front of the town in this weather. His diary was lying by his bed, and he made an entry about the storm and fell asleep again. About seven o'clock he awoke again, dressed, and hurried over his breakfast, meaning to search for a suitable riding horse. While still at breakfast he and Brackenbury heard firing. The battle of Sadowa

* Captain Charles Brackenbury, R.A., afterwards Major-General C. Brackenbury, C.B. He had served with the Chestnut troop of the Horse Artillery in the Crimea. He again acted as correspondent for the *Times* in the campaign of Le Mans, in 1870, and in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. He never forgot the lessons of Sadowa in 1866, and those who remember his public work will admit that he insisted more urgently than on any other subject on the need to make tactics respond rapidly and sensitively to changes in weapons.

had begun; 240,000 Prussians were *aux prises* with 220,000 Austrians.

"I had not only no horse," wrote Russell to the *Times* the next day, "but had not yet received a pass to enable me to go beyond the limits of the Haupt-Quartier, where my badge was recognised. . . . In the dilemma a sudden thought struck me—perhaps it was a very happy one. I acted on it at once. On the previous day I had been looking over the country from a lofty tower commanding the Prague gateway, whence Josephstadt on the north and the whole of the position of the Army were displayed as if on a raised map, but I had little idea indeed that it was to serve me in such good stead, and that I was to behold from it one of the most obstinate and decisive battles of the world. . . . Nothing but a delicate and yet bold panorama on a gigantic scale could convey any idea of such a scene, filled with half a million of men, moving over its surface like the waves of the sea or as a vast driving cloud in a gale, a scene in which every village was vomiting forth fire and smoke, every knoll the scene of murderous conflict, every valley the indiscriminate grave of thousands of men, every cornfield covered with the full harvest of death, and trodden under foot by furious legions before the day was done, while the church spire, rising aloft from its blood-stained base and the flames of the little hamlet, seemed to bear witness to Heaven against the wickedness of man."

The Austrian retreat continued for two days after the great battle. Austria had lost 21,000 killed and wounded, and 20,000 prisoners. Russell travelled to Brunn by a train which, owing to the confusion, took about fifteen hours to go thirty-eight miles. On the night of July 6th he was back in Vienna, and for the next two days stayed in his rooms writing his narrative. He had to tell the world that Austria was prostrated because she had no reserves—"Austria was indeed in the camp of Benedek"—because there was no *rapport* between the Feldzeugmeister and his

subordinates, and, probably above all, because Prussia had the "needle-gun" and Austria had not. "When Austria marched from the wreck of Königgrätz she found that the sceptre of the German Cæsars had been stricken from her hand." The hegemony of German Europe had passed to Prussia.

Russell wrote to Delane on July 9th:—

"MY DEAR DELANE,—I am glad to see from my heart that there is a sort of panic in England about the needle-gun. Let there be no mistake about it. The needle-gun has pricked the Austrian Army to the heart. If we do not *at once* arm our troops with a breech-loader with fixed ammunition (no d——d humbug about 'capping') we are howling idiots, and deserve to be smashed in our first fight. All that stuff and nonsense about 'throwing away fire,' 'reserve ammunition,' and the rest of it must be got rid of. Fixed ammunition with its own ignition must be the system, or we lose the greatest advantage of the breech-loader. *Do press this on the authorities if they have the smallest doubt about it.*

"Now, as well as I understand, Snider does not provide for self-igniting cartridges. If so, for God's sake don't let us waste 6*d.* on him. The motions required for capping are the very greatest drawbacks to firing next to the ramrod ramming. Do be urgent, incessant, and remorseless about this. It is quite incredible how brave men are cowed by this d——d weapon—cavalry and all. Nor could I, had I not seen, have believed in such tremendous volleys on their front. The needle-gun *trebled* the line of Prussians—a line of skirmishers made a rolling fire like a regiment firing a *feu de joie*.

"I fear my account of the battle could not have been good, written as it was. But I did my best. The Austrians are rather tired of princes. Napoleon said:—'The Austrians make their princes generals. I make my generals princes.' Old Hope Grant told me the other day the Prussians would win because they are Protestants. So there is hope for Austria if the Calvinist Magyars come into the fray in good

earnest, *selon lui*. How well our friend Hozier is doing! I'm proud of him.

"Brackenbury behaved like a brick, mounted Esterhazy when his horse was shot by getting another for him, which was loose on the field. God bless you. In haste. I am off to Olmütz,* and hope to be let alone by the Prussians. Give Hozier my love, and tell him to get my portmanteau and send it in under a flag of truce.

"Yours affectionately and ever,

"W. H. RUSSELL."

From Olmütz railway station Russell wrote to Delane on July 13th:—

"Here have I been since 12 o'clock to-day. It is now six, and I may if lucky get off some time before the Prussians come down on us or cut off my retreat. I was arrested yesterday with Brackenbury in an attempt to see something of the inside of Olmütz. On our return orders came from headquarters for us to leave at once, and here we are trying to do it. Benedek told me this morning that I must go now and ask the Archduke Albert for leave to stay at headquarters. Oh! why am I to see nothing but retreats! Hozier is the only man I envy in the world just at present. He sees everything—he is told everything. He can get his letters off; he can get his letters in; he rides about with a conquering and advancing army. As he does it so well I forgive him his good fortune."

The next day he wrote to Delane from Vienna:—

"Here am I again. My journey with the artillery all night on a gun truck was not agreeable—not to put too fine a point on it—and I am demoralised by defeat. Poor Benedek! You would die for such an old brick. He kissed Brackenbury as his companion-in-arms, and when I asked for his autograph, in giving it he said, 'It is the name, a little *sale*, of one of the most unfortunate of men.'"

Benedek was superseded by the Archduke Albert, who was recalled from his Italian command. The

* Thither the Austrians had retreated.

King of Prussia was advancing on Vienna with 100,000 men. He reached Nikolsburg on July 18th. Happily he advanced no further, for the armistice, which developed into peace, was arranged that day. The peace preliminaries were signed at Nikolsburg on July 26th.

Russell stayed at Vienna, except for short intervals of travel in Bohemia and Italy, till October 3rd, writing frequent letters to the *Times*, and insisting on the great advantages of the "needle-gun" and "fixed ammunition." He had the satisfaction of knowing that his words were not thrown away. In the House of Commons his letters were quoted by General Jonathan Peel as being of high authority.

"It was probably the first occasion on record," said the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "in which any newspaper correspondent, and that correspondent a civilian, was spoken of by a Minister of the Crown as a person most capable of giving an opinion—and whose opinion was entitled to great weight on a purely military subject. Since the Crimean War there has been a manifest rise in the tone and intelligence of war and foreign correspondence. It may often be silly, often empty, often conceited, but it is daily advancing in knowledge and conscientiousness, and such an acknowledgment of its services as that just made by General Peel will serve still more to give it character and position, and also, we may trust, increase the sense of responsibility of those who thus write for innumerable readers."

On August 13th Russell wrote to Delane:—

"VIENNA,

"August 13th, 1866.

"MY DEAR DELANE,—You will, I know, make no mistake about my motives in what I am going to say as to one who is a personal friend and at the same time a most brilliant, useful, and admirable colleague for the paper; but Brackenbury will tell you lest you think my military connections make me prejudiced

that Hozier has been on several occasions deceived by the Prussians, and has sometimes, I think, been led away by his excitement in the work in which he has been engaged to attribute to his friends greater prowess and justice and moderation than they really displayed; and as I am writing to him to-day I am going to open the way to a remark or two on the matter. As he is young enough to be my son and is an old friend, I can do it without offence, and all I ask you is to let me have my say, as he has his in the paper, regarding the cavalry affairs neither he nor I witnessed—for as to what he saw *proprieis oculis* his evidence is beyond question and his statements without a fault. When he proceeds, however, to show circumstantially how it was that the Prussian horse got at the Austrian horse through their armour—there being no Austrians with cuirasses at all—or makes a gallant action out of a surprise of Benedek's staff and bodyguard, he is deceived by others, and they ought to be exposed who deceived him. The Prussians know their cavalry did not behave well, and was as cowed by the Austrian cavalry as the Austrian infantry in great part was soon overborne by fear of the Prussians and the needle-gun. The Prussians have had quite enough of *kudos* for what they have done without being praised for what they did not do, and I have no hesitation in saying that if their cavalry was equal to that of the Austrians—I won't say a word as to superiority—they ought to have taken 350 guns and 40,000 prisoners at the very least and never have let Benedek reach Olmütz. Look at the map and see, and inquire what use they were when they never even felt the Austrians in their retreat, nor could let their Army know in what way they retired so that the Prussians approached even Brunn expecting to find it occupied. Hozier's own work, which I have just been reading over in some back numbers for the first time, is most admirable, and puts him at once A1, for he is at once excellent in narrative, in description, in observation, and in research.

“I don't think I can be of much use at Prague,* but

* The final peace negotiations were being conducted there. The treaty of peace was signed on August 23rd.

I will see, and if Lord Bloomfield will give me a despatch to carry, I may get through at once. It is very doubtful if they will let me stay, as the town is under strict military police.

“Ever and always as ever,

“W. H. RUSSELL.”

As for the political side of the war, Russell perceived two important things. The first was that the German States had already foreseen the possibility of a war with France, and had thought out the consequences.

“The non-Prussian German States,” he wrote, “would rather a thousand times be swallowed up by the great northern monarchy than see an inch of German soil handed over to France. If the Emperor Napoleon had pressed his demands (for the rectification of the frontier) he would probably have but driven the keystone into the rapidly rising arch of German unity.”

How well this was understood by Bismarck, who later secured that the keystone should be safely and surely driven in!

“Nor does it seem that Prussia,” Russell goes on, “would be far in error in throwing down the gauntlet to France, even before she has had time to introduce her military organisation into the provinces which come to her as the spoils of Sadowa. . . . In the campaign which has just concluded we might get a ‘line’ which would be favourable to the chance of the success of the Prussians against the French. The French would have one disadvantage in not possessing a breech-loading firearm. The Prussians could not now enter on a campaign under such favourable circumstances as a few years hence, when those provinces which have just passed through the furnace of war have been welded into the monarchy. He would be bold who would dare to foretell the issue of a contest between two such nations; but the troops who are now east of the Rhine would step into the arena for

such a strife, confident of a high cause, proud of their recent victories, with hearts strung to the noblest pitch of enthusiasm, and would probably show such a bearing as few men in England anticipate."

Of course Russell was by no means alone in foreseeing a Franco-German struggle; but in the second important matter to which he drew attention he displayed a penetration which was, perhaps, peculiar to himself among Englishmen. He prophesied the rise of the Southern-Slav question owing to the behaviour of the Magyars to the subordinate races of Hungary. The Southern-Slav question becomes increasingly one of the danger points in European politics.

"Brave, subtle, incessant in politics, strenuous for their rights," wrote Russell, "the Magyars are apt to treat other races with hauteur and irritating condescension, and they have made the Slavs feel that they ought to have the same guarantees for their political safety that the Hungarians obtain from the weakness rather than the good will of German Austria."

It is to be remembered that Russell wrote this when the sympathy of liberal men throughout Europe was automatically engaged on the side of the Magyars, who had struggled through fire to nationality and liberty. He himself had, as it were, tended the cause when he accompanied Kossuth in England. Even to-day there are men of professedly generous political principles, who, without inquiry, assume that the dominant Magyar who exacted freedom for Hungary must necessarily admit that freedom is as good for a Slovak, Serb, or Croat, as for himself. The assumption is without warrant, and Russell's warning is unhappily more necessary to-day than when he uttered it.

CHAPTER XII

LONDON AND EGYPT

At the end of October, 1866, Russell was back in London. Mrs. Russell's illness had become so much worse that there was no hope whatever. Her prostration was such that he was required by the doctor to limit his visits to her to the smallest number to which care and affection could reconcile themselves. He writes in his diary of these days in such simple words as :—"Still alive, but, alas, dead—dead to me!" Mrs. Russell held on to life by a thread for nearly three months more. On January 24th, 1867, she died.

"And after death cometh judgment," Russell wrote. "Well, to her *that* can bring no terrors. *Mulier, uxor, mater, pia, fidelis, optima.*"

Delane in his letter of sympathy said, "There has been no more devoted husband than you. No one I know of ever made so many sacrifices." From Shirley Brooks came these few words, admirable in suggesting all that they refrained from saying :—

"6, KENT'S TERRACE,

REGENT'S PARK,

January 27th, 1867.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—You know all that a friend must feel, and therefore you know how little he should say at such a time. I believe that though of late I had seen but little of the dear lady gone to her rest, few know better than myself what memories must now be with you. I cannot hold my hand from thus taking yours for a moment, but I will say no more.

"Believe me, ever

"Your affectionate friend,

"SHIRLEY BROOKS."

After the funeral Russell hid himself in a cottage at Mortlake, resolved to write his novel. For weeks he was in no mood for the work. A spell of long evenings at the Club and a good deal of expensive entertaining succeeded this sterile period.

A letter from Mr. John Bigelow conveyed the sage advice appropriate to this time:—

“You have now an excellent opportunity for reducing your expenses. I hope you will improve it. You have no occasion to maintain costly relations with the rest of mankind, while you have abundant motives for thrift. It is a wonderful comfort when one gets along, as I have done, to a time of life when few things interest or excite sufficiently to make work on them easy, to feel at liberty to sit down quietly after breakfast with your pipe in ‘gowned and slippered ease,’ and know that your dinner is provided for. When you get to that condition anybody will be glad to come and help you eat your dinner. While no one, perhaps, would offer you a dinner if you had none provided of your own. You are a very extravagant dog, my friend. Now let me beg you again—for I have preached to you on the subject before—save your money, invest it productively. You would earn enough to make you rich in a few years, if you entertained the same contempt for Mrs. Grundy that she will entertain for you if you grow old and poor. I tell you there is nothing like having a few thousand pounds slaving away in some dark corner for you, instead of you slaving for them; they toiling while you are sleeping. You’ll not regret when you’re old any of the money you did not empty into the stomach of Tom, Dick and Harry.

“I am glad Dickens is coming over again to us. He will reverse the verdict passed upon him on the appearance of his ‘American Notes,’ which every American must see now was anything but harsh. I would to God we had nothing worse to purge ourselves of than the sins of which he accused us. I suppose one of these days I shall have the pleasure of seeing you welcomed back to our shores in a similar *accès* of amiable condonation.”

At the end of the year Russell acknowledged that the sequestration at Mortlake had not been even a partial success. Loneliness, as he had often discovered before, did not stimulate his brain enough for any kind of writing, and when he turned to the obvious remedy all the calculated advantages of Mortlake suddenly became disadvantages. It was usual for him to waste his time by making two journeys into London in the day: first to his office, and then home to dress, and go back for dinner. Nevertheless, the novel was appearing serially in *Tinsley's Magazine*. The editor, for all his misgiving and remonstrances, did not recognise how nearly Russell failed two or three times to have the allotted chapters ready for the printer, or his misgiving would have festered into panic. Here is a letter from Quin* which Russell preserved as a memory of these generous but costly days:—

" 16, BRUTON STREET,
" LONDON, W.,
" *Sunday, February 9th, 1868.*

" MOST ROWDACIOUS OF MEN,—On Thursday, at the Garrick, I swear by candle and book, by hook or by crook, to dine with him of the Nook† to meet Delane and the Dook, whose goose we will cook, howe'er sour he may look, with help of Jim who ne'er took an old crow for a rook in despite of said Dook.

Quoth Quin, if the devil with talent should bait,
He was morally certain he'd bite at it straight;

* Dr. F. H. F. Quin was the first homœopathic physician in England. By most allopaths he was at first denounced as a quack; but he made numerous converts, and was very popular in London. Being a wit, an excellent storyteller, and a man of unbounded generosity, he "knew everybody and went everywhere." He was intimate with Dickens, Thackeray, and the Bulwers, and was as welcome among "the Barbarians"—to use Matthew Arnold's phrase—as in Bohemia. According to the "Dictionary of National Biography," he reminded people of Count D'Orsay in his choice of horses, his dress, manners, and speech.

† The name of Russell's cottage at Mortlake.

By talent and wit, then, together invited,
You may judge with what joy a response is indited.
Give him wit, give him talent, give talent or wit,
He would be but an oddfish, if not caught by it,
But when both are united, like a miser with pelf,
He'd be d——d but he'd bite at the devil himself.

"Thine heroically,

"QUINTUS CURTIUS."

At the beginning of March, 1868, Russell's novel—so to call it—came out in three volumes. It was entitled "The Adventures of Dr. Brady," and was published by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers. It was a series of rather extravagant incidents in the life of an Irishman from his boyhood onwards. The rollicking school scenes, and no doubt others in later life, were to an appreciable extent autobiographical. One cannot read the story without recognising the cult of Charles Lever with something of Thackeray imposed upon the Leverian foundation. But it was late in the day for Lever's method; the "first fine careless rapture" had passed, and none knew that better than Lever himself, who had long since abandoned the hope of recapturing it and had embarked on a new style. Indeed, more than a recapture would have been necessary; an advance in extravagance is generally required to satisfy an appetite which has grown by what it has fed on; extravagance, even the most brilliant, requires the continual invention of new degrees of comparison after the superlative has exhausted itself. Russell ignored this truth, and tried to do on a fallen tide what might very well have succeeded if he had come in on the flood. On March 9th he wrote in his diary:—

"'Dr. Brady' out. Saw it at club and read it. There is frightful bosh in it. Do the public like bosh nowadays? Am I a severe critic?"

The publisher wrote :—

"I am not usually a grumbler, but the book sadly disappoints me, and, I am afraid, even your best friends. The *corrections* you have put me to amount to £66 14s., as much indeed as it costs me to print (corrections included) an ordinary three-volume novel."

By what seems to have been nothing more than a coincidence Russell had a correspondence with Lever shortly after the publication of "Dr. Brady." It is not possible now to trace the incident to which the letter from Lever here quoted refers, but, whatever it may have been, it was of no interest beside these curious reflections on the disadvantage of being an Irishman. It surely is an amusing example of a man mistaking meat for poison :—

"BRITISH CONSULATE, TRIESTE,
"May 17th, 1868.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—Your letter has just reached me here. I do not know when I received one which gave me more pleasure—first of all for its cordiality which I heartily return, and I only wish that those fellows who amuse themselves by commenting on our Irish taste for internal feuds and malice and detraction, could but see how naturally two Irishmen (of the same trade too) can shake hands and agree, not to roast each other, but to stand shoulder to shoulder. They might then learn to get rid of another of their many prejudices against us. It was in something little short of a fit of passion that I wrote, but now that I see how completely you agree to all I said, and how frankly you endorsed me, I am fully satisfied that I said no more than the truth.

"There's no disguising it, you and I, and more like us, do labour under a distinct disqualification. It is not merely our brogue—the defect that cost O'Sullivan his mitre—it is our Irishry in fifty ways. We offend susceptibilities every hour of our lives by over-haste and over-quickness. The 'I know all that' tone we

have offends the how-and-why Bull, who knows he could buy us all out to the fourth generation. He cannot see why we presume to think faster than he does. I know what a bad hand I write in my best moments, and I am now crippled with a sort of rheumatic gout—that mild pauperised form of the disease permitted to Consuls—and so in mercy to you I pull up, though I have not said one half that I wanted, nor one fiftieth of how I prize your note, and yourself for having written it.

“Yours most cordially,

“CHARLES LEVER.”

In the summer of 1868 Russell made up his mind to stand for Parliament as a Conservative. An opportunity presented itself at Chelsea, where a considerable part of his expenses would be borne by friends, among them the Duke of Wellington. On August 10th he writes :—

“I went to the rooms of the West London Association and paid my £20 as member. The rooms were soon three-quarters filled with respectable tradesmen, among whom Locock Webb buzzed like a great blue-bottle. I had at last to make a speech, and floundered away wonderfully, and there were speeches from Cookesley, etc., and then the tyranny was overpast. The great thing is that I am to address a large meeting somewhere before I go north. Oh, Lord !”

In the autumn he spent much of his time in the constituency addressing meetings and cultivating acquaintance with the people. The other Conservative candidate for this new two-member constituency was Mr. C. J. Freake, and the two Liberal candidates were Mr. C. W. Dilke (now Sir Charles Dilke) and Sir Harry Hoare. In his election address Russell declared himself “a Conservative on independent Liberal principles.” He was heartily opposed to the disendowment

of the Irish Church, which was the chief question before the electors :—

“I am an ardent friend of civil and religious liberty,” he said, “but I do not believe the destruction of the branch of the United Church of England and Ireland, which is menaced, would extend either the one or the other.”

He approved of Disraeli’s “courage” in extending the franchise when he dished the Whigs in 1867, and approved too of his foreign policy. On October 15th Delane wrote to him :—

“Do you really mean to go to the poll? Or are you making a diversion for some Tory swell? That you should be serious in defence of the Irish Church seems quite unintelligible to

“Yours as ever,
“JOHN T. DELANE.”

On November 19th the result of the poll was declared, the two Liberals being returned by large majorities. This was Russell’s only attempt to sit in Parliament. If the election left no disagreeable memories with him, it certainly left none with his opponents.*

At the beginning of 1869 he had the honour of being invited to join the Prince and Princess of Wales in their tour in Egypt and the Near East. The Duke of Sutherland, Russell and others joined the *Ariadne*, which was specially fitted out as a Royal yacht, at Trieste. Russell did not take part in the whole of the Prince’s journey up the Nile, but rejoined the Royal party about the middle of March at Cairo. Re-starting after a week in Cairo, the Prince and his friends were shown the Suez Canal by Lesseps. At that time the

* Sir Charles Dilke has sent to the writer a voluntary tribute to the courtesy with which Russell conducted his campaign.

works were incomplete, but the Prince opened the sluices which filled the basin of the Bitter Lakes. From Alexandria the journey was continued in the *Ariadne* to Constantinople, and so on to Sebastopol. Only some 6,000 persons were living in the town which before the Crimean War had contained over 60,000. It may be imagined how Russell drew upon his memories to retell for the Prince and Princess the stories of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and to reconstruct the terror and the pity of the plateau. From the Black Sea the *Ariadne* steamed to Brindisi by way of Athens and Corfu. At Athens Russell wrote to his eldest daughter :—

“I don't think I ever met such a charming person as the Queen of the Hellenes, as they now style the Queen of Greece. She is not yet eighteen, and she goes on with her lessons although her son the Duke of Sparta is eight months old—far and away the finest child I ever saw—and she expects another boy or girl soon. It is dreadful to see her anxiety about her husband, for affairs in Greece are very bad and the future is black. Yesterday she said, ‘Sir, I know England is governed by public opinion, and that the *Times* makes a great deal of it. You make much of that public opinion for the *Times*, and believe me I shall ever remember you if you ever say a good word for Greece and the King.’ She speaks seven languages. They have made me an officer of ‘The Saviour,’ so I have now three Orders on my coat.”

From Brindisi the party travelled overland to Paris, where they spent some days, and so returned early in May to London, where Russell wrote and published a book describing the tour. Shortly afterwards the Prince of Wales dined with Russell at the Garrick. It was the first of many similar entertainments, to which we shall not refer further; it is enough to say

here that Russell was drawn more and more into the set—distinguished by brains as well as by sportsmanship—which formed the Prince's chosen friends. There was the Duke of Sutherland, with whom Russell stayed frequently from this time onwards at Dunrobin and Trentham ; Lord Suffield and Lord Blandford, and that particular group of friends which used to be known as the "Marlborocracy" — Lord Carrington, Lord Aylesford, Lord Dupplin, Lord Clonmell, Lord Charles and Lord William Beresford, Colonel Owen Williams, and Mr. Oliver Montagu. As time passed circumstances brought other friends or officials—the terms were interchangeable with the Prince of Wales—more prominently into the orbit, and Russell came to know intimately, for example, Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Francis (now Lord) Knollys, and Sir Arthur Ellis. Some of these names will appear again in their proper places. Russell could serve the Prince in certain ways, for he was a bridge by which the Prince could pass at a moment's notice into the society of the writers,* artists, and actors whose companionship brought him much pleasure. Thus Russell came also to know even better than he might otherwise have done men like Sullivan, Irving, Toole, and Leighton.

In the autumn of 1869 Russell went once more to Egypt with his second daughter, and together they made an expedition up the Nile. Egypt always laid a spell upon him, and there was no country in which he interested himself more continually with politics

* When Dickens died in 1870, Russell wrote in his diary that he announced the news in the Marlborough Club. "The Prince of Wales was playing whist. He was more moved than any of the company there—much upset by it."

and persons. During the Prince of Wales's tour he had conversed several times with Nubar Pasha. Nubar, the reader may be reminded, had been sent by Ismail to Constantinople to smooth the way for the completion of the Suez Canal. In this he was so successful—the Sultan accepted such a moderate payment for his consent—that the gratified Ismail created Nubar a Pasha. Nubar, however, was then sent to Paris to complete the arrangements, and adopted the expensive course of submitting the differences between the Canal Company and Egypt to the arbitration of Napoleon III. This cost Egypt four millions sterling. In 1866 Nubar was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. In June, 1867, Ismail was declared Khedive, and it became Nubar's object to limit Ismail's personal power. Nubar's great reform, the substitution of mixed international Courts with one uniform Code binding all, for the old system of "capitulations," by which seventeen consulates administered seventeen different Codes, was the means of bringing Ismail's extravagant rule to an end. Into the Codes was inserted the well-known article which rendered Ismail *justiciable* before the tribunals, and it was this article which was employed in 1879, when Ismail was deposed and his son Tewfik was put in his place.

On July 25th, 1869, Nubar Pasha wrote to Russell in answer to a request for information as to the relations between Egypt and Constantinople (only extracts are given from a very long letter):—

"PARIS, W.,

"25 *Juillet*, 1869.

"CHER MONSIEUR,—J'ai répondu à votre lettre et à peine ma réponse partie, je reçois votre lettre du

22 Juillet qui m'oblige à vous fatiguer en vous donnant quelques éclaircissements sur la question que vous touchez à savoir, les rapports actuels avec Constantinople.

“ Personne ne les regrette plus que son Altesse, et s'il m'est permis de me nommer après le Vice Roi, personne dirai-je ne les regrette autant que moi. Nous avons besoin je ne veux pas dire de repos, car les rapports actuels ne troublèrent jamais la tranquillité publique, mais nous avons besoin de toute la tranquillité de notre esprit pour mener à bonne fin la question de la réforme judiciaire ; nous avons surtout besoin que la Porte ne vienne pas à la traverse et ne fournisse pas le prétexte à quelque Puissance pour s'opposer à cette réforme et nous maintenir conséquemment dans le chaos actuel. Vous pouvez être convaincu que ce n'est jamais le Vice Roi qui ira chercher querelle à la Porte, ce serait agir contre nos intérêts et cela est si vrai que dans les malentendus, dans les brouilles passagères de famille, si je puis m'exprimer ainsi, qui ont pu se produire depuis 1840, entre Constantinople et l'Egypte, l'initiative n'a jamais appartenu à cette dernière ; cela se conçoit, tout progrès de l'Egypte offusque Constantinople et lui porte ombrage — ce n'est pas raisonné, c'est instinctif. . . .

“ En 1856—63, même sentiment, même instinct, même opposition au Canal de Suez—la question de Suez, était, il est vrai, complexe. L'Egypte, dès l'abord, comprit que dans un but de monopole, dans un intérêt égoïste de voir passer par Alexandrie et ses chemins de fer, une minime partie du commerce des Indes, elle ne pouvait pas et ne devait pas s'opposer au commerce et à l'intérêt général. L'Egypte, ne s'est pas attaquée au Canal, en tant que Canal, elle s'est attaquée à la Compagnie et ses privilèges, qui en faisait un gouvernement dans un gouvernement, et aux moyens par trop primitifs, pour ne pas dire autre chose, qu'elle employait pour exécuter une œuvre éminemment de progrès. La Porte, elle, ne voyait dans cette nouvelle voie de communication qu'un nouveau point de départ et qu'une ère nouvelle pour l'Egypte. Actuellement la Porte voit dans la question

de la reforme judiciaire le complément moral du progrès materiel accompli par l'Egypte, grâce au canal Mahmudieh, grâce aux chemins de fer, grâce au Canal de Suez. Elle comprend très bien que l'organisation judiciaire établie, telle que la projette le Vice Roi, et l'uniformité légale entre les étrangers et les indigènes, l'Egypte atteint en peu d'années son maximum de richesses et de prospérité. L'organisation judiciaire donnant des garanties aux étrangers contre le Gouvernement, donnant les garanties aux populations et au Gouvernement contre les étrangers, la direction et l'intelligence européennes auront beau jeu pour féconder de toutes manières cette terre si fertile et ce peuple si malléable, si travailleur, si dépourvu de préjugés et qui pour produire des merveilles, ne demande qu'une direction intelligente que la science européenne seule peut lui donner et qu'une justice qui la garantisse des abus de pouvoir des fonctionnaires subalternes. Avec son instinct de pouvoir absolu, de pouvoir aristocratique, de pouvoir sacerdotal, Constantinople est naturellement plus réfractaire au progrès moral et croit peut-être nécessaire pour elle, de maintenir l'Egypte dans la même ornière qu'elle même. C'est pour cela que la Porte a soulevé des réclamations auprès des Puissances au sujet de la question de la réforme judiciaire. Les réclamations de la Porte n'ont pas été accueillies par les Puissances. C'est alors que la Porte accuse le Vice Roi de faire acte de souveraineté par son voyage en Europe, par les invitations qu'il adresse aux Souverains à l'occasion du Canal. Elle l'accuse en outre de vouloir négocier la neutralisation de l'Isthme. Le Vice Roi à toutes ces accusations ne répond que par son désir exprimé à tous les cabinets d'avoir les meilleurs rapports avec la Porte et par les sentiments de déférence à l'égard du Sultan. . . .

"Pour en revenir à nos rapports actuels avec la Porte, soyez assuré que nous ferons tout pour ne pas lui donner le moindre prétexte et que nous comptons sur la sagesse de votre gouvernement pour la calmer peu à peu en lui exposant la pure vérité : à savoir que ni dans ses actes, ni dans ses paroles, le Vice Roi n'a porté atteinte aux droits de Sultan.

Pardon encore une fois de la longueur de cette lettre et croyez moi, cher Monsieur,

“Votre tout dévoué serviteur,

“NUBAR.”

Lord Cromer has been kind enough to send to the writer the following most interesting comments on Nubar's letter :—

“Like everything Nubar wrote, it is rather prolix and tautologous. You will probably be unable to reproduce the whole of it, but I think it is quite sufficiently interesting to justify your including extracts in your book.

“It brings out clearly the friction which existed between Constantinople and Cairo. This was the normal state of things, but the tension was perhaps especially acute in 1869, when this letter was written. From a literary point of view, Nubar Pasha, whose French style was excellent, hit upon rather a happy phrase when he talked of the instincts of Constantinople being those of ‘pouvoir absolu, pouvoir aristocratique et pouvoir sacerdotal.’

“Also it shows the difficulties which Nubar had to encounter in dealing with the institution of the Mixed Tribunals, the creation of which was the principal and by far the most creditable incident of his political life. It may confidently be asserted that he did not use quite the same language to Ismail, for the main object Nubar had in view throughout was to put an effective restraint on Ismail's personal power. If that very superficially astute ruler had foreseen that in agreeing to the institution of the Mixed Tribunals he was signing his own political death warrant—and such turned out to be the case—he would probably not have been so amenable to Nubar's arguments.

“I cannot help being amused at Nubar's warm advocacy of the Suez Canal project. During the latter part of his life he exhibited the most extreme animosity against Lesseps, and I always understood that that animosity dated from the arbitral award of the Emperor Napoleon, which was given before 1869 (the date of this letter), and which Nubar, with some reason, characterised as a most iniquitous job.

“I well remember talking to Nubar Pasha when a Reuter's telegram was put into his hand, announcing the collapse of the Panama project. He was greatly excited, got up from his chair, dashed his *tarbouche* on the table, and exclaimed : ‘*Enfin ! Le bon Dieu a voulu faire expier à ce vieillard tout le mal qu'il a fait à l' Egypte !*”

CHAPTER XIII

OPENING OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR

IN July, 1870, Russell had to make up his mind once more whether he would take the field for a war of the first importance and uncertain length. On July 10th, Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador in Paris, was informed that the King of Prussia had consented to the acceptance of the crown of Spain by Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, and the next day it was known that the Emperor Napoleon had requested the British Government to use its influence to prevent the serious consequences of this decision. A sudden fall of those sensitive political barometers, the Stock Exchange and the European Bourses, showed that the storm of the Franco-German War was gathering. The renunciation of the crown by Prince Leopold, which caused intense relief momentarily, was followed by a French demand for further concessions; on July 15th the telegram with details of the famous interview at Ems appeared in England almost simultaneously with the news that the French had declared war.

Paris had been driven into frenzy by the statement that in this interview the King of Prussia had curtly ended a conversation with Benedetti, the French Ambassador, in what was taken to be an insulting manner.

It is worth while to remind the reader briefly of Bismarck's part and intention in sending this news to

Paris, as it affords a deeply interesting comment on the remark continually made to Russell afterwards by German royal persons, that the war had been wickedly forced on them by France. When the King was at Ems, Bismarck was at Varzin. France had, no doubt, behaved most foolishly and recklessly, and to Bismarck the opportunity for a war seemed excellent. He left Varzin for Berlin to discuss the situation with Moltke and Roon. On the way, however, he received a telegram to say that the Hohenzollern candidature had been withdrawn for the sake of peace. Bismarck believed that his chance was gone, and he telegraphed his resignation to the King, who replied by asking him to go to Ems. But Bismarck saw that to do so would be to make a compromise inevitable, and that he must do all he could to bring the King to Berlin, "where he will be able to feel the national pulse much better than in Ems." He therefore made excuses. But meanwhile the French had most short-sightedly asked the King to agree to their second demand that the candidature should never be renewed. The King telegraphed for Bismarck's advice, and Bismarck replied: "Signature impossible." His account of what followed may be given in his own words, which are taken from "Bismarck's Table Talk," edited by Mr. Charles Lowe (Grevel and Co., 1895).

"On the evening of the 14th I had asked Roon and Moltke to dine with me, and discuss all eventualities. We all shared the hope that the foolish action of France in making such an unheard-of demand of our King would, after all, obviate the danger of a feeble and inglorious issue of the affair. While we were still at table, a telegram came in from Ems" [detailing the last meeting between the King and Benedetti, the further importunity of the latter, and the final refusal

of his Majesty to receive the Ambassador again on the subject]. "On my reading out this telegram, both Moltke and Roon dropped their forks and knives, and receded a little from the table. There was a long pause. We were all very much depressed, feeling that the matter was slipping through our fingers. At last I said to Moltke, 'Is our fighting instrument, is our army really in such an efficient state that we can enter into a war with the highest hope of success?' Moltke's belief in this respect was as firm as a rock. 'We have never,' he answered, 'had better war material than now'; and Roon—though I had not quite so much confidence perhaps in him—backed up Moltke's assurance to the full. 'Well, then,' said I to both, 'you can now calmly go on with your dinner.' Thereupon I sat down at the round marble table, standing near the dining one, perused the King's despatch once more with great attention, took a pencil and erased the sentence referring to Benedetti's request for another audience, leaving only the head and tail. And now the telegram read somewhat differently. My two guests exclaimed, 'Splendid! That will do!' and now we continued our meal with the best of appetites. I gave directions for the telegram in its altered form to be communicated as quickly as possible to the semi-official News Agency (Wolff's Bureau), all the newspapers, and all our embassies abroad. We were still together when news came in about the effect which the telegram had produced in Paris. It had acted like a bomb. Whereas in reality the French had submitted an insulting demand to our lord and master, the effect of my telegram was such as to make them believe that their ambassador had been rudely treated by the King. The Boulevards now burst out into cries of '*À Berlin! À Berlin!*' . . . And a corresponding effect was also produced among us. The King, who at my urgent request had decided to interrupt his course of waters at Ems, returned to Berlin, and was quite stupefied by the outburst of popular enthusiasm which greeted him from every side. For he had no idea of what had meanwhile happened. . . . His eyes grew moist with tears; and gradually he came to see that it was in truth a national

war which the people needed and craved for. . . . The further development of affairs is known to you all. But that was the point about which Gramont in his Memoirs expresses his sincere astonishment. He could not understand how, all at once, after the matter had appeared to take a pacific turn, the warlike mood again gained the ascendant. '*Une apparition sinistre survint. Tout d'un coup tout est changé—Qu'était-il arrivé? Monsieur de Bismarck à Berlin.*' I am quoting from memory, but Gramont's words were something like that. Anyhow, I was the 'uncanny apparition.' But now let me only remark that I was quite within my rights in making the omission I did from the King's telegram; for he had expressly left it to me to publish the whole or part of it, according to my discretion. I never had cause to regret the way in which it was edited."

The editing was very skilful; it is quite impossible to say that Bismarck "falsified" the news, and yet it exactly served his cynical purpose. We place the Ems dispatch from the King of Prussia's secretary and Bismarck's version of it side by side for comparison.

THE EMS DISPATCH.

"His Majesty writes to me as follows: 'Count Benedetti intercepted me on the Promenade, and finally asked me in a very pressing manner to authorise him to telegraph at once that I bound myself for all future time never again to accord my sanction should the Hohenzollerns return to their candidature. I at length declined, somewhat sternly, to listen to him further, as one ought not, and could not, enter à tout jamais into engagements of this kind. Naturally, I told him that I had as yet received nothing, and as he got

BISMARCK'S VERSION.

"After the news of the renunciation by the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern had been officially communicated to the Imperial French Government by the Royal Spanish Government, the French Ambassador in Ems further demanded of his Majesty the King to authorise him to telegraph to Paris that his Majesty the King bound himself for all future time never again to accord his sanction should the Hohenzollerns return to their candidature. Thereupon his Majesty the King declined to see the

news earlier, *via* Paris and Madrid, than I did, he must see that my Government was again not in it.' His Majesty has since received a letter from the Prince. The King had informed Count Benedetti that he expected news from the Prince, and his Majesty, in view of the demand referred to, resolved, after conferring with Count Eulenburg and myself, not to see Benedetti again, but merely send word to him through his aide-de-camp that his Majesty had now received from the Prince confirmation of the news which Benedetti had already had from Paris, and his Majesty had nothing more to say to the Ambassador. His Majesty leaves your Excellency to decide whether Benedetti's new demand and its rejection should not at once be communicated both to our representatives abroad and to the Press."

It should be said that in 1892, Caprivi declared in the Reichstag, that Bismarck had invented the whole of this incident, and that he did so after the war, partly to get credit for planning a great success and partly to disparage the good faith of German statesmen. As Bismarck must have been either untruthful or cynical, it seems preferable to suppose that he was only cynical.

Within a few hours of the declaration of war Russell had decided that he would accept the mission proposed to him by the *Times*, and began to make his preparations to join the French headquarters. The Prince of Wales, always anxious to help his friends, offered on the spur of the moment to smooth Russell's path by giving him a letter to the Emperor, but on reflection decided, with his usual good sense, that the possibility of his public and private acts being confused made it inadvisable for him to do so. Thus Russell was thrown upon the resources of his own ingenuity and his reputation and that of the *Times*.

Delane applied on his behalf to Lord Granville, who answered:—

“ 16, BRUTON STREET,
“ LONDON, W.,
“ July 17th, 1870.

“ MY DEAR DELANE,—I think you had better consider your note to me about Russell as not sent. For I could only say in reply that I had been informed by Lord Lyons that the French Emperor does not mean to have anyone with him—I think a mistake on his I.M.’s part.

“ Yours sincerely,
“ GRANVILLE.”

On July 18th Russell recorded in his diary a further step in negotiation:—

“ The Emperor won’t have a *Times* correspondent—no wonder!—but Mr. Russell will be received at his headquarters.”

It was gratifying to know that Mr. Russell would be received by the Emperor, but it was a too empty honour if he was not to be allowed to act as a correspondent. That same night he was informed by Mowbray Morris that he would be welcomed at Berlin. The next morning he left London with Lord Ronald Gower.

As to the prospects of the campaign, Russell thought that the French would win the early battles of the campaign, but that the Germans would prevail ultimately. Many well-informed persons in England, of course, supposed that the French would have matters all their own way. Delane was among these.

“ Nothing shall ever persuade me—except the event—” he wrote to Russell, “ that the Prussians will withstand the French, and I would lay my last shilling upon Casquette against Pumpnickel.” *

* Perhaps Delane saw reason to change his opinion very shortly after this letter was written. At all events the *Times*, under his direction, gained much credit for sagacity by predicting the success of the German arms.

Then he goes on, with an amusing disregard of the occasions when he had represented royal *fêtes* as the biggest game for Russell's pen :—

"You ought to be glad of another field of distinction, for to chronicle Royal and Vice Regal *Fêtes* is poor business after Crimea, Bull Run, and India."

When it was known in London that Russell was off he was pursued by offers of assistance of all kinds from officers who were ready to go anywhere and do anything in order to see fighting. Those who are importunate enough can generally manage to see something of a war, and among those who were most determined to follow this war was Colonel Pemberton—Kit Pemberton—who had left the Service and who, having had some success with a novel, thought that he could proceed best as a man of letters by studying the portentous material of a European war. Accordingly he got himself appointed under some provisional arrangement as a correspondent of the *Times*.

"Energetic and resolute," writes Russell, "he was so in the smoothest, softest possible manner, and he won his way by a curious admixture of strength and ease."*

He made his way to Berlin and was helped to some extent by Russell, as we shall see presently. In a different sense Russell had made himself responsible for Lord Ronald Gower, having promised airily "to take him to the war," scarcely appreciating what he said.

In Berlin Russell called on the British Ambassador, Lord Augustus Loftus. "You will be allowed to go, I am told," said the Ambassador, "but no one else. I

* "My Diary During the Last Great War." An expanded form of the diary Russell kept while with the German Army. It was published by Messrs. George Routledge in 1874, and is drawn upon frequently in the following pages.

hear they will not allow even Walker* to go with headquarters." Lord Ronald Gower was armed only with some letters to powerful persons which he hoped would somehow frank him through to the front, especially as he had known the Crown Princess of Prussia since his boyhood. Lord Augustus Loftus prophesied confidently that the Prussians would win, for Germany was united and ready.

The chief subject of conversation (and of applause) in Berlin was the King's declaration that it was a consolation to him before God and man that he had given no pretext for the wanton attack by France. Russell's tributes to the sincerity and high-mindedness of the King of Prussia and of the Crown Prince have the value of impartial evidence, but one only wonders the more at their ignorance of the use Bismarck had made of the Ems interview. If M. Ollivier is right, Bismarck had not merely encouraged France to walk with blind anger into a pit, but (in the whole business of the Hohenzollern candidature) had purposely digged that pit himself. In the fourteenth volume of his "*L'Empire Libéral: Etudes, Récits, Souvenirs*," M. Ollivier has told us that the famous phrase "*d'un cœur léger*" with which he entered on the war in what seemed to be a fit of arrogant levity was not used because he wished for the war, but because his conscience was clear—because he had done all that was humanly possible to avert war. That may easily be an exaggeration, but no one can pretend to-day that the war was made entirely by one side.

On July 22nd Russell received a note from Count

* Colonel Charles Pyndar Beauchamp Walker was the British military attaché in Berlin. He was attached later to the Crown Prince's staff. He became Inspector-General of Military Education in 1878, and was created K.C.B. in 1881.

Seckendorff* inviting him to go to Potsdam. He and Lord Ronald Gower found that the palace had an air of being deserted, but after they had waited some time outside Count Seckendorff appeared, and beholding two Englishmen not in uniform he concluded that they were horse-dealers. Quickly atoning for his mistake, he led them to his room, high up in the palace, and Russell there and then began a friendship with Seckendorff which lasted through his life. When they descended from the room to the garden the Crown Princess of Prussia—the Princess Royal of England—came out and was very gracious. This was the second war she had had to bear, and she spoke of it with touching anxiety. “Was ever a war so wicked and so unprovoked?” She mentioned several Frenchmen with admiration, and alluded to her recent visit to the Emperor and Empress. “What can have driven them to do it?”

* Count Gotz Seckendorff (1842—1910) knew England intimately from his childhood. As a young man he accompanied Lord Napier of Magdala on his campaign in Abyssinia in 1868. He was with him also on the North-west frontier of India, and returned to India in the suite of the Prince of Wales in 1875. In Prussia he was a member of the Court of the Crown Prince, and rendered devoted service to his master, both when he was Crown Prince and when he became Emperor. He spoke English and Italian with ease and precision, and was noted for the purity of his French. He was familiar with every Court in Europe, and was said to be “the best-decorated man in Berlin.” He could speak with as intimate a knowledge as any Englishman of some remote shop or street in London, or of some English country house. Though he did not resemble his prototype Baldassare Castiglione, “the perfect courtier,” in writing his experiences, he was a considerable *raconteur*. He was also an artist, and his sketches have been exhibited in London and elsewhere. The Loan Exhibition of British Art, held in Berlin in 1908, owed its great success to his selection. It was over-fatigue and exposure to cold while preparing a similar exhibition of French art in Berlin which brought on the illness from which he died. The secret of his singular charm was his unaffected simplicity and his grace of manner, which put the shyest at their ease. (Derived from a letter to the *Spectator* of April 23rd, 1910, by Mr. A. H. Hallam Murray.)

Russell confessed candidly that in his opinion the French in the first instance might break into the Rhenish Provinces and lay them waste as they had done before. "Yes, I fear you are right," the Princess said. "We are not prepared. They have taken us at every disadvantage, but we have a good cause, and God will not allow the wicked authors of this war to triumph over us." The Princess undertook to do what she could to make it possible for Lord Ronald Gower to go to the front.

The next morning Russell, Lord Ronald Gower and Pemberton went to the riding-school to buy horses, and Russell bought a fairly good weight-carrier for £75. In the afternoon he went to call on Bismarck. He wrote that Bismarck received him with "the most charming frankness." "You shall go," said Bismarck. "We make a general rule against newspaper correspondents going with our Army, but you shall be an exception, and in a short time you will receive your *légitimation*." Then for more than an hour Bismarck explained the situation, retracing the story of French interference in German politics.

"He spoke," says Russell, "with an unreserve characteristic of the man but embarrassing to one in my position."

Later in the day Russell went to Potsdam, where he was invited to be present at the christening of the youngest daughter of the Crown Princess. Three days later he wrote to Mrs. Thornhill:—

"Nothing could exceed the reception I have had here. I have been presented to the King; the Queen talked with me for an hour, and I dined with them and all the bigwigs at the Palace at Potsdam on Sunday when the Princess was christened—the Crown Prince,

the Princess Royal, etc. Everyone is ready to give me every facility to be killed, and I am to accompany either the King or the Crown Prince on the field. The latter went off to-day (July 26). The staff start to-morrow and I go with them. Where, God knows. It will be an awful conflict. The Palace is in tears—Queen and Princesses. But all full of hope in the confidence that God blesses their cause. The French think the same. . . . The christening was a gloomily splendid affair—the poor little baby protested against the sermon with all her lungs. The great Bismarck gave me a full hour's talk, and has very much interested himself about me."

One must conclude from the particular attention paid to Russell that the Prussians had made up their minds that it was worth while to court the British Press. The Emperor of the French had refused to allow a single English correspondent to cross his lines; very well—Bismarck saw there the opportunity to "acquire merit" for his country, and he seized it with complete success. And yet it is curious to notice that although it was "good business" to be very polite to Russell, the Prussian habit of autocratic reticence could not unbend entirely when it came to the point. Russell was attached to the Crown Prince's staff, but was left in Berlin—in other words, in the lurch—when the Crown Prince started for the front. For two or three days more he was kept in Berlin, and when he was at last allowed to start he went in vague pursuit of the Crown Prince without knowing where he might find him.

Meanwhile a groom—an English jockey—had been found for Russell. The groom's story was that he had lost his money at the Hamburg races and had been unable to return to England. "Not a promising outlook," says Russell; "but needs must." It was the last

day of July when Russell, Lord Ronald Gower and Kit Pemberton went with horses and vans, for which they were lucky enough to get trucks and boxes on the railway, as far as Mayence. At Mayence it was decided that Pemberton had better try to make his way as well as he could to the headquarters of Prince Frederick Charles, as Russell had gained a hint that he would not be unwelcome there. Walking out from the hotel at Mayence where they had put up, Russell and Pemberton discovered that their vans were causing some excitement in the streets. On Russell's van was painted a gigantic goat, copied from his crest, as a distinguishing mark. He was embarrassed to observe that the soldiers inquired of the driver for medicines, pretending to think that the goat was the sign of a quack; Pemberton's van, on which his name was painted in full, was received with a more solemn mistrust, as to the German soldiers "colonel" suggested a French officer. On the morning of August 4th Pemberton went off in search of Prince Frederick Charles. "Little did I think," says Russell, "when he bade me good-bye, that I should never see him again."

As for Russell himself, he was quite baffled as to the whereabouts of the Crown Prince. No one could give him any information. He tried to get trucks and boxes again on the railway, but they were refused, and ultimately he and Lord Ronald Gower, with a courier, started by road with only a general notion of where they were going.

At Worms they came up with stories of fighting on the frontier, but there was still no information as to the Crown Prince's position. They passed agitated hours, feeling that they were out of the hunt, but all the time pressed on in the direction in which they

supposed the Crown Prince to be. At Neustadt they were aware of the real excitement of war for the first time. Trains had brought in French prisoners and wounded Germans, and the victors were being welcomed with cigars and drink. Here Russell was informed that the Crown Prince was believed to be at Landau. But how was he to go there? The railway line was blocked and there was less hope than ever of transport that way. And the driver of the *calèche* in which he and Lord Ronald Gower had travelled from Mayence while the heavier van lumbered behind, refused to go another step. His horses were dead beat; the waggon horse was in no better case, and Russell's riding horse had been put in the shafts. The grooms were complaining bitterly; Russell's groom wondered audibly why a jockey of a good English stable should visit the Continent only to be cheated at Hamburg and to see horseflesh treated in this manner afterwards. Yet the German Army had truly invaded France, and every moment was precious if the Crown Prince's headquarters were ever to be overtaken.

At last for some fabulous sum a light carriage was procured to take Russell and his companion to Landau. At Landau, which they reached in a little more than an hour, they found the streets full of the impedimenta of war, but the Crown Prince was not there. Where, then, was he? No one could say. The only certain thing was that he was not in Landau. Probably he was in Weissenburg. Passing out of the gates of Landau just before they were locked at sunset, the carriage had scarcely got into the open country before a pitiless torrent of rain began to beat down. There was vivid lightning too, which lighted up the

Bavarians, Wurtemburgers, Hessians and Badeners, who were marching rapidly onwards. At two o'clock in the morning the carriage drove into the streets of Weissenburg.

Worn out with their long journey and anxiety, Russell and his companion settled down to rest as well as might be under the leaking hood of the carriage. But in a few minutes they were disturbed. A Bavarian was flashing a light in their faces. Who were they? what did they want? what were they doing there? At that moment Russell's courier, who had taken shelter under the eaves of a house, came forward and said, "Do not mind him. He is a lazy, busy fellow." The German's suspicions were fed by the sound of a foreign tongue. "They are speaking French," he said, "and that is a Frenchwoman in disguise." He pointed to Lord Ronald Gower, who was wrapped up to the eyes in his cloak. The courier was placed under custody in an outhouse and a guard was put over the carriage while the Bavarian went off to report his capture. What became of him and his report Russell never knew, as in a couple of hours the Bavarians were moved on and a post of Prussians who knew nothing of the arrest came in their place.

Day dawned on the discouraging fact that the Crown Prince was not even in Weissenburg. By six o'clock the carriage, now driven by a heavily-bribed coachman who had parted for money with his right to refuse to go into the territory of the terrible enemy, started again in pursuit. The flood of battle had swept over the country through which the carriage passed. The fields had been trampled under foot; the wreckage of war was lying all about; burial parties were at work. The information became

gradually more definite that the Crown Prince was at Sulz.

As the carriage entered the narrow street of that place an officer coming out of a courtyard ran almost against it. To his joy Russell saw that the officer was Seckendorff. "Welcome, welcome!" said Seckendorff; "we have been expecting you. You are to breakfast with the Crown Prince at twelve o'clock."

When Russell and Lord Ronald Gower had found themselves quarters Russell tried to write his first letter. For some time firing had been audible in front, and as he struggled on with his writing, in spite of headache and fatigue, the tumult of battle became unmistakable. Descending into the street he listened to the noise, feeling utterly helpless, for his waggon and horses were still a long way behind on the road, and as for the driver from Neustadt, the limit of practical bribery had been reached. Russell endured the agony of seeing Colonel Walker, the British military attaché, mount a fine fresh horse and ride off to the guns. He was unfit to walk a considerable distance, even if there had been time to do so, and he was left among the fluttered inhabitants of the town, who stood with awe-stricken faces at their doors while the windows shook from the regular peals of the cannon.

"How this day passed," he writes, "I never knew, for at last Nature asserted herself, and I fell into a horrible trance, a waking sleep, which left me conscious of what was passing and yet deprived me of power of movement. At four o'clock the sounds of firing had died away. I awoke and went out. Crowds of soldiers were in the streets. They reported that their comrades had gained another great victory, that the French were in full retreat, and that MacMahon was utterly routed with great loss. Here was indeed a bitter blow. Half an hour after, up came the

grooms with our tired horses. Too late, alas! too late. Later still Walker appeared. He was in high spirits. 'Once more he had been by the side of the Crown Prince in the hour of victory.' It was the Battle of Wörth. And I had lost it!"

Colonel Walker hurried off to the Military Telegraph Office to send his report to the Queen, and Russell, who accompanied him, was allowed to send a short message. The night was one of sheer horror. The room below Russell was full of wounded men, many of whom died before morning. Russell hardly slept, lying on a ridiculously short bed as though he were in a basin. He tried to console himself by reflecting that he was in paradise compared with the poor wounded fellows below; and then the admission would come that no man, after all, can hold a fire in his hand by thinking of the frosty Caucasus. He was utterly dejected at having missed a great battle, and kept going over in his mind the various expedients by which he might have saved the situation.

"I am so sorry you were not there," said the Crown Prince at breakfast. "Never was there a position in which the whole action could be seen so plainly." Russell explained that he had lacked a horse. "Why," said the Crown Prince, "you could have had one of my horses. *Anyone* would have lent you a horse." This was the last straw.

If Russell's dejection was not cured it was presently modified by the goodwill of General von Blumenthal, who explained the battle to him at great length. Rubbing his hands gently together, Blumenthal said: "The French are now quite broken in upon. We have thrust them back and got through their first line, broken up their combinations, beaten their best

general and, I believe, their best army. They fought magnificently, I must say that! But you see they have no chance. They are quite outnumbered. If the Bavarians had come up a little sooner, or if they had marched faster, I don't see how MacMahon could have escaped. Poor fellow! He is a good soldier, and made a fine fight. His change of front was very clever. Now, I don't know what he will do. Our cavalry is nearly two marches in advance. We are pressing them in all directions."

Russell learned with wonder and admiration that the German Army was already preparing to march upon Strasburg. Blumenthal said that two French correspondents had been captured in the battle, and that they were now in the church tower at Wörth and must expect to be hanged as spies. Russell, just to provide against any seriousness which might lie behind Blumenthal's words, expressed a hope that the unlucky Frenchmen would be treated considerately. Whereupon the Crown Prince laughed and said, "We will let them go as soon as they can do no harm."

After breakfast Russell and Lord Ronald Gower rode towards Wörth. On the way they came across what Russell described as some "eight or ten acres of French prisoners" guarded by sentries. A young officer in charge of the guard allowed Russell to go into the field. Russell looked at the prisoners, half ashamed all the time of witnessing the humiliation of brave men. He and Lord Ronald Gower had a few cigars, and these were soon exhausted among the soldiers, who thronged round them asking for this solace. At a distance the variety of uniforms made the acres of prisoners look like a bed of flowers.

The next morning, August 8th, a good many French newspapers were brought to Sulz. Russell always remembered them as a model of how to be perfectly and joyfully ignorant. According to them, Prince Frederick Charles was very ill; the Rhenish troops were deserting in masses, and the Saxons and Bavarians were on the point of doing so. And then the topical songs at the theatres! "*Malheur à qui brave la France.*" Probably the presence of foreign correspondents would have corrected these unwholesome delusions earlier. That day the Crown Prince left Sulz, and Russell's van had a place assigned to it in the procession. As it moved off, the Crown Prince spoke to Russell of the devotion of his troops. "But," said he, "these are terrible and painful sights. How many such are we to have, and even worse?" Indeed, he seldom spoke to Russell without deprecating the sufferings of war. Across the battlefield of Wörth the procession passed; hundreds of dead were still lying unburied; for upwards of two miles the unutterable signs of ruin extended in the fields on both sides of the road.

Day by day Russell moved on with the headquarters staff. He describes the methods by which quarters were assigned at each halting place.

"The night before, or very early on the morning of each march, an officer of the quartermaster's department is sent to the place where the Prince is to halt, and if there be a local authority such as a mayor, he there makes out a list of the quarters to be assigned to the various members of the staff. There is a printed paper containing their names, and on arriving near the halting-place, we find the officer at the roadside with the list in his hand. Of course, the great persons come first, and are first served. He calls out the names, adding the name of the person on

whom the staff officer is to be quartered, and if you miss answering you run the risk of going without quarters, which is, as I have often found to my cost, one of the greatest of the minor miseries of campaigning to which a man can be exposed. At last it comes: 'Herr Dr. Russell!' 'Here.' 'Bei Michael Reichert,' and with this name written in my head I depart on my search for my host."

One day during the march Colonel Walker spoke to Russell about Lord Ronald Gower's presence, which he understood was disapproved of by the Crown Prince and the other German princes, who could not understand "why an English nobleman should come out to see a campaign with a foreign army." Lord Ronald Gower had certainly joined the staff without being officially attached to it; but, on the other hand, the Crown Princess had interested herself on his behalf, and, on the whole, he had some reason to think he would be allowed to stay. How this hope was disappointed will be related presently. During the marches Russell often chatted with Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, the Helen of the war. The Prince, like all the German royal personages, spoke with indignation of the Emperor's behaviour. "It was quite well known to the Emperor," he said, "that I was offered the throne of Spain in the autumn of last year, when I begged that I might not be asked to accept it, and no opposition was then made by France. Perhaps France was not then ready for war."*

At each town or village entered by the staff Russell noticed how the French civic authorities were at once reassured, as far as might be, by the kindness of

* M. Ollivier states that the Emperor, though he knew the Hohenzollern princes well, received no hint of the Spanish proposal before it was publicly announced.

the Crown Prince. But presently the "Intendent" was upon them!

"Swiftly the man of iron (chafed, perhaps, by a long day's contention with his rampaging steed, which will never—no, never—for one moment condescend to trot, or to walk, or do anything but act as if it were intent on affording an outrageous model to sculptors for the impossible Bucephalus of some famous dragoon) follows them. And then comes wrath, despair, gnashing of teeth, and howlings. 'You will, within six hours, provide a contribution of two million francs to the military chest; send in 500,000 cigars, 10,000 pairs of shoes, 20,000 bottles of Burgundy and Bordeaux, 6,000 bottles of champagne, 2,000 oxen, 10,000 sheep, etc., etc., or ——!' And the Intendent nods once like the statue of the Commendatore at its first innings with the musical profligate—and holds his peace—stands with one hand on the hilt of his sword, and with the other points significantly over his shoulder to the outward world, so that the Maires believe either that they are about to be hanged at once or that the place will be handed over to pillage. To all remonstrances the Intendent had two forms of reply. The first was abrupt: 'It must be done, and in six hours.' The second was argumentative. 'M. the Mayor! Your city contains 5,000 inhabitants. I take as my guide, in demanding this contribution from you, the precedent set by Napoleon Bonaparte, who levied precisely the same amount, *mutatis mutandis*, from the town of Donnersberg, which, M. le Maire may be assured, contained then exactly the same number of people as the town over which he now so ably presides. It is now 9 a.m.; so at 3 o'clock p.m.—you understand—Good morning. What a very thriving place this is, to be sure! Good morning, M. the Maire. At 3 o'clock—you understand?' There was no trifling with the Intendent, I can assure you."

As Russell naturally came almost last on the list in the distribution of quarters, his luck varied with the size of the town. Two or three times he was lodged in an evil-smelling den; on other occasions, as at

Luneville, he enjoyed luxury and refinement, and was almost ashamed to ring the bell at the front door and announce to the servant that he was to be the guest of the household by compulsion.

Several times after Walker, acting on hints from the staff, had opened up the subject of Lord Ronald Gower's presence, the matter was re-discussed. Ultimately it was understood that Lord Ronald Gower might stay on to see "one great battle," which was expected very soon, but must then depart.

At Ligny Russell received a letter from Mowbray Morris, who was bewildered and annoyed by an announcement in the *New York Sun* that Russell had gone to Germany as its special correspondent. The announcement, published on July 20th, was as follows :—

"WILLIAM H. RUSSELL ENGAGED AS OUR SPECIAL WAR CORRESPONDENT.

"We have engaged William H. Russell, Esq., the distinguished and reliable correspondent of the *London Times* throughout the Crimean War, as the special correspondent of the *Sun* during the war between France and Prussia.

"He has telegraphed to us that he will do his best for us. We shall receive constant despatches from him, describing every important event.

"The following are the details of our contract with Dr Russell, made through the cable :—

"NEW YORK,

"July 15th, 1870.

"WM. H. RUSSELL, LL.D., London, England.

"Can you act as our correspondent at the seat of war? If so, consider yourself engaged on your own terms.

"We want events from the front, by cable telegraph, daily. Answer. 'CHARLES A. DANA, Editor, *Sun*.'

"Find, if anywhere in Europe.'

“MR. RUSSELL’S ANSWER.

“Yesterday the following answer was received by cable :—

“‘LONDON, P.M.,
“‘July 19th, 1870.

“‘C. A. DANA, Editor *Sun*.

“‘I will do my best for you. If I go to the army headquarters, do you need telegraphic despatches or letters as well? I would rather you proposed terms.

“‘WM. H. RUSSELL.’

“REPLY OF THE *SUN*.

“To which the *Sun* replied as follows :—

“‘*SUN* OFFICE, NEW YORK,
“‘July 19th, 1870.

“‘To WM. H. RUSSELL.

“‘Send telegraphic despatches daily by cable. No letters. Go on your own terms.

“‘CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.’”

In explanation of this Sardanapalian affair, Russell wrote to Mowbray Morris :—

“I was amused by Dana’s slip just received. I got his telegram as I was starting for Ostend, and desiring to serve him and get him a correspondent I replied I would do the best I could for him if he let me know what he wanted and what terms he proposed. As to my going for him, the man must be cracked to think it ever entered into my head. I inquired if any German newspaper correspondent would undertake it, but could find no one who had permission to go to headquarters. Since then a Dr. Pitsch said he would try and get leave to send despatches, as *New York Herald* and *Tribune* had men out at headquarters, but when I received another telegram to say £300 had been lodged to my credit, I sent off a reply at once to say I could not send any telegrams to him, and of course I have had nothing to say or to do for the *Sun*. (The reply should read : ‘I will do my best for you if I go to headquarters.’)”

It is obvious that there was some justification for Mr. Dana’s announcement. Russell telegraphed in

haste and was saving his words, but even so he might have saved more and found room for others which were more needed. In Mr. Dana's place most of us might have interpreted the telegram as he did. Yet the circumstances make it absolutely plain, even if there were not Russell's word for it, that such a thing as writing for the *Sun* himself never entered Russell's head. He was already engaged by the *Times*, and a man of his fame could not conceivably have written for a second paper without all the world knowing it.

On August 24th the news reached Ligny that MacMahon had broken up his camp at Châlons and marched straight away with what seemed to be the intention of accepting a decisive battle under the walls of Paris. This wrecked all the hopes of Lord Ronald Gower. He could no longer ask for indulgence, and he took his departure for England. No sooner had he gone than there were signs that there would certainly be a battle some way before Paris was reached.

CHAPTER XIV

AT THE BATTLE OF SEDAN

AT St. Pierremont, on August 31st, Russell was informed that there was no doubt about the proximity of the main part of the French Army; it had been trying to reach Metz, but now being effectually headed it would have to fight where it stood, or fall back farther towards the west, or fight with its back to the Belgian frontier. The German Army, indeed, had got it among the hills and woods, the marshes, ridges and forests of the Ardennes, and was making ready to spring with perfect coolness.

On the morning of the attack on Bazeilles by the Bavarians, Russell left the staff and rode where he heard the firing in the distance. He found General Von der Tann standing beside his guns, watching a town blazing on the other side of the river, which flowed by his feet in the valley. The town was Bazeilles. "The scene was quite beautiful," wrote Russell, who was reminded of the view from Richmond Hill. Behind Bazeilles and Sedan were wooded hills and beyond them again were the forests which stretched away to the high Belgian frontier. While he stood enchanted and excited by the scene and almost unconscious of the roar of the cannon, an aide-de-camp dashed up to report that the Jägers had suffered very heavily and could make no headway in the town but had established themselves in the suburb. Russell watched the light blue uniforms of the Bavarians swarming back, without indecent haste,

towards the left bank of the Meuse, punished very heavily as they came. After this ineffectual attack, which had cost a good many lives, Russell rode to Chemery, where both the King's and the Crown Prince's headquarters were established. Before he lay down that night on some flock in a corner of a room he was sent for to headquarters and was given a hint of what was to be done the next day. He filled his holsters and wallets, and more important still his ink bottle, and took a final look round the streets of Chemery before he went to bed. For miles round the hillsides were covered with camp fires, and the streets of the village were packed with soldiery. He caught a glimpse of the Crown Prince, whose quarters were lighted up, striding to and fro in his room. It was the night before Sedan.

At that hour of the morning when it seems to a tired man that he would give a month of life for two hours more sleep, there was a banging at Russell's door, and a voice called out "The Crown Prince has sent to tell you to come to the battle." It was still dark, and lights were shining in the Crown Prince's windows just as Russell had seen them when he went to bed a few hours before. By the time he had got his horses from the stable the Crown Prince and his staff had vanished into the mist. He did not know exactly where the staff was going, but his excursion of the day before to Bazeilles had given him a general idea of the position before Sedan. If he rode northwards he must come to the Meuse. From one place where he rested for a time he could almost look into Sedan. There was a flood in the valley, and the town seemed to be rising out of a lake. After watching the movements of the troops for some time from here and

observing the effect of the artillery fire he passed through a fragrant pine wood, and as he emerged on the other side saw a group of officers dismounted and looking through their glasses. A body of lancers and more officers were in the rear in a dip of the ground. He thought these were the Crown Prince's escort, and exclaiming to his groom, "Here they are!" he was cantering joyously forward when an officer angrily exclaimed: "Dismount, sir! Don't you see who it is? It is the King!" At that moment a shell from Sedan plunged into the bank close to where the King, Moltke, Bismarck and two or three of the staff were standing. Whether or not Russell was the cause of this attention from the French, the staff implied by their looks that they considered that he was. The escort was ordered to retire farther to the rear, and the various officers scattered themselves, while the King drew back a little from the spur of the ridge. Russell describes the scene:—

"The King was dressed in his ordinary uniform, tightly buttoned and strapped; Bismarck, in his white cuirassier flat cap with the yellow band, and uniform. The King spoke but little, pulled his moustache frequently, and now and then addressed a word to Moltke, Roon, or Podbielski, the chief of his staff. A large telescope was mounted on a tripod, through which Generals Moltke and Roon peered eagerly from time to time towards the east, but I don't think they could very well see the position of the Crown Prince of Saxony, owing to the nature of the ground. What took place to their right, however, was very plain indeed. The position between Donchery and Sedan was laid out for them as if they were looking at a diorama in a peep-show. Moltke, when not looking through the glass or at the map, stood in a curious musing attitude, with his right hand to the side of his face, the elbow resting on the left hand crossed towards

his hip. Count Bismarck stood rather apart, smoking a good deal, and chatting occasionally with a short, thick-set, soldierly-looking man in the undress uniform of a United States lieutenant-general—Sheridan, with whom was the correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Prince Adelbert, in his sailor's uniform, Prince Karl, and the members of the Royal staff, were dispersed in groups, smoking or munching sandwiches, or looking through their glasses; nor was the omnipresent black page, whom I had seen everywhere from Berlin to Sedan, absent. He stood close to me, rolling his goggle eyes in great delight. How I was pestered for a look through my glass and a peep at my map as I sat down a little apart from the great personages and tried to make out what it was all about! A glance to the left showed me that the Crown Prince had commenced his tremendous attack upon the French positions to the north and west of Sedan. In the plains below us, in a bend of the Meuse, were drawn up, in most beautiful order, great blocks of cavalry. On the hills above marched the long dark masses of Prussian infantry, their positions indicated by the play of their bayonets and the sun reflected from their helmet spikes. In front of them, from every knoll, and from the edges of detached clumps of trees, spurted continual jets of smoke from literally dozens of batteries, which seemed to have worked round for a part of a semicircle towards the north, directing a concentrated fire upon the French, who, we could see, were suffering horribly on the position over the village of Floing."

For a considerable time Russell stayed near the King, as he could find out nothing of the position of the Crown Prince, and he was fascinated, too, by watching the King, Bismarck, and Moltke, "the three terrible Fates before whose eyes the power of Imperial France was being broken to atoms." He himself in his turn was gazed at curiously as with watch in hand he noted down every five minutes the apparent changes in the battle.

About 11 o'clock he suddenly saw Seckendorff riding out of the wood. Russell cut him off as he returned after delivering his despatch. "Where is the Crown Prince?" "Just round here close at hand. Where on earth have you been? We all thought you were lost. We have got the French fast and sure. Still, they are causing us heavy loss. The Emperor is in there. All we are afraid of is that they may break through and escape to Belgium before our two Armies can shake hands round them."

From the Crown Prince's position Russell could see, even more clearly than from the King's ridge, what was taking place about Floing. The French were defending that place desperately against the Crown Prince's Army, after having been compelled to send out all too many of their troops to meet the Crown Prince of Saxony. Russell found that he could write a current account of the battle as it went on.

"As fast as a sheet was filled," he says, "I cut it off with a knife and put it into an envelope; thus it is that I have no notes of the events of this most exciting day."

But it is not to our purpose to reproduce any part of Russell's account of the battle of Sedan. When the Crown Prince of Saxony and the Crown Prince of Prussia had joined hands and the terrible German circle was complete round the doomed Army of the Emperor, Russell turned his back on the smoking towns of Sedan and Bazeilles and with Mr. Skinner,* one of the correspondents of the *Daily News*, rode off

* Mr. J. E. Hilary Skinner was a born traveller, whose instincts drew him to the small or backward peoples. He could converse in eight languages, most of them languages which are commonly ignored as not worth the trouble of acquiring.

to Chemery as hard as he could to finish, revise, and send off his letter to the *Times*.

While he was still writing a Jäger came into his room and said, "The day is ended. The Crown Prince is coming and you are bidden to dine with him to-night. God be praised!" The road to the Crown Prince's headquarters was illuminated by soldiers, who held candles or torches, and who from time to time gave cheers which were taken up and rolled in thunder round the town. "The Emperor is captured!" "The Army has surrendered!"

When Russell went into the Crown Prince's quarters the Prince was already standing at the head of his dinner table, "speaking in low and almost saddened tones." From his lips Russell learnt that the Emperor was indeed a captive, and that the terms of surrender for the whole of MacMahon's Army were under consideration. No one could then foresee the consequences of this tremendous day, although the conversation at dinner was of nothing else. What would happen in Paris? What would Bazaine do? Russell recorded that there were no exclamations of surprise or triumph in the talk of the victors. The health of the King and of the Army was drunk in champagne which had been intended for the Emperor but had been seized on its way to him.

Two days later (September 3rd) Russell went carefully over the whole field of Sedan examining the ground.

"With many years' experience of the work of war," he wrote, "I had never seen the like before—never beheld death in such horrible shapes—because the dead had on their faces the expression of terror—mental and bodily agony such as I never should have thought it possible for mortal clay to retain after the

spirit had fled through the hideous portals fashioned by the iron hand of artillery."

That evening he went to Donchery in company with Mr. Skinner and Mr. Landells, the artist of the *Illustrated London News*. For a day and a half he had lost his van and his courier, but he had the good fortune to stumble against them in the darkness of the night at Donchery. The quarters which had been assigned to him and his companions were waiting for them, and after a few hours' sleep he got up while it was still dark and began to write his account of events subsequent to the battle. Skinner was already at work and Landells was sketching in a corner. Suddenly there was a murmur in the street. Landells went to the window and, exclaiming "Here comes the Emperor!" dashed out of the room. The others followed. In the street there was a vision of *fourgons* crowded with men servants and officers in French uniforms—of Imperial cockades, and servants' hats covered with oilskin from which the rain streamed. But after the first glance Russell had eyes only for the *coupé* in which sat the unhappy Head of the French nation. There was the man whom Russell had last seen at Longchamp in the great review when the Prince and Princess of Wales were returning from their tour in the Near East. One hand was placed on his hip, or rather back, as if to ease the jolting of the carriage. He scanned the crowd at each side wistfully. As he passed, Russell took off his cap and the Emperor at once returned the salutation with an expression, as Russell thought, of inquiry. Russell's French courier, quite overcome, was on his knees.

"And certainly a flash of recognition," writes Russell, "came upon the Emperor's countenance as he

caught sight of the man; for, strange caprice! the house in which Louis Napoleon first lodged when he came to London belonged to the man who there, with clasped hands, in the streets of Donchery, was praying Heaven to bless the captive of Sedan. It was all over in a moment."

A letter from the Duke of Wellington to Russell as to the illness of the Emperor may be quoted here:—

"ROYSTON, HERTS,

"*January 30th, 1873.*

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—At the request of Lady Cowley I beg leave to inform you that Gull,* who attended the late Emperor, said that the Emperor had the stone when he sat for five hours on his horse at Sedan, holding on with both hands in agony. Knowing the pain of that complaint, which his doctor never surmised, he could not conceive anything more heroic, when anyone else would have been writhing in bed. If you can say anything for the honour of the poor man, pray do.

"Yours sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

After seeing the Emperor pass, Russell returned to his writing with his head in a whirl. He could hardly believe what he had seen. Pictures of the Emperor in various scenes returned to his mind—the Emperor in Italy, the Emperor as he stood with the King of Prussia by his side at the time of his marriage, the Emperor exulting at the spectacle of his Imperial Guards after the Crimean War. And upon these distracting memories there suddenly burst in news which touched Russell much more nearly than anything which had just happened. An officer of his acquaintance came in and said, "I am sorry to tell you that Colonel Pemberton was killed in the action at Douzy on September 1st." Russell rushed off to the Crown Prince's quarters. All he could hear was that

* Sir William Gull, the well-known physician.

an English colonel, who was correspondent of the *Times*, had been killed when riding up to a party of French infantry who he supposed had surrendered. After this blow Russell could write no more for the time being ; he had a horse saddled and rode forth in the rain. While he was riding an idea struck him : he would start off early the next morning without saying a word to anyone, would ride to the Belgian frontier, and, taking train for London, would finish his letter during the journey. Afterwards he would have time to overtake the Crown Prince as he marched on Paris. He writes of that night :—

“ I laugh now as I think of the scene which followed. There Mr. Skinner and I sat writing, or pretending to write, for hours, he having resolved on the same plan that I had conceived, and wishing to conceal any indication of it, and I equally reticent as to my intentions, but haunted by the notion that he had divined my purpose. The church clock struck and recorded the flight of one hour after the other ; I could see that my colleague's eyes were now and then scanning my face as I wrote. The candles burnt low. It was nearly eleven o'clock. He made up his packet. ‘ If you finish in five minutes,’ said he, ‘ I will wait for your letter and take it to the *Feld Post*, where they know me and will receive it in order to oblige me ; otherwise you are late.’ I was ‘ very much obliged,’ of course, but said recklessly that I could not finish in time, and could not send by that mail at all. My astute colleague left the room, went downstairs out into the street to the Post-office, for all I know. When he returned I was in bed ; that is, I was stretched on my loom, and after many sad memories of my poor friend, I fell into a deep sleep. We were not very artful nor very wicked in our duplicity ; but I could not help smiling to myself next morning, when my brother correspondent at breakfast, in the most friendly manner, inquired what I had done with my letter. When I replied it had not yet gone, he said, ‘ Well then, I tell you what :

give me as much of it as you have ready, and I promise you to have it delivered to-morrow in London.' He did not know that I was bound for London too."

The innocent deception broke down utterly when both had their horses led forth at the same time, and both appeared with their holsters and pockets stuffed with food for a journey of indefinite length. They visited on their way the famous cottage where Bismarck and the Emperor had their interview after Sedan. Nearly all the flowers and the tendrils of the shrubs had been carried off as mementoes. Bismarck himself had taken off one chair in the room, and the other had been bought by the British military attaché. Through scenes of human wreckage, which turned them sick and made the horses shy, they rode towards the Belgian frontier.

Quite near the frontier a German vedette, his carbine resting on his thigh, called out to them to halt. Encounters with sentries and patrols all along the route caused a good deal of delay, and the delay was aggravated, Russell says, by the exercise of those very virtues on the part of Skinner which made him so lively and interesting a companion. Whenever a patrol was close at hand Skinner would prepare for the examination by getting ready his papers, clearing his voice, and beginning a little speech in French or German. "Good morning, my friend; we are two English gentlemen who are going to Belgium; we are perfectly innocent; we are not carrying any documents about us! What a very fine day it is! What wonderful times we live in!" and so on and so forth. At last Russell pointed out that he should be obliged to part company with him unless he adopted the Russellian method, which one must confess seemed scarcely less intricate.

"If you see a sentry or vedette, slacken your pace, and, as you approach him, go at a walk. If you are not smoking, take out a pipe or cigar, and strike a light just as you come within a couple of yards of him, and then look fixedly at the end of it, and direct your eyes to a point a couple of feet above the sentry's head with a contented smile, as if engaged upon some happy thought, and ten to one he will let you pass. Having once gone on, never quicken your pace within range of his operations; and if he halts you, immediately produce your passes, saying to him, 'It is all right, sentry,' in rather a quick, decided tone, which will make him rather ashamed of himself for detaining you."

At Librimont they took train for Ostend. On the evening of September 5th Russell was in London, and had to recognise with the best grace he could how profoundly the telegraph had altered all the conditions of war correspondence since the Crimean War. The newspapers of two days before had contained telegrams from persons who had seen the battle from near the Belgian frontier, and already the magnitude of the disaster to the French was news of the day before yesterday. Still, there was no one in print yet who had seen the whole battle upon the south side of the Meuse from the beginning of the Bavarian attack at Bazeilles, who had studied the battlefield, had visited Sedan, had beheld the Emperor a prisoner, and had watched the captive French Army marching away from Sedan. Russell had already written a large part of his narrative in the train, and by dictating the rest late into the night he managed to make his record include everything he had seen. The next evening he left London to rejoin the Crown Prince.

CHAPTER XV

SEDAN TO VERSAILLES

RUSSELL found Sedan changed for the worse. "The stench from the streets exceeded toleration"; the town was indeed in a terrible condition, and typhus and smallpox were abroad. General Von der Tann, who was in command, gave him a great despatch with many seals to take to the Crown Prince. This was to serve as a passport, and to make assurance more sure he *viséd* Russell's ordinary passport.

At Rheims Russell came up with the Crown Prince's headquarters. There he ran across Bismarck in his usual undress major's uniform. "What!" said Bismarck; "we thought you were lost or killed; for days there was great anxiety on your account. Come with me and let us talk over matters." Talking as he went, Bismarck strode along so that Russell had some trouble to keep up with him. Once a man ran out of the crowd, and Bismarck instinctively moved his hand to his sword; but it was only a beggar, and Bismarck, thrusting his hand under his tunic, pulled out some money, put it into the man's hand and strode on. Bismarck took Russell into his room, excusing himself for dressing for dinner while he talked, and gave a most lively account of his interview with the Emperor after Sedan.

"I was fast asleep in bed, and very much tired after the day, when an aide-de-camp woke me up to say that the Emperor was coming into Donchery to see me. When I heard he was coming I was astonished. I

thought, under all the circumstances, I should have been the last man in the world that he would have cared to see. I had sat up till half-past one o'clock the night before, and it was just five when I was awakened by the news. I pulled on my coat, called for my horse, and was off immediately to meet him. I had no orderly, and when I got a little way outside the town I perceived the Emperor coming along in a carriage, with some officers on horseback. I immediately dismounted and stood in the road, letting my horse go. When he perceived me standing in the road (perhaps mistaking my gesture as I raised my hand to my cap to salute him), and seeing that my horse had been let go, there came for a moment a look in his face as if of alarm. But he was at once reassured. I received him with the same respect that I would have shown to my own King. He alighted, and I proposed we should walk into a little cottage close at hand."

Then Bismarck told the story of the Emperor's anxiety to see the King.

"I told him," Bismarck went on, "it could not be done till the terms of the capitulation had been signed. He urged it again and again, and I always gave him the same reply. Then I pointed out that it was no use for him to affect to treat with the King after his declaration that he had no power whatever. As the conversation became unpleasant, at last I proposed we should talk on a different subject. Finally, you know what occurred."

Alluding to the present, he said :—

"Our troops must march on wherever there is an enemy to encounter. Who are the people we have to deal with in Paris? We cannot treat with them. What guarantees can they give us? It is impossible that we can hazard the fruit of what we have done. You will have to go on to Paris."

Russell was amused at his buttoning, in his hurry, the badge of the "Pour le Mérite" inside his coat.

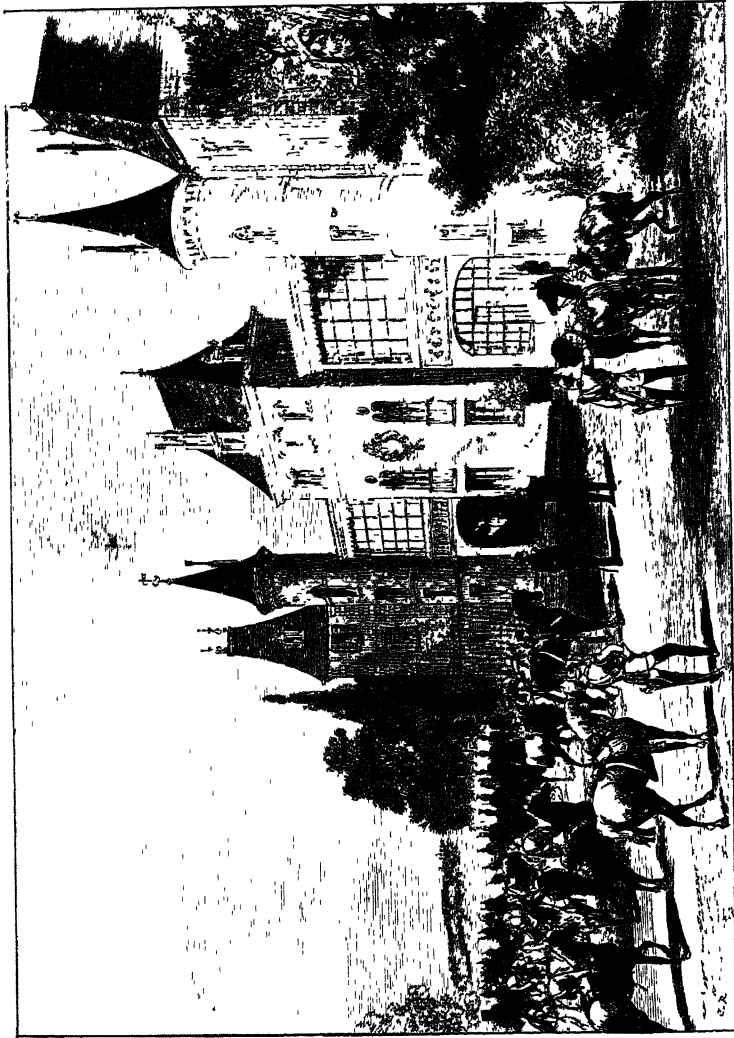
"That will never do," he said, taking it out. "The value of these things consists in their being seen."

Before Russell had been many hours in Rheims the staff moved on, and he hired a carriage, as he wished to give his horse a rest. About six miles outside Rheims it was plain that the hired horse could go no further, and he was obliged to halt, as his van and riding horse were on the road a little way behind. Just then a country cart came up in charge of two French peasants. They began to converse with Russell's driver, and remarked that the horse would never reach Boursalt, where the Prince was to stay the night. "But," said one of the men, "if Monsieur wants to go there I will take him on from the next village. I can take him by a cross road, and we can avoid every Prussian patrol." So saying, the man produced a pass from the Commandant at Rheims, authorising the bearer to carry forage. "I will go on to the village," he said, "and feed my horse, and so we shall be ready to leave immediately." The hired horse was then urged on in the rear of the country cart towards the village, which the peasant had pointed out near by. While waiting in the village Russell found himself among a dirty-faced community of charcoal-burners. He noticed the peasant who had been driving the country cart going about and whispering among the people, and guided by some happy instinct he told his groom, who had overtaken him, to have his riding horse ready. Presently a decent-looking old man asked him what his business was, and then said, "The Crown Prince is our enemy, and you are now in an enemy's country. If you claim the protection of the Prince you have no right to be here." "May I ask,

sir," said Russell, "to what these observations tend?" "That you should leave this as soon as possible." "I am going at once. I am going with that man as soon as he can get his horse ready, to Boursalt." "With that man? I would advise you to take care." At that instant another man came up and said to Russell, "I request you to come with me to the Maire to show your papers." Russell hesitated, but as the attitude of the crowd seemed to support the demand, he thought it discreet to follow the man through the main street. As he walked he bethought him of some Prussian despatches as yet undelivered, which he had in his pocket. He quietly slipped them between his belt and his shirt. The man who was leading the way now entered a lane which went into a wood. "Where are you going?" asked Russell. "To the Maire." "But the Maire is in the town." "No, the Maire has gone to his house; it is in the wood." "Then I will not go," said Russell. The man put his hand upon Russell's collar, exclaiming "You must." Russell cried out: "Take off your hand at once, or I'll blow out your brains." The man started back and whistled, and from both sides of the wood came whistles in answer. Russell turned back through the lane, and coming again into the main street of the village, shouted out to his groom: "Come here at once with the horse!" Fortunately the groom heard and came in a moment. "You must stay here with the cart," said Russell. "You will be in no danger, but I am trapped. I will send for you," and clapping his spurs to his horse he galloped off in the direction of Rheims. A man rushed at his horse's head, but a sharp cut of Russell's whip, which was heavy, sent him backwards. Russell heard men

running across the fields behind him, but he soon put a good distance between himself and his pursuers, and then easing down rode in a leisurely fashion back to Rheims. About two miles from the town he came across a regiment of Wurtembergers, and the officer in charge promised to send up a company of his regiment with some cavalry to rescue the groom. At Rheims Russell learned that the village was inhabited by desperadoes whose character had not improved during the war. In the middle of his sleep he was disturbed by a sergeant, who held out a paper for him to sign. The paper was a receipt for his groom and property, and sure enough down below in the yard was the groom himself, dazed by the whole transaction. Late in the evening cavalry had dashed into the village, and as the groom resisted their attempt to save him and Russell's luggage, they put pistols to his head and carried him off by force. Russell resolved not to be so foolish as to go again, as it were, out of bounds. What consideration had he, a civilian, without a uniform and carrying German despatches, any right to expect?

At Montmirail he overtook the Crown Prince, who, referring to the inaccurate versions which had been published of the interview after Sedan between the King of Prussia and the Emperor, said: "I will tell you exactly what occurred as it was repeated to me by the King immediately afterwards." The Crown Prince then related what Russell subsequently published in a letter to the *Times*. Colonel Walker was standing by at the time, and when the Prince had finished said: "There, now you have the story in detail and from the fountain head," or words to that effect. Russell's distinct impression was that the Crown Prince had



The War Meeting between the King of Prussia and the Emperor Napoleon at the
Château Bellevue, near Sedan.

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made the communication for the express purpose of having it published, and indeed when Russell thanked him he nodded his head and made some such remark as "You are welcome to it." This incident was to turn out of much more moment than Russell supposed at the time.

In the letter to the *Times* in which he embodied this conversation Russell said that in the interview the Emperor remarked that he had not desired war, but had declared it in obedience to public opinion in France; the King, in return, said that it was the French ministers who created that public opinion. The Emperor referred to the want of discipline in MacMahon's Army, and complimented the King on the presence of this quality in the German troops. The King said that for years the Prussian Army had been availing itself of all new ideas, and watching the experiments of other nations. The Emperor remarked that the Prussian artillery had won the battle. He subsequently surprised the King by saying that the Army of Prince Frederick Charles had decided the battle, and was in turn surprised when he was told that Prince Frederick Charles was at Metz, and that it was the Army of the Crown Prince which the French encountered. The King inquired whether Napoleon had any conditions to propose; Napoleon answered that he, as a prisoner, could not treat, and that everything must be decided by the Empress and the ministers in Paris.

The Crown Prince continued his march without serious interruption to Versailles, where, on September 20th, Russell settled down for the prolonged siege of Paris, acknowledging that comfort and convenience had never been so aptly combined as in his house, from

the windows of which he commanded a large part of the theatre of the siege. The majority of the Crown Prince's staff put up at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, where Russell used to go every day to hear the news.

He began now to be oppressed by the new conditions of war correspondence. If his recent visit to London had given him a taste of their significance, things were to be much more trying henceforth. There was a host of correspondents at Versailles, all working in furious competition with one another. It was no longer enough to write letters and send information which should be judged only by their qualities of style and accuracy. It was now a question of getting the news through first. "A bad letter early," says bustling editordom, "is better than a good letter late." It was in the Franco-German War that this became true, or was first held to be true. Russell lamented the days when a man could work with comparative leisureliness, cultivating his self-respect by a conviction of the decency of his work. Yet he was conscious that his letters lost all their bloom if they arrived a day after the most turgid and characterless stuff that happened to convey the first news of some event. It was a shock to his feelings to know that judgment and experience could become subordinate to all the tricks of speedy transmission ; but he was wise enough to see that the fact could not be altered, and that he must support the competition on terms which levelled all men.

On September 23rd Mowbray Morris wrote to him :—

"Kelly, upon your recommendation, is stationed at Bouillon, whence he keeps up a daily communication

with Sedan by a special messenger. But in vain ; nothing has come from you, nor, if what he hears be true, is anything likely to come. So your letters continue to linger from seven to ten days on their road, your last, dated the 16th, being the most expeditious as yet. It arrived this morning. We have nothing direct from Paris since the 16th, but the *Daily News* publishes this morning a letter dated thence the 20th. If things do not mend with us I shall resign my place in favour of the express manager of the *D. N.*, who evidently is more acute than we are here ; or else he has the devil's own luck."

Soon Mowbray Morris wrote again :—

"TIMES OFFICE,

"September 28th, 1870.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—Henry Hozier takes charge of this letter. It is therefore pretty certain that you will get it. He is charged by the War Office to supplement Colonel Walker, and I fancy his duties will be more locomotive than those of the Colonel. However, he will explain all this himself. What he has promised to do for us is more to the purpose. He will organise a service of couriers between you and us ; he will obtain facilities for the despatch of your letters and telegrams, and generally he will play that friendly part towards you which Col. W., as I am told, has not played.

"On your part, I beg you to use the telegraph *freely*. After any important event, go yourself with all speed to the nearest telegraph station that has communication with London, and send by the wires not a scrap of a few lines but a whole letter. This is what the correspondents of the *Daily News* have been doing frequently. They did it after the battle of the 14th before Metz. They did it again from Sedan, and now this morning they appear with a whole column describing what happened yesterday. The only objection to what I require is, that something important may happen in your absence. If you have reason to expect something important, send a trusty messenger with your telegram, and at the worst run the risk of consequences, for it is

better to do one thing surely and well and speedily, than many things slowly and indifferently.

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"MOWBRAY MORRIS."

On October 5th the King of Prussia, Bismarck and Moltke arrived at Versailles and took up their quarters in the Prefecture. Surrounded by so many powerful personages, who treated him with great consideration and friendliness, Russell was now in the majestic setting which provided a picture for Matthew Arnold's satire in the chapter of "Friendship's Garland" entitled "'Life,' as Mr. G. A. Sala says, 'a Dream!'" :—

"But the emotions of this agitating day were not yet over. While Sala was speaking, a group had formed before the hotel near us, and our attention was drawn to its central figure. Dr. Russell, of the *Times*, was preparing to mount his war-horse. You know the sort of thing—he has described it himself over and over again. Bismarck at his horse's head, the Crown Prince holding his stirrup, and the old King of Prussia hoisting Russell into the saddle. When he was there, the distinguished public servant waved his hand in acknowledgment, and rode slowly down the street, accompanied by the *gamins* of Versailles, who even in their present dejection could not forbear a few involuntary cries of '*Quel homme!*' Always unassuming, he alighted at the lodgings of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, a potentate of the second or even the third order, who had beckoned to him from the window."

This proud familiar of high German personages was nevertheless able to detach his mind from the glamour which surrounded him—at all events at moments when Bismarck was not holding his horse or the old King of Prussia hoisting him into the saddle. On September 28th he had written to both Delane and Mowbray

Morris that he could not bring himself to watch the barbarity of a bombardment of Paris. To Morris he wrote :—

“VERSAILLES,

“*September 28th, 1870.*

“MY DEAR MORRIS,—I have written to Delane to say that after much reflection I have come to the decision that I cannot, with regard to my own feelings on the subject and to your interests, remain here to chronicle a bombardment of Paris, a city of two millions of men, women and children, and as I hear it has been decided to do so I have asked him to send out a successor as soon as he can, I keeping my part as usual till his arrival. I can say no more.

“Yours always and ever truly,

“W. H. RUSSELL.

“It is the bombardment of the City of Paris I object to. If the forts only are attacked that is not a horror for one's old age to remember.”

Delane, answering an earlier letter in which Russell had proposed returning home, as well as the brief note in which he had referred to the prospect of a bombardment, wrote :—

“*October 5th, 1870.*

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—Let me beg of you for your own fame as well as for our sakes not to think of giving up to anyone else your place with the Prussian Army. You have acquired by much desert and by much hard work and exposure a great social position, such as many men would consider cheaply purchased by the labour of a life, and you will forfeit it altogether if you do not see this business through to the end. As to the contingency you mention in your short note to me and to which I cannot for obvious reasons more particularly refer, I have been assured here from the very beginning that it will never occur; though for reasons equally obvious, it would be in the highest degree impolitic to make this known.

“I have just come back from my first day's holiday since Ascot Races—a two days' visit to Strathfield

Saye, where you are always in affectionate remembrance, but where the idea of you ceasing to describe the siege of Paris would be received as a personal wrong. It would need more courage than even you possess to brave the obloquy that would await you if you were to come away now. God bless you, my dear old friend. Take comfort as to your bruise, mental and bodily, and persevere to the end.

“Ever most affectionately yours,

“J. T. D.”

CHAPTER XVI

BISMARCK AND RUSSELL

OCTOBER 10th was a day of great anxiety and excitement for Russell, for on that day his account of the conversation between the King of Prussia and the Emperor was called in question in a way which threatened to shatter his professional reputation. He happened to have gone into the Hôtel des Réservoirs, and went upstairs to the room of Mr. Alfred Austin, the correspondent of the *Standard*. Mr. Austin casually said, "What are you going to do about Bismarck's telegram?" "What telegram?" asked Russell. "Is it possible," said Mr. Austin, "that you have not seen the communication made by Bismarck through Reuter's telegraphs to all the papers?" Here Russell's own account of what followed must be quoted:—

"Mr. Austin went to the table, and, taking up the latest copy of the *Standard*, pointed out to me a paragraph which fairly took away my breath. It had not appeared in the *Times*; but there it was, plain enough, under the head of 'Latest News,' with the name of Bismarck attached to it—a distinct, unmistakable affirmation that the account of the interview between the Emperor and the King after the battle of Sedan given in the *Times* by its correspondent was quite destitute of any foundation. I saw at once the difficulty of the situation. The quarter from which I had received the statement, which I had written down almost on the spot, was of the very highest; but it was perfectly obvious that I could not drag into controversy with Count Bismarck the name of the exalted

person from whom I had derived my information.* Equally plain was it that I could not for an instant permit such an imputation as was implied in the words used by the writer of the telegram to rest upon my name. I cut out the paragraph, and hastened off to Count Bismarck's quarters. I sent in my name by one of the Jägers in attendance, and was informed that Count Bismarck had gone out, and that the hour of his return was quite uncertain. Then I asked to see my good friend Major von Keudall, but he was out also. So I returned to my room, and wrote a note, in which I solicited an interview with his Excellency on very important business to me, stating that I would call to receive an answer at five o'clock in the afternoon.

"To pass the interval and calm my perturbed spirit I got on horseback and went out for a ride in the Park, behind the Château of Versailles, in company with Mr. Skinner and Mr. Landells. As we came up from under the shade of the trees, Landells, my long-sighted artist friend, exclaimed: 'There! I think that is the Count himself.' In effect, two horsemen were riding in front some 400 or 500 yards in advance on the gravel walk by the lower fountain—one an officer, the other apparently an orderly—and a glance satisfied me, after a moment's close investigation, that it was Count Bismarck, the very man I wished to see, and to whose quarters I was then intending to ride; so I immediately quickened the pace of my horse and advanced towards him. I cannot say that he recognised me specially, or that he even saw that three civilians, followed by a groom, were riding at a quick pace after him; but certain it is that he gave the spur to his horse and rode swiftly up to the foot of the steps, dismounted, handed his rein to the orderly, and with great strides, taking two or three steps at a time, proceeded towards the Château. Had I ridden to the same point he would certainly have gained the door long before I—*modo bipedali statura*—could have reached him. But at each side of the great flight there is a slope of gravel leading up to a smaller flight of steps near the head of the terrace, and, followed by my groom, I cantered up one of these as fast as I could

* The Crown Prince, as has been already related.

go, jumped from my horse, ran up the steps, and then saw the Count walking at a quick rate, or rather proceeding with the long stride peculiar to him, towards the sentries at the Château gate. It would have been most unseemly to run, and certainly I could not call out, and it appeared almost impossible to reach him in time, when suddenly round a corner appeared General Hasen, accompanied by Mr. Home, the 'Spiritualist,' coming right down upon the Count. He was unable to evade them, especially as the General stood rather well, in his capacity of an American officer, with the great Chancellor; and a couple of precious minutes were gained while they were bowing and saluting, and exchanging compliments. When the Count, still in haste, moved off, and parted from his friends with a nod, I made the most of my time, and gaining his side, I said, 'Count Bismarck, I desire very much to have a few moments' conversation with you.' He seemed a little surprised at first. I had not seen him, except once at the Hôtel des Réservoirs, since our interview at Rheims, when he had been particularly gracious and friendly; but although he held out his hand, there was an evident reserve in his manner. 'Certainly,' he said; 'what is it?' 'I have to ask you about a telegram which I have just seen by accident, and to which your Excellency's name is appended, wherein it is stated that my account of the interview between the King and the Emperor of the French, after the battle of Sedan, has no foundation in truth.' 'I never put my name to a telegram to a newspaper in my life.' I said, 'Here it is, Count,' handing him at the same time the little piece cut out of the *Standard*. He looked at it attentively, and said: 'I never authorised this message to be sent. I never should have dreamed of applying such terms to a statement you made, or certainly I should have let you know first. But, in fact, the use of my name to this statement is quite unauthorised. Leave me the paper; I will inquire into it.' 'Then,' pursued I, 'I have your Excellency's authority for stating that this telegram, which appears to have been furnished to Reuter's Agency by someone, is quite without your sanction or knowledge?' The Count was walking all the time at a slackened

pace, and we had gained the courtyard, where, as he said, he was proceeding when I overtook him, 'to refresh his memory of the old days of Louis the Great,' when he observed with some appearance of humour in his tone: 'It is sometimes inconvenient that these statements should be made, and reserve is necessary.' 'But,' retorted I, 'this statement rested upon the very best foundation, and was made, as I understand, to rectify erroneous reports of the same matter which previously appeared. My reputation is very dear to me; in fact, it is of vital importance that this telegram should be contradicted, and I assume, from what you have said, that I can do so in your name, and upon your authority?' This the Count did not reply to, and I again renewed my demand. He was standing by the statue of Condé at the time, and, as if to change the subject, exclaimed, 'What a position that is! What an attitude! Does he not look like a pirate on the stage?' or words to that effect. But still I hammered away about my telegram, when, turning to me with some irritation, he said: 'My attention was called to that report of yours, or rather to the translation of it in a German newspaper, by the King, who declared it to be untrue, and desired it to be set right, and I gave general instructions that a communication should be made, in which your name was not to be mentioned, and certainly not sanctioning the use of my name in any way to the effect that it was not authentic.' Here I was placed in a difficult position, and I had no alternative but to say: 'I received, as I have assured you, the whole of that information from the very best authority, short of that of the Emperor or the King. I was not present on the occasion, nor was your Excellency, but I heard from the lips of one to whom, as I understood, the whole of what passed had been repeated the instant the interview was over, every word of that which is set down. You know, sir, that I cannot call that exalted personage into the controversy, and that, after what you have mentioned to me, I am only anxious to be able to affirm that you gave no authority whatever for the special contradiction, in such terms, applied to myself and my communication, as was attributed to you, or

that any authority was given by you for your name to be put to it.' The Count said: 'I will make inquiry into all the circumstances.' 'But you have already told me that the telegram was sent without your authority, and I shall ask you to let me send, as it is of the utmost importance to contradict the statement immediately, a telegram to the *Times*, through the Foreign Office Bureau.' The Count nodded, and said: 'I am in a hurry now, but call upon me to-morrow at the Chancellerie. I will then know how this telegram came to be printed, and will see what is best to be done.' And so, without offering his hand at first, until he saw that mine was stretched out as in expectation of the honour, the great Chancellor turned and walked off towards the Prefecture, while I at once proceeded to my quarters and wrote and despatched a telegram to Reuter and to the *Times*, which, however, never appeared, and was never received.*

"On October 11th, at 11 o'clock, I went over to the Maison Jessé, and sent in my name. I was shown in to Major von Keudall, and was talking with him on various matters, when the door opened, and Count Bismarck put in his head but, seeing a stranger in civil dress, drew back and held the door ajar for a moment. I had brought a letter, addressed to my care, to his Excellency from someone in London with a very fine name, who requested me to hand the Count his proposals for a treaty of peace, and as I was directed to call, I took the letter with me. This was lying on the table. Again the Count appeared, and came to the table, which was covered with papers, but his eye alighted on the name on the letter at once. I told him how it came there, and he opened it and threw it down in an instant. 'I do not know who sent it, sir.' 'Nor do I.' After a pause I renewed the conversation of yesterday. I forgot to say that Count Bismarck had then said he would speak to the King that evening, as he was dining at the Prefecture, and would ascertain what parts of the reported conversation between the Emperor and himself at the Château Bellevue were

* The telegram to Reuter was received, but was not published, on the ground that Reuter's Agency distributed only telegrams from its correspondents.

inaccurate, in order that I might, if necessary, correct them. Count Bismarck now said that he had had no opportunity of asking the King any question in reference to the subject; and when I alluded to the despatch of a telegram to the papers to state that the contradiction attributed to Count Bismarck was not authorised by him, he seemed to think there had been quite enough said on the subject, and began to speak in general terms of the necessity of discretion on the part of those who were placed near the persons of the great in courts and camps, reminding me that he had procured leave for me to join the Army, as my reputation, as he was good enough to say, was so high that I might be trusted not to divulge military or political secrets, but that I had not taken due heed of what I had written. I remarked that the matters to which he seemed to refer were well known—that reports of the interview had appeared in other papers coming from the same sources, and that what I wrote had been repeated before others, mentioning one name in particular.* At that name the Count appeared to be *en tout humeur*. He struck the table with his hand, and exclaimed, ‘I will have such an *auditorium* removed’! I reminded him that on the several occasions on which he had spoken to me of the very highest topics, and with the utmost apparent freedom, I had not made capital by reporting what he had said, or tried to interview him, at which he became almost ‘angry,’ and remarked, ‘I know when I am speaking to you that it is your business to communicate to the world what I say, and I act accordingly. I do not care if you published every word I said to you. But when such —s as So-and-so and So-and-so speak to you’—(here he mentioned names with much emphasis)—‘you should know better.’ ‘And what would you think of me, Count, if I were to publish what you said just now?’† This remark, or question, was not fortunate;

* Colonel Walker, the British Military Attaché.

† Russell was unable to give names when he wrote this. What Bismarck really said was: “I do not care if you published every word I said to you, but when you hear things from that dunderhead the Crown Prince you should know better.” Whereupon Russell retorted, “Do I understand I have your Excellency’s permission to publish your opinion of the Crown Prince?”

but I confess it was rather hard to be told that a most offensive *communiqué* was unauthorised, and yet to be unable to get a line of official contradiction from him who was alone able to give it. I have said enough of our interview. It was closed by Count Bismarck exclaiming, 'My minutes are precious. I have given you more time than I give to ministers or even crowned heads themselves.' 'I came to your Excellency, by your directions, here to-day, and I have not sought to detain you a moment more than you were good enough to speak to me!' And so I made my bow and retired, leaving Von Keudall, who stood bolt upright all the time, to conduct business with his great master."

The *Times* ungrudgingly backed up its correspondent at these critical moments, assuming with implicit confidence in him that he was right even before it had received his explanations. In a leading article, which relates the sequel to Russell's conversation with Bismarck, it said:—

"Our correspondent's letter seems to have given offence to Count Bismarck. He published with his signature a note bearing marks of great irritability. It was thus worded:—'The report of the conversation between King William and the Emperor Napoleon, given by Dr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, is founded throughout upon mere invention.' The Prussian, and particularly the Bismarckian style, is forcible, and perhaps the writer may not have been quite aware of what the phrase 'founded upon mere invention' would convey to English ears. We are well aware that our correspondent is not only incapable of founding statements on his own invention, but very unlikely to be imposed upon by the invention of others. He has been before the public for the last sixteen years, writing under every possible difficulty, in haste, in the confusion of the battle-field or the march, amid the varieties of conflicting rumours, and even of wilful misrepresentation, and his honour and judgment have never been impeached. Indeed, the faculty

which is most remarkable in him is his extraordinary accuracy. Both in England and abroad justice has been done to the discernment and the habit of rapid and acute investigation which have kept him from mistakes. Had he not been so qualified there would have been numbers to expose and to triumph in his blunders. Knowing Mr. Russell's character and ability, we did not think it just to him to publish the angry effusion of Count Bismarck; but in showing this mark of respect to an old and valued correspondent, we foresaw that it must become the subject of future explanations, and were content to wait for these before entering upon the matter. We have not had long to wait. The Prussian Government has hastened to retract the offensive imputations of Count Bismarck by the following paragraph in the *Nord Deutsche Zeitung* :—

“ ‘ Mr. Russell, the well-known correspondent of the *Times*, in reporting the King's conversation with the Emperor Napoleon, had the misfortune of being slightly inaccurate. This may happen to the most cautious chronicler of current events, and in the eyes of all equitable persons will certainly not detract from Mr. Russell's well-deserved reputation of being one of the best-informed and most conscientious correspondents of the whole European Press. We have no doubt that the authority from which one to whom the world is so much indebted for his friendly and veracious communications from our camp derived his intelligence was of a kind which justified his assumption that he had learnt the truth, and not one of those myths which apparently, without anybody's fault, are wont to collect round great events.’ ”

“ This paragraph we may accept as an apology for the Note which has been going the round of the Press, since it admits—what those who know Mr. Russell will have felt sure of all along—that the authority he had for the narrative was of the highest kind. Our opinion is that in Count Bismarck's Note we have only an instance of the tendency of public men to give offhand denials of anything that is inconvenient. In our own House of Commons it often happens that a member will coolly write to deny having said something which the independent reports of half-a-dozen papers describe him to have said, and will complain of having been ‘ misrepresented.’ In the present case,

what was stated to be founded throughout on 'mere invention' is now only 'slightly inaccurate.' We feel convinced that if the truth could be ascertained the inaccuracy would prove to be very slight indeed."

At the end of this affair Delane wrote to Russell:—

"If there had been any apparent chance of my letter reaching you I should have written to you at once upon the publication of the brutal *démenti* of Bismarck to tell you of the general indignation it provoked and of my immediate complaint to Bernadoff. I would not publish the telegram, for which I am much abused by our friends of the Press, because I would not circulate so base a calumny against you, but preferred to wait for the contradiction which I was assured would follow. I think you may be satisfied. You will see what Granville says of it, and I think everybody here considers the incident to have terminated entirely in your favour."

A guess at the workings of Bismarck's mind in sacrificing Russell is given by Russell himself in a letter to Mrs. Thornhill:—

"When Bismarck saw my report he perceived that the King had kept back from him much of what he had repeated to the Crown Prince. He called the King's attention to the report in a German paper. The King said it was 'not accurate' or was 'slightly inaccurate' (if so, the Crown Prince was to blame), and then B., wishing to hit the Crown Prince for his confidences to me, orders a denial to be given and is obliged to disavow it, and to make an *amende*, for which he will not forgive me. I like the great man personally, and if I were a Prussian I could fall down and worship him for his work."

CHAPTER XVII

JOURNALISTIC COMPETITION

ON October 17th the Palace of St. Cloud caught fire and was burned to the ground. Dr. Scoffern, a Scotsman, who was corresponding occasionally with an American paper, was the only civilian at the château when the fire began. The following extracts are from a long letter he wrote to Russell. Before the fire, it should be explained, the place was terribly damaged by shells, and Scoffern was waiting near by for a lull in the bombardment to visit the interior.

"Not until Thursday morning did I venture to wander through the palace, and right glad am I to have seen the loveliness even in desolation. The wreck of porcelain, beds, clocks, furniture, statues, you may imagine, but I cannot describe. Captain von Strantz had given me permission to collect as much broken porcelain as I chose. This I did, little knowing that a few hours later all of us would have permission to take as many yet unbroken treasures as each might be able to carry. About 2 o'clock as we sat at dinner we heard a crash, and so near, that, accustomed as we had been to this sort of noise, it disturbed us. 'The palace burns,' announced a sentry, coming in. Leaving our champagne, we all went out to see. Sure enough, flames leaped forth from an upper storey. At once—I am desirous to state this emphatically—a fire engine was brought into play.* Useless—the flames had taken too fast a hold. Estimating probabilities, I at

* It was long a subject of dispute how the château caught fire. Many Frenchmen, who did not hold that it was deliberately burnt by the Germans, said that at all events the Germans did nothing to extinguish the fire.

once wrote a dispatch and sent it to the *Feld Post*. Then back to our champagne. 'Gentlemen,' said Captain von Strantz solemnly, 'I am the last Commandant of St. Cloud. Pass we all into the grand chambers there to take a last glance, and a souvenir. Take what you will—vases, pictures, books, anything.'

"With Lieutenant von Bissing and Major von Class I went. Seeing that I took nothing for myself those fine fellows again pressed me to do so. 'My position amongst you is delicate, gentlemen,' said I; 'nothing will I take that is not offered to me.' Then you should have seen! On all sides, and from many hands came such presents of beautiful things as could hardly have been imagined by the writer of an Arabian tale. Alas! it was getting dark—flames and smoke were gaining, timbers were crashing, the palace chambers were a labyrinth. The most valuable booty I was obliged to relinquish, nevertheless I have secured some. Passing out upon the green sward there was a sight to see—acres upon acres of vases, clocks, furniture, the whole lighted up by bivouac fires. Soldiers equipped in red, yellow, blue and gold silken window-curtains floated about like imps in a pantomime. One fellow had wrapped himself in the Empress's silken counterpane, another ate baked potatoes from a Sèvres tureen marked with Imperial symbols. About two-thirds of the library were saved—from the fire, that is to say—but rain setting in they were somewhat damaged. The rest of the night imagine if you can; describe it I cannot.

"One incident of Thursday night I forgot to state. Our Jägers, who are funny fellows, conceived the idea of making me waterproof. So they wound me round and round with, I should think, some hundred yards of curtain fringe. Lying down in this coat of mail my chest was so constricted that I could not breathe. I became seriously alarmed and had to be undressed—a matter of some fifteen minutes!"

We must pass over the daily exchange of artillery fire, which made the windows of Russell's house rattle so frequently that he was more sensible of a

cessation of the fire than of its normal thunder, the sorties, and the actions in the great plain which stretches between the hills of Versailles and Paris. Throughout the siege Russell had no remission from anxiety about getting his messages through rapidly to London. Lamentation from London answered lamentation from Versailles. Scheme after scheme went wrong. Mowbray Morris writes :—

“We must try and do something great before the war is over to efface the memory of your early defeats. The *D. N.* has beaten us hollow, and continues to do so.”

Russell writes back to Mowbray Morris :—

“I am driven to look out for a ‘private hand,’ which is always dangerous, but really the *Feld Post* is quite ridiculous.

“Kelly, at Bouillon, might as well be in Baghdad. It is so annoying to be within thirty-six hours of London easy. Capt. Cecil Johnson, Foreign Office, has proposed to me to try to establish a post express with consent of both parties. Will you try it? He is at Calais always.

“I am perfectly serious in my declaration to you that I will not have act or deed, hand or part, in such an atrocity as the bombardment of the City of Paris. Delane says it will not take place. I would sooner break stones on the road, and indeed I would not describe such a piece of work, for if I wrote as I felt you would very soon hear of my being ejected by the headquarters people here.”

After a time Russell thought he had discovered how the *Daily News* received its messages with such miraculous speed. He begged Mowbray Morris to find out whether ambulance men and even nuns were not employed as despatch carriers. And while this matter was still being discussed Mowbray

Morris sent on November 2nd this note of utter despair :—

“As the *Times* of the 1st may possibly miscarry, I send you a cutting from the *Daily News* of the 31st ult. The affair has made a great sensation. The enterprise of the *D. N.* is much praised ; the supineness of the *T.* is much blamed. My own feelings I leave you to imagine. All this, you will say, does not concern you, nor does it directly. But my friends ask me with sarcastic solicitude whether the same feat is to be performed by the *D. N.*, and a similar defeat sustained by the *T.*, when Paris capitulates or an armistice is agreed on, or peace is made, or some other transcendent event occurs such as will serve to test the energy, the resources, and the talent of a correspondent. I assure my friends that you will do your best, as you have always done. They reply, ‘It’s not enough. You are bound to succeed.’ That is true. If we do not, you will probably hear no more from

“Yours very sincerely,

“MOWBRAY MORRIS.”

Soon after this Russell put into practice his theory that a messenger going through from Versailles to the north coast with the credentials allowed to the members of the Red Cross organisations would easily beat the *Feld Post*. For the purpose of his experiment he sent to London, in charge of a letter of no great importance, Mr. Edwards, who was acting as one of the *Times* correspondents. He waited for the result with an agreeable sense of triumph to come. The result was a shock. Delane and Mowbray Morris disapproved strongly of one of their correspondents being removed from his labours to bring a letter of no urgency. Russell, full of the idea that the experiment was the thing, not the letter, felt that his turn for indignation was now come, and he accordingly fell upon Printing House Square for its ingratitude.

"I was knocked into a cocked hat," he wrote to Morris on November 7th, "on getting a note from Mr. Edwards to say you and Delane did not seem to approve of my sending him with that letter for the paper. As if the letter could have had anything to do with it! I would have sent him with the heel of an old boot. I thought I explained, and that he understood most fully, the whole object of the journey was to show to you that a man provided with a *brassard* and card could beat the post by at least three days, that therefore the *Times* must either be content with the post or prepare to be beaten at any time by the smallest journal, the representative of which may hear of the departure of any one of the very large host of Red Cross men, who are all round Paris and everywhere. When I hear of anyone going it is not exclusive.

"Mr. Kelly told me you were ready to pay £100 for the receipt of any letter which was a day in advance of others. When Edwards came with card and *brassard* I started him off as an exclusive messenger. There was nothing going on, or likely to come on, at this side, and he would be back in plenty of time for Von der Tann, who cannot move at present, but will be off very soon. I have not sent over Edwards without a purpose, and it is rather disheartening to find my effort to give you a practical proof of what was meant by former advice has not been approved of.

"I am rather afraid now of doing anything until I am directed to do so, or learn that Edwards was mistaken in his view of your feelings. Understand that amid the host of correspondents here there is a combination, expressed or understood, to beat you, and that the authorities cannot help you. All they can do is to send by field post themselves, and they would be very angry if they were asked to help Johanniters to carry letters through Prussian lines into French stations. All this correspondence is illicit. The fact remains that Versailles is, with the aid of the Cross, only thirty-six hours from London. Only a man who has a pass for both belligerents can do it."

Another time Russell tried a still more embarrassing experiment, explained in these words to Mowbray Morris:—

"I gave a French lady who was going to England a letter for the *Times*, for the speedy delivery of which, as we were in extremes, she was to receive 200 francs. She reached Dieppe and was searched by the police, and on the letter for the *Times* being found upon her she was seized as a spy and rammed into prison, where she was kept five weeks. Her name is Penay, and I hear she has now gone over to England. She is miserably poor, and as she has been in prison for the *Times* I think it would not be unreasonable to pay the poor deil, though her mission did not come off. It was not her fault. So if Mlle. Penay calls pray do not send her empty-handed away."

All this time Archibald Forbes, who was with the Crown Prince of Saxony's staff, had been making more "scoops," as the esoteric phrase is, than any correspondent in France. He was undoubtedly the journalistic hero of the war, and the *Daily News* was the fortunate possessor of his services. Russell was told that Forbes had offered himself to the *Times*, and accordingly he wrote to Mowbray Morris to ask why on earth he had rejected the living solution of all his difficulties. Morris answered:—

"As for Forbes, I never heard his name or knew of his existence till Edwards lamented, as you do, my not having engaged him. Whatever application he may have made for employment on the *Times*, it was not brought to my notice. If he applied personally, he was no doubt told to write to me. If he had done so, I should certainly have received his letter. If he offers himself to you, snap him up quick, and send him wherever you please. I confirm beforehand any bargain you may make with him on our behalf. If the affair comes off, telegraph the words following—'Foker is taken,'"

The success of Forbes seemed almost uncanny at the time, but his devices are, of course, familiar to-day. Late in his life he wrote to Russell about his methods in the Franco-German War:—

“I, CLARENCE TERRACE,
“REGENT’S PARK, N.W.,
“*July 13th, 1899.*

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,— . . . Our headquarters was not so formal as that of the III. Army, and the Crown Prince of Saxony, as well as his brother and their staffs, were very frank and open about details, both of the present and the future, if they believed in one’s honesty. Thus I went about with the staff officers, taking up the positions for the siege batteries first in front of Avron and afterwards over against St. Denis. It was arranged that I might send home in advance of both bombardments full details of the number of guns, their calibre and positions, making the editor bound not to print these details until I should give the word. When the first gun was fired against Avron, I galloped twenty miles to Mayence and promptly wired ‘Go ahead!’ in accordance with prearrangement. On the morning of the commencement of the St. Denis bombardment, as to the arrangements for which all particulars had gone to England in advance, the Crown Prince stood on the steps of the Château, I within sight of him at the door of the house in the grounds used as a telegraph office. At the report of the first gun the Prince raised his hand above his head. I responded, and shouted to the operator inside, ‘Go ahead!’ and the two words sped. Full details of the positions of the batteries and complements of the artillery appeared in the noon edition of the *Daily News* the same morning, the matter being already in type, but carefully guarded until the moment came.

“Why do you bother about your teeth? Teeth were given by inscrutable Providence to torment people. Recognising this many years ago, I had every tooth in my head pulled out, and with comfortably fitting false teeth have been dentally happy ever since. . . .

“Always sincerely yours,
“ARCHD. FORBES.”

An old friend of Russell's has kindly sent to the writer the following anecdote, which shows that, though Forbes was the conqueror of Russell in one sense, he recognised Russell as his master in other senses :—

“In the late seventies I met Mr. W. Howard Russell on the railway platform at Perth. Thence we travelled together to Grantown, a small town on Spey side, both being bound for Tulchan Lodge, then occupied by Mr. M. T. Bass. At Grantown we read an announcement that on that afternoon Mr. Archibald Forbes would deliver a lecture recounting some of his experiences as a military correspondent. We found the lecture was then proceeding. ‘Let us go and hear him,’ said Mr. Russell. Immediately on our arrival the lecturer burst into a sustained panegyric upon the virtues and powers of the founder of the military correspondent's art—Mr. W. Howard Russell. As he concluded he turned towards where we were sitting. Apparently he encountered an apparition, for he staggered back and gasped out, ‘There—there he sits!’ Mr. Russell stood up and gracefully waved his hand in recognition of an old comrade.”

Russell would never have taken very kindly to such journalistic expedients as Forbes's, for they necessarily admit inaccuracies. But apart from that, he was defeated several times by sheer ill-fortune. It is pleasant to relate that after a few weeks the cloud of gloom which had settled on Printing House Square was raised, and Mowbray Morris wrote :—

“Some people think we are not doing so badly, and that, barring two or three defeats at the hands of the *D. N.*, we have maintained our old supremacy. There is a general consent about the superiority of an old hand who goes by the name of ‘Little Billee.’”

Journalists are a little apt to overrate the importance of early news. One is inclined to say nowadays that

experience has already taught us that too much can be sacrificed to speed. At least if truth goes, all goes ; when the issue must be sharply between accuracy and inaccuracy an accurate message a day late is after all better than an inaccurate one a day sooner. Russell's friends who were not journalists were probably unaware of the torments through which he had passed. To look back—for this summary of the race to deliver the first news has taken us beyond the point we had reached in the order of events—Sir Arthur Ellis wrote to Russell:—

"QUANTOCK LODGE,
"BRIDGEWATER,
"October 21st, 1870.

"DEAR BILLY,—It is such an absurdly roundabout way to write to Paris—*über* Berlin—that I despair of this ever reaching your friendly hands. You will not lose much, except the expression of my heartfelt thanks for certain most interesting letters, which not only I myself have digested, but have been read and re-read by many big and little. Amongst the former I may put the Queen, P. of W., Pce Edward, and all the party and parties on the Deeside, where we have been enjoying the loveliest weather, the pleasantest August, and plentiful grouse. You would have been as welcome as flowers in May if you could have come. One's appetite for newspapers is quite alarming. I find I daily read the *Times*, with your letter, the *Daily News*, where Mr. Skinner is very good—and Hy. Labouchere, I think, too, adds revolutionary fillip every now and then—the *Daily Telegraph*, etc., not to mention what my stomach could never digest before—the *Standard*. It is quite curious how one lives abroad with you all, and no one thinks or speaks of anything but the war, and one dreams regularly of it all and never gets wearied of it, though it must be nightmare.

"I cannot on paper say to you what I feel about Kit Pemberton. The boy—he was only a boy, a boy with an old head—was one of my earliest, dearest

fellows; and with his sense of the absurd, and little conceits, and odd mixture of exceeding manliness and coxcombry, fearless horsemanship—dear little Kit! I mourn him more than anyone but a brother could! I had a nice bright letter from Metz from him the week before. His father and mother are broken-hearted—no wonder!

“My heart is with you daily, my dear friend,

“Ever yours,

“A. E.”

On October 27th Bazaine surrendered his Army at Metz; the continuation of the war by the French was now hopeless, for Prince Frederic Charles was set free with three-quarters of his Army to break up the bands which were gathering behind the Loire and to strengthen the investing force round Paris. In England it had been supposed already for some days that the war would be over at once. This accounts for an invitation which Russell received to a banquet at Southampton. A friend wrote to him on behalf of the Mayor, and Russell answered:—

“I should like indeed to touch the soil with my foot were it only to say ‘No; I thank you with all my heart, but I am not worthy of the occasion,’ but I see no prospect of escaping from the midst of this tremendous conflict; and as to naming a day before November 7th, why you see it is on that day I am now writing from the headquarters of the Army before Paris. Will you thank in my name and in very warm terms the Mayor and those who were so good as to deem me deserving of so high a compliment, and say to them that if they desire the name of Southampton to be on the lips of many grateful suffering creatures, the victims of this war, they will devote the money which would have been spent on a public dinner to the purchase of stores of warm clothing to be sent out through the Aid to Sick and Wounded Society here, or will place it in my hands for the relief of the indigent and suffering who abound

in Versailles, and to whose assistance I would apply it with the help of the Municipality."

On October 31st M. Thiers arrived in Versailles on his mission from Paris. Russell wrote years afterwards to Max Müller on this subject :—

"M. Thiers came to the Réservoirs on the hopeless errand on which he insisted with vehemence, and he sent for me to discuss his scheme for the *revitaillement de Paris* for a certain period during which peace negotiations could be carried on outside. M. St. Hilaire was with him. I told M. Thiers I did not think the Military Cabinet would entertain the proposal for a moment, and made him angry when I said I could not 'recommend' the idea in the *Times*. M. St. Hilaire came downstairs with me and said, 'I fear it is hopeless, but you see how sanguine M. Thiers is. He never sees difficulties.'"

Early in November Russell was delighted to hear that the *Times* was to have the brilliant help of Laurence Oliphant. He did not suppose that Oliphant would attempt to perform prodigies of speed in transmitting his messages, that he would out-Forbes Forbes, or anything of that sort, but he felt that the distinction of Oliphant's style, his knowledge and personality, would win a place for themselves even under the feverish conditions of the moment. By an act, as innocent as it was careless, however, Oliphant conjured lions into his path at once. Russell wrote to Mowbray Morris :—

"VERSAILLES,

"November 13th, 1870.

"MY DEAR MORRIS,—I'm sorry to tell you I fear Oliphant has not made a good start of it. At all events, he appears to have committed an indiscretion which may cause him inconvenience. I dined to-day with the Crown Prince, and after dinner Blumenthal came over and told me Von der Tann had telegraphed

to him to say that Mr. Oliphant had appeared at his quarters with a French servant, a most suspicious man concerning whom he desired instructions. So Blumenthal telegraphed in reply that if the General was not quite satisfied he was to arrest the person and send him to Germany. Was it not strange for him to take a Frenchman who had been hanging about Frankfort to the Hd. Qrs. of a German Army? What could he mean?

"The Crown Prince, not as jolly as usual, told me it was a great mistake in England to suppose that the Government exercised influence over the German Press and encouraged them in attacks.

"Yours ever,

"W. H. RUSSELL."

In the third week of November Mr. Odo Russell (afterwards Lord Ampthill) arrived at Versailles on his mission to persuade Prussia, as one of the signatories of the Treaty of Paris, to join in the British protest against the denunciation of the Black Sea clause by Russia. Although he failed to tempt Prussia out of a position of neutrality he impressed Bismarck so much that his appointment as Ambassador in Berlin the next year was a natural sequel at a time when it was a set part of British policy to please Germany.

One evening when Russell was dining with the King he had a conversation with Bismarck about Mr. Odo Russell's mission and Gortchakoff's circular. "The whole question," said Bismarck, "is to be settled by half-a-dozen sensible men, sitting round a table and talking it over quietly. I intend to propose a Conference. A Conference is the solution, and it must end well. I don't care where it sits; you can't have it in Paris. But London, St. Petersburg, or even Constantinople itself—I don't object—will do." Many Englishmen were urging the Government to

demand from Prussia an unequivocal answer to the question whether she proposed to join with Russia in tearing up the Treaty. In the third week of November it seemed that Great Britain would go to war, with or without allies, if Russia persisted in her course, but as everyone knows Russia fortunately did not persist. These precarious days brought Russell a new friendship, for Odo Russell lodged in his house and they sought each other's company continually. In the following spring Odo Russell wrote from England:—

“WINDSOR CASTLE,

“*Sunday, March 12th, 1871.*

“GOOD DOCTOR NAMESAKE,—I was grieved to leave Paris and the war without shaking you by the hand and thanking you for much kindness and many pleasant recollections in the midst of our common anxieties. As a loyal subject the approval of my most Gracious has gratified me to the soul, because I live and die ‘für Gott, Königin und Mutterland’; and knowing you to be one also, I will commit an indiscretion and confide to you that Her Majesty, our Most Gracious, has just spoken to me about *you*—your letters, your powerful support of a great and good cause and the good *you* and the *Times* have done during the crisis, in terms that would make you blush and gratify you as much as it has me.

“My journey home was full of incidents, and my reception *unexpectedly delightful*. Wife better, children well, thank God! and everybody kind and friendly.

“Please let me know when you come, and where I can find you, as there is much to talk about.

“My old friend Bismarck has written me such a charming private letter on ‘our relations.’

“Yours sincerely,

“ODO RUSSELL.”

CHAPTER XVIII

THE END OF THE WAR

By the beginning of December Russell felt as though the days of the Austro-Prussian war were renewed; Hozier was at Versailles writing reports for the War Office, and Brackenbury, who had been Russell's companion with the luckless Benedek, had also come out as a *Times* correspondent. In company with Brackenbury in the Austro-Prussian War Russell had thought the Prussians arrogant, and once again, in company with Brackenbury, he now felt the same thing. He had to acknowledge extreme kindness from his hosts, but the more he saw of the Prussian temper the more antipathetic he found it was to him. Brackenbury, in his own person, was to demonstrate that Prussian intolerance was not exactly a myth. Russell could not stifle his growing suspicions that just as Great Britain took the wrong side in the Crimean War so now in sympathising with Prussia as against the most liberal Power on the European continent, Great Britain was opposing her own instincts. On December 6th he wrote to Mowbray Morris:—

“Our good friends whom the *Times* has done so much to put down the throat of John Bull will be found very indigestible. They have a profound *contempt* for England as a military power, and they all do believe Blücher saved us at Waterloo, just as the Frenchmen think with more reason they were our ready help at Inkerman. I am quite satisfied—I fear that I shall die with ample reasons for my faith, even if I do not live long—that when France went down we lost our only ally, an ally whom we had much to

forgive and much endure with, but who, after all, natural or unnatural, would have stood by us."

On December 28th Russell wrote again :—

"Do not put 'Military' correspondent to Brackenbury's letters. It attracts attention, and B. is in great danger now. He is watched by Blumenthal's orders and will be sent away on the least pretext. The reason of all this, or the reasons assigned by Walker to Oliphant, are, first, that B. wrote a letter about German siege artillery (they confound his work and that of Edwards) which was very improper ; and next that he has expressed anti-German and pro-French sentiments—where and when not specified ; and next that he was with the Austrians, and may be again, and that a soldier who may give a possible enemy information should not be tolerated in an army."

On the last day of the year Russell dined with the Crown Prince for the last time, and the Prince spoke in his usual tone of the war. "When is this horrid work to cease? At one time I admired Gambetta. He seemed a man of genius and a patriot. Now he appears to be a bad man, seeking his own ends, and regardless of aught else. Even when Paris falls there is no certainty of peace, and the war will be carried on of necessity with more bitterness, as it becomes objectless or hopeless, on the side of the enemy." Then he turned to the question of British sympathies. He feared that a change was coming over public opinion in England, and that the Germans were supposed to be making war for conquest's sake. "But as for myself," he said, "I only desire durable and honourable peace. We are not ambitious. We do not seek glory as others do. But the war was forced on us ; we must exact conditions which will prevent France, out of mere lightheartedness and wantonness, attacking the German nation again."

One grievance which Englishmen generally had against the Prussians at Versailles was the frequency with which they were arrested. Everyone who was arrested was no doubt inclined to magnify the iniquity and stupidity of his captors, to believe himself potentially a Don Pacifico. Probably, therefore, a humorous rebuke by Delane was well timed. The occasion was the arrest of Colonel Keith Fraser. Delane had not printed a narrative of this arrest sent by Russell, and Russell in due course protested. Whereupon Delane wrote :—

“I think you gentlemen at Versailles a little unreasonable. Everybody who has ever been near either Army in this war has been arrested, not only newspaper correspondents, but ordinary letter-writers and extraordinary book-makers. And every one of them has written an account of his arrest. I should think we have published 100 such accounts, and the public is heartily sick of them; it considers they are the ordinary accidents of war, and that those who put themselves for any reason in the path of armies must expect such trifling inconveniences. Men whose business is killing and who are paid to be killed cannot be *aux petits soins* with every curious neutral who comes to see how he likes it. So, if you attached any importance to Fraser’s account you should have told me so. Unless for some special reasons, the public, whose interest in the war is unabated but who have got over the novelty of it and no longer care for personal adventures, would have considered its publication an impertinence.”

Delane then goes on about the change of opinion in England, and Russell’s observations on the uncomfortable side of the Prussian character :—

“Everybody has gone round bodily to the French, repeating the fatal error the public made by their sympathy with the Confederates as the weaker party, and it is not surprising therefore that England and

Englishmen should be less popular at headquarters than they were. But then the said public say: 'Russell, you see, has come round to the French too'; and if you were to go into any club in London you would hear—very much, perhaps, to your surprise—that you had entirely quarrelled with the Prussians and that the tone of your letters was now as French as it had once been German. I only see indications of such a change, but the world which always credits itself with pre-natural sagacity is quite convinced of it and most ingenious in finding reasons for it. Now, I by no means believe that Bismarck has wings under his white coat, but I think that those who live in his camp are bound not to see cloven hoofs in his boots, and there has been a tendency in all the correspondents to make such a discovery lately, to exaggerate the dangers of a position which has no doubt been critical, and to welcome any news, however false, of French success. Under such circumstances, and remembering that the Germans have been sorely disappointed in the resistance of Paris, and are suffering greatly and not so much at ease as to their prospects as before, I am by no means surprised they should be sulky, and should regard all correspondents with disfavour, and should make you, as the representative of the whole body, the butt of their ill-humour."

On coming into his lodgings on the evening of January 5th Russell found a note from Count Eulenberg, the Crown Prince's *intime*, enclosing a copy of a French newspaper, in which it was suggested that Russell had political sympathy with the enemies of the Prussians. "As you will see," wrote Eulenberg, "a fanatical French newspaper prints your correspondence to the *Times*." It was implied that this ought not to happen again. It is almost incredible that even the most rigid of Prussians should suppose that it is a foreigner's duty to embrace the cause of the Army with which he is present. Dr. Keate flogging boys for not being "pure in heart" was scarcely making

a more curious misfit of the punishment to the crime. Oliphant advised a stiff answer ; Odo Russell a joking one. Russell himself conceived that Eulenberg was not a man to be joked with, and wrote :—

“ I return you the French newspaper you were good enough to send me, with thanks. I am aware my letters are translated into Polish, Russian, Austrian and German journals, and of course ‘ selections ’ are occasionally made from them for the French Press. Naturally I am exposed to very critical examination from different points of view. Herewith I beg to send you the result of one of the appreciations from my own country, which may interest you. I find the work of the artist conveys an impression of my attitude which prevails largely in England, as I learn from private letters and public comments.”

The enclosure was a caricature of Russell cleaning the King of Prussia’s boots. Even while Russell was writing this letter Odo Russell sent a note to him to say that his brother Arthur had written, “ But for Russell the Prussians would be set down here as savages. He has done them immense service.”

Soon Russell had to come to the rescue of Brackenbury, who had got into more serious trouble than anyone could possibly have anticipated, because in one of his letters he had mentioned that he had seen a Prussian at an hotel pocket one of the spoons. The headquarters officers maintained that a German officer had been accused of theft. Eventually Captain Hozier received a letter from headquarters in which he was invited to demand an explanation from Brackenbury. Brackenbury’s explanation was simple ; it was that he had never said a word about an officer, but that a man of a certain regiment had taken a spoon, and that he had only said what was true.

"In consequence of the spoon letter," wrote Russell to Mowbray Morris on January 14th, "the King has ordered an inquiry, and Blumenthal has requested Walker to summon Hozier to headquarters here to give his evidence on the subject, and if the man cannot be identified Blumenthal says every officer of the 90th Regiment will be at liberty 'to give Mr. Brackenbury a cudgels' (his words), but Hozier being far away with Prince Frederick Charles cannot be readily got at."

The affair passed over, as such affairs do; but enough has been said to show that the Prussian and English tempers did not even in those days shake down easily together. Russell himself being of a companionable disposition, got on famously with anybody, but it must not be supposed, as many Englishmen did suppose who had not before them such evidence as this record provides, that Russell would have hesitated to denounce his distinguished hosts if they had at any time done anything injurious to the comity of civilised men. His letters to Delane and Morris on the suggested bombardment of the City of Paris alone prove the contrary.

When all has been said, however, there was no more than a transient coolness between Russell and some of the Prussian officers. The Crown Prince, to the end of his sad life, remained his friend, taking pains to see Russell whenever he came to England. The following message from Seckendorff after the war was obviously not written as the perfunctuary discharge of a duty:—

"His Imperial Highness will only be too glad to bestow upon our *charmant franc-tireur anglais* the Iron Cross. Though a small reward for all the hours of pain and distress, I hope you will keep it as a memorial of this grand campaign and the gallant future Emperor

who commanded the Third Army. The Crown Prince wishes you to receive it out of his own hands."

One more example may be given. Delane, who was a leader of the strong Germanophile sentiment of the years which followed the war, wrote in 1872 :—

"I never heard sweeter music than last night when the Empress of Germany sang your praises to me before a most brilliant audience at the Prussian Embassy. She said that she and her husband and her son and the whole German Army owed you the deepest gratitude for your eloquent history of their achievements, that socially you were as agreeable as in literature you were distinguished, that she had made your acquaintance before the war and regretted that she had not seen you to renew her thanks, which, however, she begged I would communicate to you. I do so, but most inadequately, for I was too pleased that such justice should be done you by such a personage and before such an audience to report so accurately as I could have done had I been less interested. I hope you also will be pleased."

On January 18th Russell watched the astonishing spectacle of the Proclamation of the King of Prussia as German Emperor in the Palace which is dedicated to all the glories of France. His account of the ceremony was an exceptionally vivacious description, which makes the scene move before one's eyes and displays to admiration his faculty for handling a wilderness of particulars as though they were a few general facts.

On January 23rd he had one of those pieces of luck which fill the heart of every correspondent with undiluted satisfaction—all the more, perhaps, when he has done nothing to organise his success. After writing most of the day he strolled out after dinner, when he ran up against a Frenchman of his

acquaintance in the street. The Frenchman was much agitated. "Tell me, for God's sake, what it is all about," he exclaimed. "Why should Jules Favre be here? What can he be doing unless Paris is doomed?" "Jules Favre here!" said Russell. "That is impossible." "But I swear it. I know him as well as I know myself. Not five minutes ago he passed me in a carriage going towards the Rue de Provence." This was news indeed. Keeping his information to himself, Russell hurried off to headquarters and had the news confirmed. He then sent off a telegram, and in the *Times* of the next day London read that the negotiations for the capitulation of Paris had begun. Mowbray Morris's depression was already on the rebound, and this performance sent up his rising cheerfulness many degrees.

"You have achieved a great success," he wrote, "by your telegram of the 24th announcing Jules Favre's proposal for the capitulation of Paris. We have beaten everybody. I make you my compliments and thank you heartily."

Paris capitulated on January 29th, 1871, and peace preliminaries were signed at Versailles on the same day.

On February 2nd Russell drove with Odo Russell to the Pont de Neuilly and beheld the spectacle, never to be forgotten, of the French Army passing into Paris through an avenue of Prussian troops. Russell's carriage was loaded with as much bread and meat and vegetables as he could bring from Versailles. He drove straight to the British Embassy, where he found a distribution of food to the English inhabitants going on, and the place looked like a co-operative store.

The next day he visited General Vinoy, who burned

with indignation at the insults his officers and men had to suffer from the armed rabble of Paris. On February 8th, the day of the elections to the National Assembly, under the Government of National Defence, Russell went back to Versailles and arranged to move his impedimenta into Paris, whither he returned on the 11th and sat down to watch the storm of revolution which was rising fast. The Assembly which met on February 13th, although it contained a majority of monarchists, failed to agree upon a sovereign, and Thiers was elected, *faute de mieux*, as it were, head of the French Republic. The name of "Republic" could not hide the monarchical sympathies of the Government, and the temper of revolutionary Paris was soon to break under the strain of seeing the disbanding of its National Guard by such a Government and the official occupation of Paris by the legions of Germany.

March 1st was the day on which the Germans made their formal entry into Paris, and it was a day of great danger and anxiety for Russell. He had arranged that a special train should take him to Calais from the Gare du Nord after the ceremony, but the difficulty, he foresaw, would be to reach the station. He would have to leave the German troops and pass through the French crowds, and the French authorities at the Tuileries told him frankly that their passes were almost as dangerous as those of the enemy. The armed crowds were beyond control.

From the ruins of the grand stand at Longchamp he watched the 30,000 Prussians and Bavarians who were to make the entry march past, and when the heads of the columns moved off by roads converging on the Arc de Triomphe, he hurried along byways on horseback and was at the Arc in time to see their arrival.

As soon as he left the Germans to go to the Embassy to write his account, he was stopped by a French officer, who said, "You must not pass here." He was explaining that he was an Englishman, when a small bystander squeaked out, "Non! il est Prussien. Il est entré tout-a-l'heure avec les Prussiens. J'ai vu ce monsieur." A roar burst from the mob, "A bas les Prussiens! Tuez le!" The officer motioned to his troops to keep off the howling savages with bayonets while Russell briskly fell back along the Champs Elysées and tried to reach the Embassy by another route. Here he met with almost exactly the same opposition; the "On ne passe pas ici" from the officer was accompanied by cries from the mob. Time was getting on, and Russell was desperate. He drew out his English passport and insisted on his right to go to the Embassy. The officer said, "I would not advise you to go even if I could let you. These scoundrels would have you off your horse and finish you the moment you left us." The crowd "howled like demons," and a few missiles were thrown over the soldiers' heads. With a yell of derision and rage after him Russell went back by the road by which he had come. As he went he had the happy thought of turning down a side street where there was an hotel with a courtyard occupied by Prussians. The gate was closed and he knocked fiercely. The man who opened it refused to admit the horse until Russell insisted that it belonged to the Prussian staff, which was in a sense true. Taking off the saddle-bags Russell left the animal with his blessing. After this short disappearance he sallied forth into the crowded streets again and found that without a horse he attracted much less attention.

Having no time now to go to the Embassy, he went straight to the Hotel Chatham, where he had arranged to meet a travelling companion who was to act as amanuensis, and so on to the Gare du Nord, which they reached twenty minutes late.

Russell dictated till about nine o'clock in the evening, and what was written was put on board a special steamer at Calais. But he had not finished his work even then; the telegraph was brought into action for the remnant, and he wrote page after page till after midnight.

The next day he returned to Paris and watched the development of the revolution. On the 18th the Commune was proclaimed. The following day he saw the Reds seize upon the Place Vendôme, and wrote down his opinion that a division of London police would have broken up the whole lot.

"A more timid-looking, wretched set of creatures I never saw, except the National Guard, who fled or melted away before them."

After that he watched the occupation of the Hôtel de Ville, and finally passing through the dark streets, marked the houses inside which the *bourgeoisie* cowered with shutters closed and lights out. Near the Louvre at the door of the *caserne* he noticed some soldiers and *gendarmes* piling their military chests in a few carts. "Do you know," whispered a bystander, "that the Government are fleeing to Versailles? They abandon us. See the proof." Russell hurried to the Embassy. Lord Lyons was still up, and confirmed the news. He had heard of the murder of Generals Clement and Thomas, but was nevertheless surprised at the flight of Thiers and the troops. It was not till one o'clock in the morning that Russell returned to

his hotel stupefied by the knowledge that he had seen the overthrow of a Government and the surrender of suffering Paris to the terrible foes of her own making.

He then wrote to Mowbray Morris :—

“ After I sent off my last letter to the post as to our movements, I went out to buy some presents, and on getting as far as the Rue Royale heard shots and met the crowd flying. I went on and encountered Malet,* who said ‘ They are firing in the Place Vendôme. Don’t go on.’ I said ‘ It is only in the air,’ but presently my coachman appeared and said they were firing in earnest. So I pressed on and got to the Rue des Capucines, where there was no doubt about it, for there was one man down trying to crawl into a house and men taking aim right at me, and hats and pools of blood in front. I turned down another street and there found Oliphant just escaped from the murderous scene. A bullet shaved his head as he was looking out of Blount’s window and went into the room. He was very unhappy and irresolute as to his purpose of staying, and at last said he felt he would be trifling with his conscience, after having had a warning, if he stayed, as he had a clear intimation of what he ought to do, and only wavered about the time of going. So you will see him and me to-morrow. I have not the least sense of personal danger in staying, but others have for me, and I am glad you ordered me home and that I had packed up before the firing occurred and sent off to get places, as I am afraid to have it said I was afraid.”

Those acquainted with Oliphant’s life know that he regarded the bullet which Russell refers to as the warning prescribed for him by the religious autocrat, Harris, who had so strange an influence on his brilliant but unballasted mind. Oliphant accordingly

* Mr. Edward Malet (afterwards Sir E. Malet) became Agent and Consul-General in Egypt and later still British Ambassador at Berlin in succession to Lord Ampthill (Odo Russell).

returned at once to his spiritual captivity in the United States.

Russell went to London, but almost at once came back to Versailles and watched for a few days one of the most ironic spectacles in history—the siege of Paris by the Versailles troops, and the burning of Paris by the Communards under the eyes of their countrymen and of the astonished German invaders. Mr. Malet was left at the British Embassy in charge of the archives, and he afterwards wrote to Russell of his experiences when the Versailles troops took their own capital.

“PARIS,

“*May 25th, 1871.*

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—The newspapers will perhaps mention Paris, so I will only tell you a little about our plight at the Embassy since Monday. From nine o'clock on that day to half-past nine on the following night Lascelles and I with the servants of the Embassy were prisoners. In front tidy little barricades, three in number, were taken successively at 4 on Monday, 3 on Tuesday, and the last one in the Rue Royale at 6 on Wednesday morning. During all the time the cannon shot went pounding past our door without cessation. The troops got progressively from one house to another. Atlee's, at the corner of the Rue d'Aguesseau, was a capital position. On Tuesday early I was told an officer wanted to see me. He and his men had made a breach in the garden and went through the form of requesting my permission for the use of the Embassy. I replied that I was unable to grant it, and finally it was settled that we were only to be traversed not occupied. At the bottom of the garden was a battery firing on the great barricade in the Rue de Rivoli. I really never should have believed that such a din as went on for those two days was possible. From our Chancery window we could see Saumarez in the Rue d'Aguesseau. He wanted during a lull to run across to us, but a little dog who ventured round the corner was at once fired at and showed

what Saumarez' fate would have been. At 2.30 the shells began to fall all about and we retired to the cellars. The house was struck several times, but no serious damage was done to the fabric—cracking of glass and tiles principally. At half-past nine at night Atlee ran across and found us buccaneering* in the cellar amid spoils of despatch boxes just finishing our dinner. We went out into the Faubourg and saw the corners of the Rue Royale blazing and the insurgents at the barricade firing up the Rue Royale. You see all this is a very personal narrative. Nobody belonging to the Embassy has received a scratch.

"Yours,
"E. MALET."

Here the sketch of Russell's experiences of the Franco-German War and its sequel must end. One may feel that he would have been better employed after the fall of Metz with Prince Frederick Charles or Manteuffel than in the grand but uneasy atmosphere of Versailles. However that may be, he could claim credit for having served his paper extremely well through a period in which the craft of the war correspondent developed in many unforeseen ways. Bismarck's Autobiography may be cited in evidence.† Excluded, as has been already said, from the secrets of the military staff, Bismarck was obliged to inform himself as to the military situation "by keeping up confidential relations with some of the unemployed royalties who formed the 'second step' at the headquarters." He adds: "Russell, too, the English correspondent at headquarters, was usually better informed than myself as to the views and occurrences there, and was a useful source of intelligence."

* Mr. Malet was a member of the "Bold Buccaneers" club at Washington when he was a Secretary of Legation during the Civil War.

† Vol. II., p. 108.

CHAPTER XIX

SANDRINGHAM AND EGYPT

IN London once more, Russell settled down to his work at the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and soon made a new arrangement in the proprietorship, by which he took a Mr. Wood into partnership.

Numerous entries in his diary testify to the kindness and thoughtfulness of the Prince of Wales. Thus, on July 9th, 1871 :—

“Invited by the Prince and Princess of Wales to Chiswick to meet the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia. After tea in a tent on the lawn, the Prince of Wales told me to walk with the Crown Princess and talk about Paris. Apparently the same instructions given to Odo Russell. The Crown Prince and Princess and O. R. and I found ourselves walking in the garden, a *partie carrée*, talking of the subject of which all our minds were full. It was commonly said at the time that the Crown Princess admired the leaders of the Commune. I arrived at conclusion that this was only a misleading way of saying that she thought the Communists less bad than the Versailles troops. She is clever indeed—so quick, so animated. Her quotation of Shakespeare as to the Nana when we talked of the Indian Mutiny was very good.”

At the beginning of August Russell went for the *Times* to describe a review of the troops in Dublin. The Prince of Wales took him in the Royal yacht, in which he lived during the few days the Prince stayed in Dublin. The yacht then went to Cowes, where Russell was dismissed to return to London. “Prince asked for my photograph, and was extremely kind,”

says the diary. Scarcely was he back in London when he received a message from the Prince of Wales asking him to go to France to act as guide on some of the French battlefields. Most of the time was spent at Sedan and Metz. Such a gratifying friendship as this caused Russell to feel even more than his natural share of the anxiety and emotion which swept over the country during the Prince of Wales's desperate illness in the winter of 1871.

"I am quite unwell from anxiety," he writes in his diary one day during the crisis. "Alas, alas! it is hoping against hope now. Attempted to eat breakfast. Quite abortive. The telegrams show no improvement. No one can speak of anything else. There are hundreds of stories flying about from men who know. Poor Prince, poor Prince!"

Again, the next day :—

"At 2 a.m. a crowd round Marlborough House. Two servants in the little lodge where the book is kept. Lord H. Lennox passed in. As we waited, in came telegram. H. L. opened it and read, 'Restless night no signs of improvement.' Alas! We passed out into cold, grimy London. My poor Prince!"

When the Prince had made his miraculous rally Sir Arthur Ellis wrote :—

"SANDRINGHAM,

"*December 16th, 1871.*

"DEAR RUSSELL,—With the consciousness of our long and intimate friendship and your own excellent discretion, I feel I may safely leave the following in your hands. I fain would write to Delane straight, but it has been suggested to me by an illustrious friend that you may peradventure be able to submit it to his favourable consideration with even greater effect, and thus also spare him the trouble of a letter in reply.

"We—and when I say *we*, I do not presume to your editorial plural, but the circle big and little here—

have read with infinite satisfaction the excellent articles on H.R.H.'s illness and condition, which have had so good an effect, and caused so truthful an echo the country around. *But*, in speaking of these '*hakeem Bashis*' *voyons un peu*, I fear the whole truth is not out, and here comes the bucket from the bottom of the well. Dr. Gull, the man who has saved his life, by his untiring energy and constant watchfulness and careful ministering, nursing so tender and extraordinary that he combined in himself the duties of physician, dresser, valet, nurse, housemaid, and more, now arguing with him softly and pleasantly in his delirium, and then, when no one else could persuade him to take nourishment, gently inducing him to accept it notwithstanding at his hands, lifting him from bed to bed, his wasted body—he is so thin now—washing him with vinegar, etc., and spending often in a day 12 or 15 hours at his bedside. What more can I say? Then with *her* in her agony and despair, soothing her with kindest expression and hopeful words.

"The Princess of Wales this evening said to me about Dr. Gull, 'He is like an angel from Heaven—so good and so modest. What I owe to him no one ever will know.' It seems to some that scant honour has been done to him when in all truth the heat and burden of the day (what do I say!!—*twenty-eight* days!!) have fallen to his lot, and such days that have reduced him even from a strong and healthy Gull to a worn and haggard scarecrow of his former comely self. The upshot of all these feeble words is that should Delane think fitting and find suitable occasion to make mention of names and services again, that it would be grateful to all who owe the Prince's life to Gull that *some* honour and praise be given to him and suitable expression be made as to how much they, we, the whole country, are indebted to him as well as to Sir Jenner. I needn't add that Gull would kill me with jalap if he guessed my indiscretion. But you are good-hearted I know. You are wise I believe. You are prudent I hope.

"Yours sincerely,

"ARTHUR ELLIS."

Russell's answer to this brought the following reply from Sir Arthur Ellis :—

" December 18th, 1871.

" DEAR BILLY R.,—Only a line to thank you for your nice letter. I took the liberty of submitting it to the Queen, who liked it so much that she ordered a copy of it at once, but feeling that H. M. was struck not only by the material thereof, but especially by your good and legal handwriting—(I took half an hour to make it out, my dear)—I humbly prayed that the original should be preserved instead.

" Yes, we are elated. Of course it is foolish, but we have gone through so much, it has been so painful, so bad to bear and to witness—now the change and improvement is intoxicating. This resurrection is miraculous.

" We all believed—every soul here on Wednesday evening—that it was a question of hours. My heart overflowed for *her*, the wife, and her anguish was most painful to witness. And to feel nothing could save or help! You know it all.

" Well, it is over, and we are joyful—you and I and all of us.

" Ever yours,
" A. E."

In the winter of 1872 Russell stayed for the first time at Sandringham. The visit was followed by many others throughout his life ; they need not be mentioned further ; but we may quote the words in which on his first visit he drew for Mrs. Thornhill a pretty picture of the family life.

" I never was down at Sandringham before, for my visit last year was stopped by the terrible illness, and I like it very much. We all sit in the hall before dinner ; dine at 8 at a round table, persecuted by a piper, and at dessert in come the children, who circle round papa and mamma and make the most pretty picture possible. I never saw the Princess look to such advantage. She and Miss Knollys play the piano very prettily, as she has much improved, and then we

have a rubber and go to the bowling alley or billiard room at 10. The ladies go off at 11. We sit up till 12.30. Breakfast (prayers by Chaplain Onslow for those who attend them) at 9. 10.30 Prince and Princess arrange for forenoon. To-day we went to church and the Princess showed me where the little baby is buried, and the bed on which the Prince lay without life almost, and certainly without hope, for so long. Princess is wonderful. She trots about with a pony with little princesses in baskets on each side, and a basket of carrots for her horses on her arm to the stables as if nothing could tire her, and the children all tugging at her little body as if they would tear her to pieces, and never says a cross word!"

At the end of 1873 Russell was anxious to obtain an appointment for his second son, John, and he applied through his friend General H. Eyre to Colonel C. G. Gordon, who was preparing to go (in April, 1874) to Khartoum to take up his governorship of the Soudan in succession to Sir Samuel Baker. In those days the governorship was an appointment under the Khedive, and was not officially recognised by the British Government. On January 2nd, 1874, General Eyre wrote to Russell to tell him the result of the application, and enclosed a copy of Gordon's words. Gordon wrote :—

"There was one thing the Khedive* said pointedly—'I will give you one companion. You will choose whom you like, and what sum you name he shall have.' I had not the heart to say anything more, for I felt how he has spent for nothing so much money (which shakes his *prestige* as a ruler)—I thought, 'Let me go up, see the country and my wants, and in fact do something before I increase his expenses.' I think also the first brush will be a hard one. I do not mean 'brush' in a warlike sense but with respect to hardship, living, etc. And why take more people, who can

* Ismail Pasha.

little aid one, than can be helped? Thus, if Dr. Russell would like his son to go I will take him—I will treat him well and do the best I can, but he must ask the Khedive. I cannot do it myself.”

Three weeks later Russell met Gordon in London, and wrote in his diary: “A darling fellow all over. He said he would do his best for John.” A telegram, as a result of this interview, was sent to the Khedive, who answered that he authorised the employment of John Russell. John Russell accordingly went to Egypt in March, 1874.

Shortly afterwards Russell himself visited Egypt, and was taken by Nubar Pasha to see Ismail.

“The Khedive,” he wrote in his diary, “after a few moments of constraint set to work to abuse Baker and praise Gordon.”

Sir Samuel Baker, it must be remembered, had had a continuous struggle, carried on with wonderful pluck and enterprise, with the chiefs of the Soudanese slave trade. When he patched up an understanding with that arch-trader in slaves Ahmed Akkad, it was only because he was in desperate need of provisions and carriers, and was compelled temporarily to treat with the man whose infamous traffic he intended to bring to an end. A proof of his courageous integrity was his successful attack on Abou Saood at a time when his own *prestige* in the country was very small, and when he could count on no help. Ismail, by a master-stroke of cynical levity, had sent Baker to crush a trade which his Government had deliberately legalised. He never, in fact, wanted Baker to succeed, and lost no opportunity of disparaging him when he became aware of his tenacity. Gordon read Ismail's mind less acutely than Baker read it, and Ismail, in praising

Gordon at the expense of Baker, was very likely trying incidentally to make trouble between them. Ismail was particularly loud in praising Gordon, when Gordon, with mistaken trustfulness—not, one is sure, with any lack of sincerity—employed the slave dealer, Abou Saood, as one of the agents of his policy.

In October, 1874, Ismail wrote to Russell :—*

“You are no doubt aware of the circumstances that have recently occurred at Darfour in consequence of the measures taken on the Egyptian frontier to put down the slave trade, which indeed is the principal, if not the only, traffic in which the inhabitants are employed. The Sultan of that country has attempted on several occasions hostile expeditions into Egyptian territory, in which he has been repulsed with large loss. I had hoped that these losses would have been a lesson to him, and I contented myself in giving orders for a surveillance of his frontier stricter than that which had been previously exercised on the subject of the slave trade. Unhappily the attacks were renewed, and the Egyptian troops were forced to enter on the territory of Darfour. I should have much desired not to have been compelled to occupy this country, for there is enough to do in the Soudan to develop its riches and to nurture the progress of civilisation, without taking into consideration that these expeditions into Darfour impose on us heavy expenditure of men and money ; but I had no alternative, for it was my only method of accomplishing that object which, as you are aware, I have so much at heart, viz., the suppression of this traffic in the negro. The occupation of Darfour accomplishes immediately the freedom of the Darfourians, since they become Egyptians.

“I trust that this step will act on the neighbouring provinces so as to check the slave trade also amongst them, and that the vicinity of our civilisation may by degrees soften their savage habits. Still, this is but

* It is almost certain that Ismail did not write this letter himself. Possibly it was written for him by Nubar. The translation in Russell's possession is quoted instead of the original French.

a hope, for these barbarians understand and acknowledge no power but that of brute force; but in every case they will now find on their frontiers a serious impediment to their traffic in slaves.

"I have just received letters from Colonel Gordon which have given me great pleasure. This officer has thoroughly comprehended the object of his mission, and is rendering us great service. This makes me regret very deeply that he was not with us in the place of Sir Samuel Baker. He would have spared us much trouble, the work which we have undertaken would be far more advanced, and we should have saved a sum of about £500,000 sterling, which might have been employed in constructing a considerable portion of the Soudan Railway.

"I enclose you a telegram in which you will see the praise that Colonel Gordon bestows upon Abou Saood El-Akkad. It is very fortunate for us that we did not accept without inquiry Sir Samuel Baker's accusations against this man, in whom Colonel Gordon has found a useful and devoted aid. Abou Saood El-Akkad has not yet risen to the rank of Bey, although the Colonel gives him this title in his telegram. He has evidently desired to propose it to me in this manner, and I shall confer the rank in order to recompense his services and to encourage him to devote himself more and more to the undertaking in which Colonel Gordon exhibits so much ability and interest.

"In one of his letters also the Colonel desires that I should confer the rank of General upon Raouf Bey, Colonel of the Egyptian troops in the Equatorial Provinces, an officer against whom Sir Samuel Baker had also urged serious and heavy complaints.* The Colonel thinks so much of this officer that he wishes to make a Governor of him, and begs me not to extend beyond nine months the leave of absence that has been granted to him. All this will show you the value of the accusations and complaints of Sir Samuel Baker, who must in making them have endeavoured to throw upon others the responsibility of the results of his expedition."

* Sir Samuel Baker was quite right.

When John Russell had been a short time in the Soudan, he wrote a letter on the situation which his father thought of so much interest that he sent a summary of it to Delane for publication. It did not immediately appear in the *Times*, and Russell wrote to remonstrate with Delane on what he supposed was his failure to appreciate a good thing. The following bitter cry which came in answer has its counterpart in every editor's heart on almost every day of the year :—

“ There is nothing so entirely wonderful to anybody who has to work a newspaper as the way in which the public ignores all its difficulties. But *you* ought to know something of them, and yet you expect to see the abstract of your boy's letter and a review of Lord Ronald's book in the same paper with the report of a debate which occupies 15 columns. Why, the *List* last night presented 72 columns, of which 70 were thoroughly good matter, and these had to be reduced to 48 by a process compared with which that little business of Herod's was a joke. At the same time the Duke of Sutherland thinks it very hard I can't put in two columns about his steam plough, and 50 correspondents demand each *as a matter of justice* that their letters shall be inserted. All this while the *Spectator* complains every week that the debates are not reported at sufficient length ! And MacDonald that we never get in any advertisements. The only point you all agree to ignore is what is done, though that is not quite so easy as the public think.”

After a year in the Soudan John Russell was very ill at his post, and for weeks his father was in deep anxiety about him. General Eyre used to write to Russell whenever he received a letter from Gordon in order to relieve his anxiety.

For example :—

“ I have a letter from Gordon dated May 5th, 1875. For the first time he makes no mention of your son,

thereby showing that he was no longer in anxiety about him, and that they were not together, which you seem to be aware of."

Again, on September 19th, 1875 :—

"To-day I have two most interesting letters from Gordon, one dated June 18th, and the other July 21st. I cannot spare them now because I have to send extracts to some of his friends who hope to hear from me about him. In the second one he alludes again (to my surprise) to your son, who I fancied was in England long ago. The fact is, that as I had been instrumental in getting him to take the young man with him in the first instance, I felt great regret at seeing his health fail and his being so disappointed, and I wrote to Charles Gordon to say how sorry I was about it, and expressing a hope that he would succeed in getting him made Vice-Consul (at Khartoum).

"Well, his letter of the 21st of July began by acknowledging my letter, but alludes to young Russell only in the following few words: 'If I have appeared hard and cruel about Russell in the smallest degree I cry "*Peccavi*," and I have said so in a letter to his father, which I have asked him to show you. No one is always wise, and I fear I often am not; but you have no idea of my difficulties at times, and my anxiety about my people who keep dying around me. No one under 40, or say, 35 years of age, should ever come up.' I think you will agree with me that this reference to your son and the whole tone of his remarks show what a fine, generous creature he is, and how little his acts proceed from selfish motives. He thinks only of others. I know that from the beginning he was most uneasy about those two young men Russell and Anson—the thought of them dying while with him appeared to *haunt* him, and he alluded to this fear in every letter."

The letter from Gordon to Russell, which is referred to above and which we shall now quote, is highly characteristic. The reasoning is confused to the point of bewilderment, but it is all fine and generous too;

there is no limit to the writer's splendid readiness to blame himself and absolve others. If nothing but this one letter survived as a clue to Gordon's character, one could read here in a plain epitome the almost egotistical exclusion of egotism, the erratic qualities, the tenderness, the romantic recklessness, which made Gordon the great chivalrous soul, the likeable human being, and the popular hero he was. Gordon tells Russell how he had sent John Russell away rather summarily, and then continues :—

“ I will see that every farthing is paid to your son. On your part, I will ask you, if the Khedive has paid anything directly *in avoidance* of these claims, to let me know. Now I come to the end of this matter I deeply regret my harshness to your son, and I wish I could have helped him. I make no apologies for myself whatever, either for climate effects or anything else, and I beg to offer my apologies to both him and yourself. Nothing but the state of his health, his inexperience making it worse, induced me to wish to be rid of him. You may therefore put down to me, as I have said, the blame, and not to your son, who, I think, if he was in a healthy atmosphere, would do good work.

“ Khartoum, as Vice-Consul to commence with, would be first-rate, for he would enjoy a great reputation afterwards, and be of ultimate service to the country. I do not think the Khedive would like it, but it would be a great blessing if he was there—to all, both Arabs and others. Please tell this to Lord Derby : that it is a sad thing with all the outcry we make we cannot afford a Vice-Consul there. Even a few weeks' respite from tyranny while I was there was rejoiced in. No man is flogged almost to death while explorers or Europeans are in Khartoum. As for the resident Europeans, they have too many interests at stake to stand up for others.

“ Now, my dear Dr. Russell, why did not your son stay at Fashoda and study the ropes—for there is the place to study them, better than anywhere else—and

make something of it? He has, or ought to have, from his residence there, a good idea of all that goes on. I really wished him well, and had I sent him to [word illegible] I had sent him to his grave. One of my staff said, 'Send him off to one of the stations,' and I said 'Yes, and morally murder him. How would *you* like it?' No; I have been rude and harsh, but not cruel about him, and if he had been my own nephew I would have *done* the same, perhaps with more civility.

"His line is Consulship, to begin with a small-paid V.-C., to which salary I would have added as I proposed. It was not the mere wish to be rid of him which actuated me, but a wish for his welfare, though I say it was not shown in the most polite manner. I care not one bit for the world's opinion or man's favour, but I owe you this explanation.

"If your son gets the V.-C. I will keep to my agreement and supplement his pay as long as I am here. I do not think my relations with the Khedive are very cordial."

CHAPTER XX

THE INDIAN TOUR

IN the spring of 1875 arrangements began to be made for the tour of the Prince of Wales in India, and Russell was invited by the Prince to be one of the party. No one could have foreseen how much disputation would follow in the next few months and on what various issues. Was this tour advisable? Should the Prince go as Heir-Apparent or as the representative of the Queen? (As though Indian rajahs would perceive any difference!) Should Great Britain or India pay the bill? And then there was the distractingly difficult question of presents—how many to give, what sort of presents to accept, how much to spend upon the former, and how to dispose of the latter. Russell was concerned with only one of the various questions, and that was how newspapers should be represented. It was soon known in every newspaper office in England that he was to go in the *Serapis* with the Prince, and there arose a furious and united remonstrance. He would have an incalculable advantage over every other correspondent, it was said. Never was such favouritism! Never was favouritism so inopportune! The *Times* was, in effect, to be subsidised with public money!

Sir Bartle Frere, who was appointed to be the responsible head of the expedition, was on the point of yielding. Russell, he suggested, should not write at all to the *Times* from the *Serapis*, but just go as the Prince's friend. Then all would be well. "Yes,"

said Russell; "all would be well if the *Times* would pay for me to enjoy myself and do nothing. But the *Times* won't." "What do you suggest yourself?" asked Sir Bartle Frere. Russell drew up a proposal, which was printed and, together with numerous sage reflections from other minds, was circulated in Government Departments. He suggested that the Prince's tour was analogous to a campaign. The suite might be regarded as the headquarters staff.

"It is a delicate matter," he went on, "for the chief of the staff to draw the line. He evades this invidious function by according to all applicants a modified permission while discharging himself of all responsibility with regard to any. He grants to all duly certified applicants a general 'legitimation' which will avert arrest and enable the holder to see any battle that comes in his way. It will not frank him up to the foremost line; it does not authorise him to ride on the staff; it merely allows him to be where, without it, he could not be."

This rule, he thought, might be observed in dealing with the numerous applications for permission to go with the Prince. He next pointed out that in a campaign some exceptions were made to this simple permissive legislation. In the Franco-German War he himself, Mr. Skinner, of the *Daily News*, and Mr. Landells, of the *Illustrated London News*, were all attached to the staff of the Crown Prince. If this precedent were followed the exceptions would resolve themselves into a very small compass—eight newspapers at the most, including two illustrated papers, and the Central News for supplying all the country papers. He did not propose that the correspondents should be of the personal suite, but only that they should be, to use an Indian term, "in the Prince's camp."



"Our War Correspondent."
(Cartoon reproduced by kind permission of "Vanity Fair.")

It must be admitted that there was logic in the grievance of the insurgents. For a favourite Russell was generous. "A favourite has no friends," but his proposal was a friendly act towards his fellows. When Sir Bartle Frere had received it, however, he wrote :—

"INDIA OFFICE,

"September 10th, 1875.

"DEAR RUSSELL,—I have barely time to thank you for your note, and to say that the concessions you offered so handsomely fell far short of the expectations of those who wished to coerce H.R.H. into taking them as companions throughout his tour. But the combination seems broken up, and I am much mistaken if those who signed the ultimatum are not by this time heartily ashamed of themselves.

"It is only to prevent a renewal of the attack that I should be glad of an assurance from authority that the *Times* has made provision for special reports altogether independent of yourself.

"If anything further on the subject occurs I will let you know.

"Believe me, very truly yours,
"B. FRERE."

Something further did occur. It was proposed as a compromise that Russell should go in the *Serapis* not as the representative of the *Times* but as an office-bearing member of the staff. The fury increased. This was a subterfuge! No one cared what he went as or was called; the question was whether he was or was not to be allowed to send letters to the *Times* from the *Serapis*. In his old age Russell wrote to Mr. C. F. Moberly Bell some reminiscences of these days :—

"Dizzy was consulted, and he suggested that I should be attached to the suite as 'précis writer' and

act as such, and added, poor man, that he was sure it would be 'considered as a great compliment by the Press'! He was even undeceived. There was a howl, which shook the India Office and Marlborough House, from Fleet Street and Shoe Lane and dear 'Bottley Beer,' as the Bombay Parsees called him—(Sir Bartle Frere)—quailed before the storm. It was arranged that I was to be styled 'Honorary Private Secretary to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' (without salary) but with diplomatic uniform, etc. And the whole of the great metropolitan Press, with one very remarkable exception, fell into violent convulsions every night and produced the results in the morning. Then the mighty ones kowtowed to Moses, Jacob, and Israel generally, and it was suggested that I might prepare copy for the organs of the Jihad, but I told Sir Bottley it could not be done no how, and he retired to secret places and wept bitterly. Finally it was arranged that I was not to address the editor of the *Times*, or the *Times*, from the *Serapis* at all during the voyage, but if someone on board thought proper to send a letter on shore it would be surprising if the *Times* now and then was not 'favoured with an interesting communication respecting the Prince of Wales's journey to India,' etc., etc., etc.

"The anger of J. T. D. was lava-like, and lavish, shared no doubt with J. Walter. The former wrote to Sir Bartle Frere a letter which made him skip like a man kangaroo for several hours and glare at me menacingly through his glasses for days. He said: 'We have provided the foremost member of the staff of the first journal of the world with the salary of an ambassador (£300 a month) to furnish a trustworthy narrative of this memorable visit of the Heir to the Throne to the subjects of the Queen, and you yield to the jealousy and clamour of those, our rivals as they claim to be, who exercise no influence on the opinion of the intelligent public,' etc., etc.—something of the sort."

The "Honorary Private Secretary," since authority had spoken its last word, now became the only butt. Mr. Edmund Yates wrote an article in the *World* full

of praise of Russell which rendered more effective the sting in the tail of the article :—

“To have marked Swift, upon whom ‘the scene darkened ere the curtain fell in his dotage’; to have seen Scott, bursting into tears at the impossibility of marshalling his thoughts and pursuing his old avocation, were scarcely more painful than to find the great Special Correspondent, the first descriptive journalist of the day, voluntarily degraded into the ‘Assistant Private Secretary’ of a travelling court.”

Yates followed up his article by writing privately to Russell :—

“ROYAL HOTEL, LOWESTOFT,
“September 24th, 1875.

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—Take the bright portion of the portrait as the expression of my recollection of our old friendship and my personal regard for you, and the dark as a bit of ‘newspaper warfare’ between the *A. & N. G.* and the *World*. The days of my youth were the days of my enthusiasm, and you were one of my heroes. I laboured zealously assisting Arthur Smith in making up the Fielding hamper which was sent out to you in the Crimea, assisting Arthur Smith in the business arrangements for your lectures.

“But I have a fatal inability for remaining quiet under a kick, and though I steadily overlooked snubs and rebuffs which have been freely administered in the *A. & N. G.* ever since we (the *World*) came into existence, there came a time when the worm turned, and the time was coincident with the publication of your last number. The aggression came from Wellington Street, and was felt the more strongly because, even if not undeserved, it was wholly unprovoked.

“Very faithfully yours,
“EDMUND YATES.”

One note in Russell’s diary during the voyage in the *Serapis* may be transcribed here as it displays the difference between his own Imperialism and that of Sir Bartle Frere. Russell had a warm admiration for

Sir Bartle Frere, as a righteous public servant, a man of lofty purposes and what he afterwards called "a nobility of governing," but he never could bring himself to believe—as Frere seemed to him to believe—in the soundness of cutting everyone to the English measure and calling the result blessing. He thought the process of cutting too severe. This difference will appear more distinctly later in the pages on South African affairs :—

"When Sir Bartle Frere and I were talking on board the *Serapis* what time we had left Goa and were steaming down south, he burst out into a fine 'Glory be to God' for India—that we have come to civilise and Christianise these people; and I pointed to the coast near at hand where at every twenty miles or so we passed white chapels with great stone crosses on the roof, and said: 'What has become of their congregations?' These were the evidences of the work of Saint Francis Xavier. 'Yes,' said Sir Bartle, 'but, my dear friend, they were the work of a missionary of the Church of Rome.' And when I reminded him that the Hindu rule had endured for hundreds of years before the domination of Mohammedans and that the latter had lasted for some six or seven centuries while we had only been in evidence for a couple of centuries, he said: 'That is true. But we are called by God to found His Kingdom here for ever.' And so collapsed the dialogue."

It would be superfluous to tell again here the well-known story of the Prince's tour, which embraced not only India but Greece, Egypt, Spain and Portugal. Russell, a privileged person, let slip in a letter to Mrs. Thornhill a suggestion of the reverse side to privilege—a reminder that the jester is not always merry.

"I am not going to grumble, because I know you consider me the jolliest old dog that ever lived—so

privileged to be allowed to hang on to a Prince's tail and write letters about him to the *Times*, and to wear a beautiful coat and so happy that I am always laughing and cheerful!"

The beautiful coats—for there were several—were sometimes for Russell the occasion of much searching of heart. For example, he receives the following ukase from Sir Bartle Frere at Government House, Madras :—

*"Levéé dress for dinner.
"Civilians : Household dress for Ball."*

Russell, reflecting that his quarters in Madras are some way from Government House and that the ball will begin soon after dinner, writes on the ukase, which he sends to Sir Bartle Frere :—

*"Undersigned craves advice. Is he to take Household dress in bag to Government House and dress on stairs, or return to Colonel Rogers's and change?
"W. H. RUSSELL."*

Across this Sir Bartle Frere scribbles the final but perplexing word "Yes."

Russell was not easily forgiven for being rapt away from the discomforts which beset other correspondents. Presently stories began to be told in England about the indignities he was compelled to accept; there were no such indignities, but that which is jealously desired is soon believed. These stories became so persistent and circumstantial and were repeated in so many newspapers, that Sir Bartle Frere wrote to Delane :—

*"GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
"MADRAS,*

"December 17th, 1875.

"DEAR MR. DELANE,—I am sure you will excuse me for writing to you on the subject of some reports

regarding the conduct of members of the party of H.R.H. since we left England which to some extent affect one for whom you and all of us here entertain a great regard and respect. I had some weeks ago inquiries sent to me from friends in England regarding certain stories current that some of the younger members of H.R.H.'s suite had been playing practical jokes on Russell. The stories were very circumstantial as to the kind of horseplay, and the persons engaged in it. But they were intangible stories, and I contented myself with telling the querists, and one friend who, from his official position would be likely to be referred to in England, that the stories were entirely without foundation, or, as far as I knew, shadow of foundation.

"But by the last mail I find these stories alluded to and detailed in journals having claims to accuracy of information; and being thus no longer intangible, I think it as well to repeat to you, what I have said to others, that neither I, nor anyone I can find amongst our party, can recall to mind any single circumstance, however trivial, which could have served as the foundation of such a story, and that it is from beginning to end, as far as I know, a complete and unmitigated fabrication, and falsehood.

"Had Russell's name alone been implicated, I do not know that I should have addressed myself to you, for I have no doubt that your long and intimate acquaintance with him would have impressed you with the same high respect as well as regard for him which we all feel, and that you would be assured, as we should have been under similar circumstances, that the story, as told, must be untrue.

"But two other members of H.R.H.'s suite have been mentioned by name, and as they are probably less well known to you than Russell is I may, without offence to them or anyone else, say that I know no two men to whom I would more confidently appeal, to guard the good name of the Prince, and of everything belonging to him, from the slightest reflection. I do not speak of their personal affection for the Prince, which would be only natural in any young men about H.R.H., but of their manly good sense and judgment

in guarding against whatever might compromise his dignity and good name.

"I feel sure that it is greatly owing to this feeling on their part that nothing has ever been tolerated on board the *Serapis* which would have been unbecoming had even Her Majesty herself been on board.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Delane,

"Very truly yours,

"B. FRERE."

"P.S.—I need not say you are at liberty to show this to any one of your friends whom it is likely to interest."

How incapable Russell would have been of tolerating an indignity, had any been offered to him, may be gathered from a letter which he wrote, under a misapprehension of certain facts, to the Duke of Sutherland:—

"HEAD QUARTERS CAMP,

"December 28th, 1875.

"MY DEAR DUKE,—When the Prince of Wales asked me to come with him to India I felt honoured indeed—your Grace knows how I appreciated his Royal Highness's favour.

"I must now ask of your friendship that you will be good enough to express to the Prince of Wales my humble desire to be released from a position which I feel to be untenable, and which I cannot but suppose his Royal Highness would be glad to find me anxious to abandon. The more I reflect on the difficulties (some of which are of my own creation by sufferance) the more I am persuaded of the propriety of the course I desire to take in full reliance on the kindness of the Prince of Wales in appreciating the motives which move me.

"His Royal Highness cannot, I venture to think, for one moment suppose I seek to give myself airs, or arrogate to myself a position to which I am not entitled, but the Prince of Wales would be the last man in the world to desire the very humblest of his friends to occupy a false position, and I am made to feel I do so.

"Some days ago I was asked if I desired to be of the

sporting party, and I said I did. Your Grace from our conversation this morning will be able to say that it was not from my ambition to be a pig-sticker I gave that answer. My horse was sent on and arrangements made for my journey. I refused several invitations on the ground that I was going ; this moment a list of the Prince's party has come round and my name is omitted. I can only suppose his Royal Highness has thus expressed his will and pleasure, and that I shall by the course I now take avoid any further trouble.

"Yours always truly,
"W. H. RUSSELL."

The reader will scarcely require to be told the sequel to this formidable discharge of huffiness. Russell's name had been omitted by mistake ; the most thoughtful of Princes would not have dreamed of putting "even the humblest of his friends" to such inconvenience without warning ; much less did he dream of procuring by this indirect means the departure of the man whom he had himself expressly invited. Accordingly the Prince of Wales made known to Russell the absurdity of his suspicions with a friendliness and jollity which more than compensated Russell for his moments of discomfiture.

The latter part of Russell's absence from England was saddened for him by news of Delane's serious illness.

"I have been and still am very ill," wrote Delane on February 17th, 1876, "which will account for you having no letter last mail. I was attacked the day that Parliament met, the 8th, with acute bronchitis, and have not dared nor even wished to leave my room ever since. I had been for weeks ill and this was only the explosion. But it was very violent, and I had time for a very deliberate survey of that undiscovered region from whose bourne no traveller returns. Strange to say, I did not find it uninviting, and the utter nothingness to which the prospect reduces all other hopes,

fears and interests was most edifying. Well, you have been very interesting lately, and whether by wire or pen, nobody has a right to complain. But I have no heart or strength to write; so good-bye, my dear old friend, and if you do not find me here to welcome you on your return you will have lost a sincere friend in yours as ever,

"JOHN T. DELANE."

Russell answered:—

"SERAPIS,

"March 18th, 1876.

"MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND,—To-morrow I hope to find some comfortable news of you, or from you, at Aden. Your letter very, very much distressed me. Why did you not keep your resolve and go away to escape the lethal winter? The very last word I had with Mac was on the subject, and he told me it was all arranged you should go to Egypt or some place where there is sun and air, instead of fog and E. wind. I shall not expatiate on my own feelings when I read your letter. I would much rather have had an outbreak of rage and all sorts of ill temper than that calm, sad philosophy. But now, thank God, I am talking of a phase past and forgotten.

"As I write now sea is calm, 7 p.m., thermometer 82 in my cabin, sweating like jockeys on the reduce. I send you some extracts worth looking at. The Indian Press question is becoming a subject of anxiety. It would be very, very unwise to try a gagging Act and still worse to show fear of free criticism. We are very apt to take for high treason any strong expression of adverse opinion to our rule and policy. Do be quite well when I see you, please, and much better than is your

"Ever affectionate friend,

"W. H. RUSSELL."

Russell, to his deep satisfaction, had before long a taste from Delane of that which he preferred to "calm sad philosophy."

"I am glad," wrote Delane on April 22nd, "that you have at last written a letter I can read with pleasure.

The style you had recently adopted threatened to make you the most hateful person in Europe. I had written you a serious letter of remonstrance, but destroyed it, as I thought you were past praying for. Now you seem reasonable again."

Russell's anxiety about Delane was by no means abated when he was near at hand to watch the visible descent of his friend down the slope. On August 9th, 1876, he wrote in his diary :—

"Alas! Delane is very, very ill. 'My dear Russell, I am done, I am done.' He said this several times, varied with, 'Dear Billy, it's all up with me!'"

The end was not to be yet, but Delane's hands were relaxing on the reins he had held so long and skilfully, and his early retirement from the *Times* was inevitable.

Russell's narrative of the tour was published in 1877 by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington, with illustrations by Mr. Sydney Hall. It did not brim with exciting episodes like his war books, to be sure; but the rapidly shifting scenes, the pageantry of the East, the tiger and elephant hunts, the social humours, and the background of political questions (discussed discreetly on Russell's own responsibility), marked it with colour, movement and the joy of living. In the production of this book Russell's habit of correcting and re-correcting his proofs brought a letter of remonstrance from the publishers :—

"Your elaborate corrections have far exceeded all our previous experience or conception. The printer's account has just come in—cost of original composition of the whole volume £94 2s. 4d.; cost of corrections and cancelled matter £473 17s. 0d.!!!"

Later the publishers wrote to say that the first edition was exhausted, and that the price of the second

edition had to be increased owing to the heavy loss caused by Russell's corrections.

“It is almost a pity,” they said, “that you are away now, because we might have had the benefit of your revision before going to press. We, however, knowing your taste for corrections, can hardly be sorry that it is to go to press without your help.”

CHAPTER XXI

THE NAWAB NAZIM'S CASE

THE new year brought a quite unexpected trouble to Russell. He was "ever a fighter," and expected hard blows even as he gave them ; but the accusation he had to face early in 1877 was not easy to answer, and it was one which touched him more nearly than any other sort of accusation could, because it concerned his professional honour. We have marked already the extremity of his distress when a suspicion that he had betrayed a secret was entertained temporarily by his friends at Washington.

The Government of India had appointed in 1873 a Commission to inquire into the financial affairs of the Nawab Nazim of Murshidabad, and this Commission published, towards the end of 1876, a statement in which the names of several English public men and journalists were mentioned as having received payments from the Nawab. Russell's name was in the list as having received £500. All this became known in England early in January. Why had these payments been made? No doubt for the service of formulating and pressing on the Government, whether in newspapers or in Parliament, the alleged grievance of this representative of the native power which used to govern Bengal from its old capital. It was the object of the Nawab Nazim to get possession of the funds which the Government administered for his benefit, and he had visited England for this purpose, but without success. The *Saturday Review* and the

Pall Mall Gazette acted very rightly in calling attention to the matter. For let us see what was involved. The difficulties of Indian administration would be increased by a new and most abominable danger if native potentates, with grievances most illusory—every spendthrift, when a check is put upon him, holds it monstrous that he should not be allowed to waste his own money, and may be able to show some superficial logic in his argument—could rely upon English journalists to back them up in return for secret payments. It is assumed that the advocacy of the Press is unbought. Every journalist enjoys the advantage of that assumption. But what if its advocacy is, after all, bought in secret? The journalist who consents to be bribed has not only lost his own honour; he has lowered the standard of public morality, he has broken the foundations of public controversy, and he has—in such a case as we are considering—done unmeasured injury to the esteem in which Englishmen are held by native races and by virtue of which chiefly they are enabled to govern. Bribery is always infamous, but there is something peculiarly infamous and contemptible in taking money from an ill-balanced native, for illicit services the value of which has to be quite arbitrarily assessed.

The *Saturday Review* said :—

“In plain English, writers have been employed to parade the injuries of the ‘Titular Sovereign of Bengal,’ the disgraceful evasions of the British Government, and the outrage done to our public credit and national good faith, at so much a line. No doubt out of the schedule of items discussed in the report it is possible that some may represent services honestly rendered, or work fairly done, or may otherwise assume a reasonable colour. The Nawab, for

instance, may properly pay £39 for the printing of his own pamphlet, or £12 for 1,000 copies of one newspaper, or even £52 for 2,000 copies of another. But what can be said for cheques varying from £10 to £20 to others of £250, £275, £130, several of £100 each, and large amounts of £500, £700, and even £1,000? Opposite some of these items we find the names of newspaper proprietors or editors. To one is the name of a gentleman who held prominent rank in the class of special correspondents, to another that of a member of Parliament for an English borough, who moreover received from his Highness, in addition to £1,000 on loan, the sum of £170 as rent for a stable. It is just possible that something may be said to give these disbursements another aspect, and we should not utterly condemn any man on the unsupported entry of his name in the memoranda of secret service to an Asiatic prince, whom his own dependants might plunder under fictitious titles. But the data on which we are now relying are not the untested correspondence of a confidential agent, the scandal of a disappointed clique, the flying rumours of a native bazaar. They are documents filed before a grave judicial Commission, the members of which have, it is intimated, given to the parties implicated a fair opportunity of clearing themselves. Indeed the receipt of large sums of money is admitted in several cases. One well-known writer 'declines to disclose the object with which the money was paid.'

As a matter of fact, Russell had received no request from the Commission for an explanation. To the editor of the *Saturday Review* he wrote :—

"I trust you will in justice allow me to state in your columns, in the most explicit manner possible, that I never was asked for any explanation of 'the object for which the money was paid' (*i.e.*, supposing it to have been paid to me), and that I therefore never could have refused to disclose it, that I never heard of the Commission till I was told of their Report being published, with my name in it, in an Official Gazette, and that I have never in my life refused to disclose to any

competent tribunal, or to explain to any person properly authorised to demand explanation, the object for which I have received any money whatever."

To the *Pall Mall Gazette* he wrote :—

"January 6th, 1877.

"SIR,—In reference to a paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of to-night in which there is an allusion, which it would be the merest affectation on my part to take for anyone but myself, I wish to state most distinctly that I never wrote, that I never was asked to write, that I never inserted, and that I never caused or asked to be inserted, that it was never suggested, and, as far as I know, that it was never intended that I should write, or that I should cause to be written or to be inserted in any newspaper, journal, or periodical whatever, any article whatever relating, directly or indirectly, to the claims of the Nawab Nazim of Bengal, and that I never received any sum of money or any consideration whatever for any such purpose.

"Your obedient servant,

"W. H. RUSSELL."

Why, then, it will be asked, did Russell receive the £500? Perhaps the first thing to say is that he never did receive it or any part of it. It is true, however, that he accepted a proposal, made to him at two removes, and pressed on him by agents in London, to do some work for the Nawab Nazim, and the nature of this should be explained. We must look back to Russell's diary for 1870. On May 5th of that year there is the following entry, in accordance with his habit of recording whatever business or writing he had accomplished during the day :—

"Obey Willans came to talk about the Indian case again. The object of the Nawab's coming over is to get his case heard, and he fears he will never succeed unless he can move Parliament to interfere. He wants a case to be prepared, legal and historical—to be

printed, etc.—and to retain counsel to advise. He hopes to get a Council of Inquiry, or at all events reference to Privy Council. I told O. W. that it must be understood that if I was to be engaged or retained there must be no expectation of my obtaining or using Press influence. He says that is understood already. He has been desired to say my retaining fee is £500—£300 down and £200 when I have completed book or pamphlet. I must see about this. The agent of the Nawab I think I saw at Calcutta. Was it during the Mutiny? Anyway, he says he knows me.”

In 1895 Russell added to this entry :—

“Actually I never touched a penny, though I worked hard and prepared a case for print. The Nawab was effectively robbed by the Indian Government, and justice was not done.”

On July 8th, 1870, there is another entry :—

“K. and I had a long talk over Nawab Nazim's case. Says he is badly advised and not well treated, but will never get his case before Parliament nor be granted Council of Inquiry or hearing before Privy Council. This is bad, and I think unjust. There is no remedy for wrongs done to these Ghazi princes in India—or rather there is no tribunal quite impartial to decide on their complaints. I said I had made out a strong case in my pamphlet—or book rather. ‘You may write, my dear fellow, till you're as black in the face as he is, but you will never get the money for him. It is too much.’”

From these entries it will be seen that the service “historical and legal” which Russell was asked to render was such as he, both as writer and barrister, was fitted to render. It was not illicit; it had nothing to do with newspapers; and he spoke about it constantly to his friends. The application to him was made when the Nawab was laying his case before the Government and the public in London three years

before the Act under which the Government took over the financial administration of the Nawab's affairs. It follows that there was no connection whatever, as some people carelessly or maliciously supposed, between the alleged payment to Russell and the tour of the Prince of Wales in India. The Nawab had to be represented if he was to bring his case forward in London, and his agents, using Colonel Willans as a go-between, thought they could not do better than "brief" Russell to state the case legally and historically in a book. It is open, of course, to any barrister without injury to his conscience to take up a case and try to win it, though he may think his client's case very weak. Justice could never be achieved unless that function were performed, and so it renders an ultimate service to truth. This is an argument, however, which applies solely to the courts of law. When it is employed for any kind of advocacy outside a law court it is only casuistry. Now, Russell's task was mainly literary; he was to write an historical treatise in which it was necessary for the author, if he wrote honourably and honestly, to believe in his cause. It is obvious from the entries we have quoted that Russell did believe in the Nawab's cause. The essential condition of sincerity was fulfilled. Knowing what we know to-day, we see that Russell's judgment was at fault, and that he took up a bad case. But no one who was at all familiar with his passionate sympathy with subject races, and with his belief that the dependants of the British Government had not adequate apparatus for bringing their grievances before the Government, and no one who remembered the indignation with which he watched the rancorous advocacy of reprisals by a certain number

of un-English Englishmen in the Mutiny could have been surprised at his entering heartily into the cause of the Nawab Nazim. There is no doubt whatever that he believed that he was helping to right a wrong.

Russell does not say in his diary that the £500 was never paid over by the Nawab, but only that he himself never drew it, or any part of it, although he practically finished the book, which cost him much labour. As for the amount of the payment, it cannot be argued that it was excessive. When it is compared with the payments which he had been receiving for some years for all his work, it must be admitted that it was a reasonable fee in circumstances in which a fantastic assessment of value was peculiarly easy.

It may well be thought that he would have done better to explain in his letters to the Press frankly what the arrangement between him and the agents of the Nawab Nazim was; but it was characteristic of him that he preferred to treat his enemies with scorn, and enjoy the rather expensive luxury of pride. Directly Delane heard of the affair he wrote:—

“I think your interest should be in some way protected in Calcutta against the calumnies that are sure to be founded on this scoundrelly charge. Excuse a very old friend. Would £100 be acceptable for expenses?”

A few days later he wrote:—

“I think Willans's letter very satisfactory. Don't distress yourself overmuch. You will prevail, and the world is not so wicked as to believe ill of you. God bless you, my dear old friend. I think you should not have confined yourself in your letter to the *Pall Mall* to mere denial, but have explained for what

service done you received the money. I hope, however, you have now heard the last of it."

In several letters to Delane, Russell alluded to a declaration by Colonel Willans, of which no copy remains. Probably the declaration referred to the conditions on which Russell had undertaken the work and to the arrangement by which he had not drawn any of the money. However that may be, Delane wrote:—

"I think your statement and Willans's declaration extremely satisfactory. It is a sad pity you cannot mention it [the declaration], but the great point is that you had no cheque from the black man."

Russell, though almost perversely reticent in his letters to the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was not at all so in writing to his friends. He would take no risks when it was a question of losing the good opinion of men he liked, and he wrote off to many of his friends a statement of the facts. The Duke of Cambridge answered:—

"GLOUCESTER HOUSE,
"PARK LANE, W.,
"January 9th, 1877.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—It needed no explanation on your part to satisfy me that statements had been made against you which were wholly unjustified, but I am gratified by the receipt of your letter, as it satisfied me that you value my opinion, which it is always agreeable to find the case with those for whom one entertains a great regard as I do for you. Trusting that you may have no further annoyance from the unjustifiable statement put forward,

"I remain, my dear Russell,
"Yours most sincerely,
"GEORGE "

The Duke of Wellington wrote :—

"S. SAYE,

"*January 10th, 1877.*

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I had not heard of the infamous charge against you. No one will entertain the idea for a moment, and your sensitiveness about it can only be due to your unreasonable respect for the Press, which I assure you I do not share.

"Yours sincerely,

"WELLINGTON."

"I see by the *Globe* that Gladstone's mind is open about Slade; perhaps it is so about the accusation against you. I hate candid people who are always ready to be convinced of any atrocity against anyone. I once tried to remove Flahaut's prejudice against my father on account of the death of Ney. He stopped me by saying, 'I never will hear a word on that subject.' This is respectable; his mind was shut on his darling prejudice.

"I once sat at dinner next a clergyman of merit (which is rare). He could not face my arguments, and he said, 'I intend to die in the faith which I entertain.' I replied, 'Then I won't try to shake it.' I respect such prejudice. It is much better than Flahaut's and, in truth, is but an acknowledgment of the 'I know nothing.' If his faith had been shaken, how could he have replaced it? And perhaps he was one of those men who required something to lean upon."

Russell next wrote to the authorities in India to inquire how it was that the Report had stated that he had not wished to disclose the reason for the alleged payment by the Nawab, whereas he had never been asked for any explanation, and therefore could not possibly have declined to give one. Yet it was the statement that he had refused to give an explanation which had naturally inflamed suspicion as to his dealings with the Nawab. After some correspondence, Lord Lytton caused the papers of the Commission to be re-examined, when an error was discovered. It

was not Russell who had refused to give an explanation of the item of £500, but the Nawab Nazim himself, perhaps because he did not care to have the Government reminded that he had been seriously working up his case against them in London. A short time afterwards a correction appeared in the *Gazette of India*. It was pointed out that a re-examination of the Report of the Commissioners showed that that Report, which had been accepted and published in good faith by the Government of India, did not accurately reproduce the statements concerning Russell made before the Commissioners. It should have been said that "His Highness would prefer not giving any further information."

And Russell received a letter from a member of the Viceroy's staff, who said :—

"By the bye, Lord Lytton was telling me a few days ago of the annoyance caused to you by that beastly *Gazette* publication. Lord Lytton always speaks of you as such a friend that it has annoyed him dreadfully your having any cause of complaint."

No more can be said on this subject. We have summarised frankly all the evidence on which we can lay hands without claiming for Russell wisdom in the matter. But it is certain that he had a wrong done to him by the mistaken statement that he had refused to give an explanation to the Commission—a statement which, as has been already indicated, made the problematical case against him look immeasurably uglier than it would otherwise have done. Such a statement was in itself presumptive evidence of a damning kind. And one learns from his letters and diaries that he considered all through his life that an injury had been done to him which, if small, was also irremediable. This is the chief reason why the matter has been

mentioned here. He was acutely conscious how difficult it is to overtake a mis-statement, and he was particularly anxious that there should be no excuse even for malice to harbour a suspicion against him in this case.

Delane, it has been said, was relaxing his hold on the reins, yet he refused to let go. His life was in his habits, and probably he knew it. We praise men who die in harness, but there are some who are bound to die very soon after their harness has been put off. On April 10th, 1877, Russell wrote in his diary:—

“Called on Delane. Ah me! how broken he is, to be sure: thin, old, bowed, speaking slowly with glassy eye. Why will he not give up and go away ere it be too late? My dear friend, how I wish I could get him away, but he is incarnate obstinacy.”

September came, and Delane was still holding on. It was arranged that he was to retire at the end of the year. He wrote to Russell some words which show the paradoxical fear of publicity entertained by this master of publicity:—

“For the present, I am working here much as usual, very tired of it all but going on. I have no doubt it is very wrong, but what is to be done? I have been treated very liberally, and am thoroughly content. But what can reward me for the thirty-seven years spent in P. H. S.? I shall go on to the end of the year, and must then face what I own I dread—the personal Press. They may be civil, but who can have filled the place I have for so long without having made innumerable enmities, all of which can then be discharged upon me. People remind me that I have been generally good-natured. So I have, but for how little that counts when something telling can be said on the other side! Who is there who has not at least one spiteful or one envious ‘friend’? Certainly not I, nor is the truth always a sufficient armour to a

spiteful charge. The prospect of repose after so many years is sweet, but it is hard to go through fire to attain it."

On October 22nd, Russell made his final entry about Delane at work: "Last scene of all" before his retirement, which was followed by his death two years later:—

"I found Delane in the old chair in the old room, but oh, so changed in everything else: no papers, no piles of proofs, no mass of letters, no editor's work, in fact. Well, it was to me a sad interview indeed. I am very fond of him. He was ever my champion, my guide sometimes, my friend always."

CHAPTER XXII

THE LAST CAMPAIGN

RUSSELL laboured at little but the *Army and Navy Gazette* till, to the surprise of his friends, he once more took the field in 1879. His services were offered to the *Times*, but were not required, and he considered himself free to accept other employment. He offered himself to the *Daily Telegraph*, and was accepted cheerfully. His new adventure was in South Africa, whither Sir Garnet Wolseley was about to start at the end of May as Commander-in-Chief and High Commissioner and Governor of South-East Africa. In his military capacity Sir Garnet Wolseley was to supersede Lord Chelmsford after the catastrophe of Isandhlwana* in the Zulu campaign, and in his civil capacity Sir Bartle Frere, whose High Commissionership was to be restricted to Cape Colony.

Mr. Lawson (now Lord Burnham), the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, explained that he would not expect Russell to undertake rough work or send telegrams but to do his "old-world sort of correspondence with reminiscences and a general view of affairs," and as much "light reading" as he pleased to put in. Russell could stay out as long as he liked and would be paid £200 a month for everything, his expenses included. On May 29th he left London with Sir Garnet Wolseley. In the *Times* office it was regarded as treason for Russell to write for any other daily paper. Mr. J. C. MacDonald wrote him a few lines of pained remonstrance, rather

* Fought January 22nd, 1879.

in the spirit in which a man might remonstrate with a brother officer for leaving his regiment.

On board the *Edinburgh Castle* Russell found himself in company with Colonel Baker Russell (now Sir Baker Russell), Colonel Henry Brackenbury (now Sir Henry Brackenbury), Major Frederick Maurice (now Sir Frederick Maurice), and other members of Sir Garnet Wolseley's staff. During the voyage he read Blue Books freely, as well as all the papers which Sir Garnet Wolseley put into his hands. On June 9th he wrote in his diary :—

“The Blue Books are not edifying reading, but in fact the most vital part of our transactions never sees the light. For many years Cetewayo kept on digging away at the Natal Government to interfere with the Boers of the Transvaal, and all we did was to say we would make representations at Pretoria and to urge him to rest in quiet. He had a right to expect our Government to interfere, for by annexation we had driven the Dutch to the Transvaal. Then, when we annexed the Transvaal, there was the land question boundary still unsettled and Cetewayo had seen other natives smashed up, and there was no evidence that the fears he had expressed of his own absorption would not be justified. Poor wretch! surely his words will prove true. And it will be a good thing in the sight of the Lord; all the more because his land is fertile.”

Soon all Russell's invective was brought to bear in his diary against the policy of confederating South Africa by force. He was, indeed, to watch in South Africa the clash of two great opposing forces in statecraft and morality, both of which drew their authority from Christianity. On the one hand was the policy of Sir Bartle Frere, who was determined to remove all obstacles in the way of a united South Africa. That was the mission he had received from Lord Carnarvon.

He was there only to carry it out. The weeds must be removed before the land could be cultivated. On the other hand was the furious irreconcilability of the band of thinkers led by Bishop Colenso. No confederation of happy and prosperous colonists, it was argued, could be founded on injustice, and the treatment of the natives required by Sir Bartle Frere's policy of construction was fundamentally and cruelly unjust. Even before he left the ship *Russell*, well primed with Blue Books, had fallen into strong sympathy with the opinions of the irreconcilables. He wrote in his diary:—

“The wonderful way in which Sir Bartle Frere is involved in the shedding of blood and cattle lifting excites my admiration. I observe we always punish others for our own faults. For instance, Krelî. We allowed him to think he was independent, and then when he acted as if he were and took the law into his own hands we destroyed him and his people. We are for ever talking of the peace and order which prevail under a Government which is for ever at war somewhere or other. I cannot see why the local Government should not have allowed Cetewayo to employ Colenso and company as his agents. We are for ever talking of reforming the native customs, and when Cetewayo wishes to use civilised men as agents we say, ‘No, you must stick to Zulu habits.’ Webber said: ‘There is not a black alive I don’t know the tricks of,’ and thinks himself superior to all the coloured races together. Wolseley admires Sir Bartle Frere’s policy of founding a great South African empire, which he considers inevitable.”

On reaching Pietermaritzburg *Russell* found that there was little to see, as the Zulu War was virtually over. Sir Evelyn Wood had already won the battle of Ulundi.* Sir Garnet Wolseley’s task was to clear

* July 4th, 1879.

up the litter of the war, capture Cetewayo, receive the submission of chiefs, and settle the country. The only serious military operation in prospect was an expedition against the Basuto chief Sekukuni. Russell moved about Natal for some time and returned to Pietermaritzburg suffering from his leg, which had never recovered since his accident in India. "I ought," he said, "to go to the war in an ambulance." He called in an Army doctor to examine the leg. "It is twenty-one years ago," said the doctor, "that I attended you for that very leg." The doctor was Ross, of Simla. In moments of pain and depression Russell felt doubtful of ever being able to go after Sir Garnet Wolseley who was already in the field. He spent his time in talking to people of all shades of opinion and wrote sardonically in his diary, "No man is so little to be trusted as one who has lived all his life in the country and speaks the language perfectly." Among those whom he saw most often was Mr. Aylward, the clever but quite unbalanced editor of the *Natal Witness*. This man, who had been a leader of Fenianism in Ireland and the author of a plan for capturing Dublin by barricades, repeated the arguments of Bishop Colenso with perversions and extensions which were all his own. He told Russell that if ever there were fighting with the Boers he should go to help them, and it was afterwards said that at Majuba he was in Joubert's laager. On most days Russell saw the Bishop. Here is a specimen entry from the diary:—

"Bishop Colenso called and we had a long talk after church. He insisted on the impolicy of dethroning Cetewayo, whom he regards as the only man capable of ruling the Zulu indunas. We walked to the club

together, his form towering above me, and I saw that most people saluted him."

Again :

"What a grand nature in a noble presence ! I believe a more straight, direct, truth-loving, justice-worshipping man never walked this earth or any other."

On August 8th Russell drove off from Pietermaritzburg in the waggon of Surgeon-General Ross in pursuit of Sir Garnet Wolseley. After a tedious journey to Estcourt he received a letter from Sir Garnet himself :—

"CAMP ULUNDI,

"August 22nd, 1879.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—Our camp is dull without you, and the sooner you join it the better I shall be pleased. I am extremely sorry to hear from Brackenbury that you are still laid up with your leg, and as your health is of the first consequence I think you did wisely in not trusting yourself in a country where there are no roads. When I have settled matters here I intend making across country for Utrecht. Where I shall go from there must depend upon circumstances, but if you think you can bear the journey I imagine your best plan would be to go in a spring cart along the high road slowly to Pretoria. However, whenever and wherever you join me you may depend upon a warm welcome. In the meantime don't allow Colenso or his followers to make you believe that we are dealing cruelly with their people. As far as an estimate can be made by those best able to do so, there were not more than about 8,000 firearms in Zululand before the war, and the enemy took about 1,000 Henry-Martins from Chelmsford. I have not the exact return before me, but I believe we have now had about 3,000 stand of arms surrendered to us. Time is of no value to a Zulu, so it is difficult to hurry them in any matter.

"Hoping soon to hear of your complete recovery,

"Believe me to be, my dear Russell,

"Very truly yours,

"G. WOLSELEY."

In company with Ross, Russell went on from Estcourt to Ladysmith, and so by Sunday River and Pilgrims' Rest to Newcastle. On August 29th, near Sunday River, a messenger announced that Cetewayo was captured. At Newcastle Russell received a telegram from Ulundi: "The General thinks you had better make your way to Pretoria independently of him. He can fix no date for arrival at Utrecht. His route to Pretoria is uncertain." As a matter of fact, Russell waited for Sir Garnet Wolseley at Utrecht, and on September 10th joined the headquarters staff.

While waiting at Utrecht he wrote to Mr. Lawson:

"UTRECHT,

"September 8th, 1879.

"MY DEAR LAWSON,—Sir Garnet advises me to go on by easy stages to Pretoria and await him there. This rather puts me in a fix, as I read between the lines that he does not wish to accept the task of my transport and baggage to Pretoria, where Lanyon* has invited me to be his guest, and I should like to be with the C.C. during his progress, which would be impossible if he went away without me. My only horse is sick and not likely to live, and all my saddlery is somewhere on trek on the veld. The post cart is full till the 12th and only takes 12lb. of baggage—too little for a kit. However, I shall see what can be done when Sir Garnet arrives here to-morrow. I have just headed him off nicely, and I hope he will not be put out by finding me here in ambush for him. . . . As to this Army, no words can express the shame which would fall upon us if we were to be engaged with any foreign army in serious warfare with such battalions. It would need years of careful weeding and training to make them fit for campaigning. The disorders on the line of march whenever there are grog shops or canteens or any places to be broken into are scandalous, and this place has been the scene of disgraceful orgies, which

* Colonel Owen Lanyon, British Resident at Pretoria, afterwards Sir Owen Lanyon.

the officers seem to be unable to prevent and afraid to punish. . . . I have, *entre nous*, some doubts of Wolseley's present settlement being permanent, but sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. I am still less hopeful of any great results being achieved in the way of a South African Empire, or Dominion, or Confederation—'Empress of India and South Africa,' etc., etc. Niggerdom is too potent for us and we can't make it work for us. The whites are nearly as badly off in parts as they are in the blackest sections of the Southern States.

"I have not seen a single letter or telegram of mine in the *Daily Telegraph* since I arrived here.

"Yours always very truly,

"W. H. RUSSELL."

On the march from Utrecht Russell shared Maurice's tent. He used to see a good deal of Colley,* and writes in his diary :—

"Our mess very nice. Colley one of the most intelligent, solid men I know. He has reflection and calm, unprejudiced judgment. He inspires confidence and is full of shrewdness."

To Mrs. Thornhill Russell wrote :—

"When I left England I had no servant, and on arriving at Capetown I found very great difficulty in getting one, so I was glad of it when one of the ship's stewards—the boots, a young Scotchman named Hughes—offered his services and I got permission for him to leave the ship. He is a wonderful young man ; he loses everything I have, and he is quite ignorant of his work, and yet I am glad to have him and pay a great price for his assistance. His first work was to take charge of my horse from Durban to Fort Pearson with the staff horses in charge of Major Biggs. He told me he could ride, and so off he set. When I joined the column a week later Hughes came to me all the

* Sir George Pomeroy Colley. He succeeded Sir Garnet Wolseley as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Natal, and was killed at Majuba on February 27th, 1881, when in command of the British force.

colours of the rainbow from falls, and Biggs told me that every half-hour there was a cloud of dust on the road and he heard 'Dr. Russell's servant off again!' Then he got fever and lost his memory—and so I lost my things. I have little left now, not being able to look after anything in my recent condition."

After a few days' more marching he wrote to Mrs. Thornhill again:—

"I am able to ride a little still but feel my illness, and it is very hard work roughing it. I have had to sleep on the ground on a single blanket for two nights, and found it dreadfully hard and cold. My bones ache all over. I have no kit, for all my things were left behind. The headquarters marched as light as possible, and no one has a thing to spare. I bought a screw, my own horse being 300 miles away. Our fare is very coarse and bad; my stomach can't manage rations very well after my long sickness. But I must live on as well as I can. There is nothing to write about, and I missed the little there was. I suppose I shall soon hear from the *D. T.* ordering me home. The leg very queer at times."

On September 25th he wrote in his diary:—

"The Boers' meeting at Heidelberg passed off all well as far as order goes, but gave no promise of settling dispute by compromise. The Boers will be content with nothing short of independence. Can Transvaal be surrendered? A very vital question. Sir Garnet says: 'Never as long as the sun shines.' But some days are clouded. It was a most unwise thing not to wait until the Boers entreated us to take over country. So I think. But many experienced men are of opinion annexation* was right, and indeed of pressing necessity."

On October 5th he wrote in his diary of Sir Garnet Wolseley:—

"I have had no intercourse with him since I joined at Utrecht, save ordinary civility. I am quite determined

* The annexation of the Transvaal by Sir Theophilus Shepstone was in April, 1877.

not to apply to him for information. In his 'Soldier's Pocket Book' he hit hard against all the newspaper correspondent race, but he had one of his own staff corresponding for the *Times*, and another for the *Daily News*."

At Pretoria, Russell found a letter from Bishop Colenso :—

"BISHOPSTOWE,

"September 14th, 1879.

"MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL,—Your note followed me to Durban, from which I have just returned, having seen my son and daughter off for England. It is, you may be sure, a great disappointment to us all that we must not hope to see you at Bishopstowe before you leave South Africa. I should advise you to spell the King's name (as the editor of the *Colonist* does), Ketshwayo, which gives the real sound of it near enough for an Englishman, though a native would sound a click, represented by C, instead of the K. In fact I often save myself the trouble of 'clicking' and pronounce the name Ketshwayo, which any colonist or Zulu would understand, but not Cetewayo.

"Please drop me a line to say when you will be likely to leave Capetown, as I should like to send for the voyage the last sheets of my 'Extracts,' and, when you write, please also to mention the last page of what you already possess.

"I need not say that I sincerely hope that you will be able to carry out your purpose of giving to the world in some form or other your views as to the character of the Zulu War, and as to the dishonour it has brought upon the English name in so many ways, as I think, from the first inception to the crowning act of wrong in the deportation of the king, coupled with the announcement that he will *never* be allowed, under any circumstances, to return to his native land—which last I can only regard as a brutal utterance of arbitrary power. I feel deeply—and have felt all along—the difficulty of teaching people to believe in a living God, when such things are done without check or hindrance. But 'the end is not yet,' and I do not despair of the heart of England being aroused to denounce and

disavow the deeds that have been wrought here by 'prancing proconsuls' in her name. God bless you and take you safe back to England, and help you to complete your work of protesting against 'such a Saturnalia of wrong-doing and such an apotheosis of force' in South Africa.

" Ever yours sincerely,
" JNO. NATAL."

The Zulu question was now regarded as settled. The civil aspect of Sir Garnet's work became apparent at Pretoria. Setting aside the protests of the Boer Committee, he promised a new constitution for the Transvaal, and renewed the declaration he had made at Heidelberg that the annexation of the Transvaal would ever be maintained by Great Britain. And then he turned once more to military operations, for Sekukuni was still at large, and it was believed that the North-Eastern Transvaal would never have peace till he was taken.* We must pass over the brief and skilfully managed campaign in which Sekukuni's stronghold was reduced at the end of November, and the chief himself made prisoner. It never received in England the attention it deserved, as it was overshadowed by Sir Frederick Roberts's Afghan campaign. Let us return to Pretoria. Or rather we will suppose ourselves outside Pretoria when Sir Garnet Wolseley's troops were returning after the Sekukuni affair. Near Bush Veld, fifteen miles from Pretoria, Russell had an accident from which he narrowly escaped with his life and which lamed him permanently. He was crossing a swollen stream during a storm when a flash of lightning frightened the horse, which reared and fell.

* In an account of the Sekukuni campaign in *Blackwood's Magazine* (November, 1899) Sir Henry Brackenbury explained that Sir Garnet Wolseley regarded the campaign partly as a means of impressing the Boers, who had themselves been unable to defeat Sekukuni.

Russell could not shake himself free from the floundering animal, which was partly lying on him. The water was breaking into his face and threatening to drown him ere the horse struggled free and he was at length able to crawl up the bank. He managed to ride on in exquisite pain from his leg to a neighbouring farmhouse, and there lay for a few days till he was able to reach Pretoria.

On December 17th a dinner of welcome and congratulation was given to Sir Garnet Wolseley at Pretoria, and the next day he wrote to Russell:—

“ARMY HEADQUARTERS,

“PRETORIA,

“*December 18th, 1879.*

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I have never listened to anything more perfect as an after-dinner speech than your speech last night was. The English was so charming that I should very much like to have a copy of it, and I am afraid the shorthand writer had ceased to report at the time you spoke. Could you write it out? I should so very much like to learn it and to study it. I am sure you won't think me impertinently officious in presuming to express an opinion upon your oratory as I have done.

“Very truly yours,

“G. WOLSELEY.”

At this point we must look into the charges of misbehaviour which Russell brought against the troops in his letters, for the controversy on this subject, which began before he left Pretoria and continued for a long time, was, so far as he was concerned, much the most important incident or result of his South African campaign. His scrap books contain numerous extracts from the South African papers about the trials of soldiers in the civil courts for drunkenness, disturbing the peace, assaulting citizens, breaking into houses,

rifling stores, and so forth. As to the foundation of his charges there can therefore be no question. And he was also able to cite evidence, a certain portion of which was not in dispute, as to night scares in the British camp, during the Zulu War. The only questions were whether the amount of crime was so sensibly beyond what happens when, in ordinary experience, a wave of unruliness sweeps over a group of regiments (as it sometimes does, even in peaceful English garrisons) as to justify Russell in charging the officers with negligence, and whether the behaviour of the young soldiers exceeded the limit of unsteadiness for which excuse can be found in trying circumstances. Russell considered, and never relaxed his belief, that there was ample justification for what he said, and Sir Garnet Wolseley considered that there was not. On January 3rd, 1880, Colonel Henry Brackenbury wrote to a well-known merchant of Heidelberg, to inquire what truth there was in Russell's statements that the troops had particularly misbehaved themselves in that town:—

“ARMY HEADQUARTERS,

“PRETORIA,

“TRANSVAAL,

“January 3rd, 1880.

“SIR,—The attention of the General commanding here has been called to a letter in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 21st, 1879 (dated Pretoria, October 10th, 1879), in which an assertion is made on the authority of an inhabitant of Heidelberg, that Her Majesty's soldiers at Heidelberg cleared out all the poultry yards, broke into all the canteens and most of the stores, ransacked the houses of the inhabitants, and stole even the church clock, so that nothing more was left in Heidelberg to take or destroy.

“As the General commanding knows you to be one of the leading gentlemen of Heidelberg, His Excellency would be very much obliged if you would furnish me,

for his information, with a statement of what you know of these alleged robberies and burglaries, stating particularly what reason there is for supposing that they were committed by soldiers of Her Majesty's Army.

"I have the honour to be,

"Your obedient Servant,

"HENRY BRACKENBURY,

"Lt.-Colonel,

"Acting Chief of the Staff."

Colonel Brackenbury may or may not have known that he was applying to the very man who had given Russell his information. Whether the merchant feared to be a judge in his own cause, we have no means of ascertaining—the opening sentences of his letter suggest that he did not wish it to be supposed that he was unconcerned with previous discussions on the subject; but, at all events, he answered:—

"In reply to your note of January 3rd, I have to state for the information of the General Commanding that I am not the author of any written statement respecting the depredations committed at Heidelberg. That I mentioned some of them at Colonel Lanyon's dinner table when on a visit to him, when those in command were very strongly spoken of for the occurrences. That I can say from my own personal experience and loss, that on three occasions my poultry yard was attacked and robbed by soldiers, who were twice caught and once seen in the act.

"That a detached building (October 8th, 1879) on the premises of my store was broken into through a panel of the door, and clothing and property of considerable value was stolen therefrom and a portmanteau, which was traced, was found near the K.D.G. camp, cut open and robbed, and a soldier's helmet was found near the place robbed.

"That my house was attacked (October 18th, 1879), and an entrance endeavoured to be forced while Mrs. — was alone, during my absence to get my letters at the late post from Pretoria. Two parties of

soldiers—one at the back and one at the front—trying to force the doors and windows, both causing much serious alarm and distress to Mrs. —, who, finding themselves foiled in their attempts, broke open a case for a camp chair and bed, and robbed me of papers of value to me, but none to them or others, Snider rifle cartridges, and some other things which I cannot enumerate, as I had no list of the contents of the case, which had for a long time before been quite safe. Some of these were restored to me, and two of the soldiers were committed before the magistrate and sentenced to two months' hard labour, during which they wore Her Majesty's uniform. One other was caught coming to join them, and another was caught by myself on my verandah; the others effected their escape like thieves.

"That I may state further that I have seen proofs of where the dwelling-room of the store next to mine was broken open and the furniture wrested open and pillaged of valuables and clothing mentioned to me by the owner.

"That both the canteens were broken into, and liquors robbed from both, and a sum of money, considerable to the owner, from one.

"That the dwelling-house behind my store was also robbed, and a soldier sentenced to hard labour by the magistrate for the act.

"These are some of the instances which have come under my own knowledge. I do not add the statements I have heard, and the many complaints of the people in Heidelberg, and on the line of march hence to Pretoria. The Heidelberg church clock was stolen, but by whom has not yet been traced.

"I regret to have to send you so long a list of proofs of the complicity of the British soldiers in these acts."

As to Russell's statements about "scares, stampedes and floggings," Colonel Newdigate wrote a public letter to contradict them. He explained that the cases of flogging were few; that as there were no public-houses in Zululand he "need not meet the charge of drunkenness," and that each instance of night-firing

was only such as was explicable and excusable under the particular conditions of warfare.

In England at the same time the Duke of Cambridge caused the following letter to be sent to the *Daily Telegraph* :—

“SIR,—The attention of his Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief having been called to a letter dated October 10th, 1879, purporting to be written by your special correspondent at headquarters, Pretoria, which was published in the *Daily Telegraph* on November 21st, the Duke of Cambridge directed that the statements therein contained reflecting on the behaviour of a certain portion of Her Majesty's forces serving in South Africa should be transmitted to the general officer commanding there for any observations he might wish to offer.”

The matter had been carried no further than is made apparent by these letters when Russell left Pretoria for Cape Town on his way home. He had thought once or twice during the campaign that Sir Garnet Wolseley had been offended by his strictures, but if there had been any coolness between them it had disappeared. If, indeed, Russell's criticisms had ever been the occasion of formal bitterness between himself and the officers with whom he associated they would not have been the pretext for such a practical joke as this. At Lydenburg, Alistair Campbell (who was afterwards killed in the attack on Sekukuni's stronghold) told Russell that he had with him some natives who wished to make a statement. The natives were summoned, and Russell wrote down what they had to say, while Campbell acted as interpreter; and then at a signal from Campbell they began to sing, “Do you know the Muffin Man?” Campbell did not know a word of Kaffir.

While staying at Cape Town with Sir Bartle Frere

Russell interviewed Cetewayo. "I am satisfied," he wrote, "that he never dreamed of invading the Transvaal or Natal." As to Sir Bartle Frere himself, the diary says :—

"We had two long talks, *de Frere et omnibus rebus freribus*. He has as much real nobility of governing about him as any one I ever met. But he is also bigoted. Very angry with Gladstone, and not well with Wolseley. Sir Bartle scarcely touched food, he was so full of Gladstone's attack on him, and he gave me his answer in a long despatch to Sir M. H. Beach."

While he was still at Government House, Russell heard of Delane's death. The reader who has followed the story of their long friendship, a friendship which admitted disagreements, as it seemed, only to strengthen the sense of union, will not need to be told how Russell received this news. It took him some time to recognise all that it meant, to convince himself that he would never again see the man to whom he owed all the opportunities of his life, and who had cared for his reputation as though it had been his own; that he would never again receive one of those terse and pointed letters which gave piquancy to routine, dignity to the most commonplace undertaking, and humanity to the relations of an editor with his staff. Russell had lost the most valuable friend he ever had. He wrote to Miss Delane :—

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN,
"January 9th, 1880.

"MY DEAR MISS DELANE,—The pain I feel now is incurable. But, indeed, when I purposed going down to Ascot to see him I was dissuaded by all but you, and then came my sudden exodus, in the midst of which I was troubled by the thoughts of leaving without seeing him, and then again would come the reflection that he might be better when I returned,

and that the interview might be less painful. All that is over, and there remains only unavailing regret. I have one consolation in thinking and believing my dear friend would not have desired me to have been witness of his suffering. In Quain's last letter to me there was some intimation that the period of his long trial was about to close. I have been very near meeting the oldest, most valued, kindest and best of friends in the land to which he has gone, and I feel that we shall not be long separated. It is now more than thirty years since he began the friendship which on his side was marked by the greatest kindness, and on my side, I know, by affection and gratitude, and now I feel the last link in the chain which bound me with and to the past is gone. I can write no more. It would be a very great kindness of you to send me a few lines to the Carlton Club, where I hope to be in a week or ten days after this reaches you.

"Ever and always most truly yours,

"W. H. RUSSELL."

Within a few hours of embarking on board ship at Cape Town, Russell learned from Mr. Lawson by telegraph that Sir Garnet Wolseley had issued a statement that the strictures on the troops contained "transparent untruths," which Russell had been misled into accepting by ignorant or biassed informants. It was also announced that there was to be an inquiry. Russell sat down at once and wrote to the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* :—

"CAPE TOWN,

"January 13th, 1880.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Just on the eve of my going on board ship I get Mr. Lawson's telegram respecting Wolseley's denial, but it is necessarily so concise that I can scarcely make out from the message more than that the statements I made are somehow or other denied and that the *D. T.* policy (as mine would) indicates that I should maintain my position as I mean to do. It is unfortunate that the question did not arise whilst I was on the spot so that I could be

present at the inquiry and produce my witnesses. My letter was written as well as I remember somewhere about mid-October, it appeared in the *D. T.* (with a direct reference to the Duke of Cambridge's notice of the facts being advisable) on November 21st, and it would have been possible to have telegraphed instructions for the inquiry which should reach Clifford in a fortnight at farthest, but it is not till January as I am on my way to England in accordance with your instructions that I hear from Clifford accidentally or incidentally that he has been advised by the Duke and Sir Garnet to hold that inquiry. And then comes a message as I have one foot on board to say Wolseley has telegraphed—so I infer—a very intemperate message respecting an inquiry of which he had not told me a word, though he was almost the last person I saw in Pretoria, having dined with him the night before my departure on December 23rd.

“Every word of my statements was true, and the regiments which furnished the mischievous and scandalous contingents I mentioned or alluded to were specially” [Here follow the names of some regiments] “and the scenes of their exploits were Durban, Utrecht, Heidelberg, Middelburg, etc., as reported to me by landdrosts, respectable English merchants, and others, and as seen by myself and published in the newspapers. Of course, the whole weight of the military and Government authority will be brought to bear on the official witnesses, the landdrosts and others being now appointed and removed at the will and pleasure of the irresponsible executive, which is military. And the merchants and others who made the accusations may be unwilling to incur official displeasure; but there are facts enough and to spare for my purpose if it be considered necessary to go into the case. . . . I hold the very strongest notion that the annexation of the Transvaal was an incurable and criminal blunder and that the course now pursued by my friend Sir Garnet is in direct opposition to the principles of liberty, justice, and sound policy.

“He has, as you are aware, surrounded himself in the persons of his own staff with newspaper correspondents who have the ear of the most influential

and widely opposed journals, and I assure you had I been aware of the facts I would not have asked to enter into competition with the private secretary of the C. C., the chief of the staff, and the commandant of headquarters as a purveyor of intelligence or privileged confidant of those in power. By this mail there goes home a strong remonstrance from Sir Bartle Frere to the Colonial Secretary against the misrepresentations directed against him by the *Times* and the *Daily News* on the very broad ground that it is a matter of notoriety that the correspondents who have penned the attacks are officers on Sir G. Wolseley's staff, and that therefore the Government is bound to protect one in Sir Bartle's position from erroneous accusations emanating from fellow-servants of the public. These remonstrances have been communicated to Sir Garnet, and I dare say there is a lively correspondence on the subject, but I know no more than I have stated. It seems to me that, however desirable it may be for newspapers to obtain early exact and official information, and however tempting it may be to newspaper editors to secure the services of able official persons as their correspondents, it is absolutely impossible to expect honest criticism, uncoloured statements, or even full information from men whose career and position are at the mercy of those whose acts and conduct they are called on to chronicle and analyse, and I am sure that one of the highest functions of journalism is thus subjected to paralysing influences to the great detriment of the character of the Press and the ultimate corruption of its judgments and destruction of its influence. If I might refer to a case with which I am familiar I could point to a difference between the letters of an unofficial correspondent in the Crimea in 1854—5, and those of the 'Staff Officer,'* who, nowadays, would probably be the trusted special of some great English newspaper. I do not intend to pursue the question further. I leave it to those who have substantial reasons to preserve the fountains of literary labour from contamination to determine how

* Russell refers to the book by Mr. Somerset Calthorpe (now Lord Calthorpe) called "Letters from Headquarters by a Staff Officer."

the growing evil may be stayed. It is true that I ventured to recommend that Mr. Sugden, who is private secretary to Colonel Lanyon, should be secured as your correspondent in the Transvaal, but I did so because I thought he would not have to deal with matters liable to misconstruction and because I was certain his chief would not seek either to influence his judgment or to use his official position to shape the expression of his opinions. And even now I think if any non-official person of the same capability could be found he would be better than Mr. Sugden as your correspondent.*

"I want to go over to Ireland to see my daughters immediately on my arrival in London, but I trust to see you and Mr. Lawson ere I leave for my short visit, and Sir Bartle has charged me with messages to you, Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Herbert which I would fain deliver *tam cito*. But I am writing literally in the dark as to men and things.

"I only know that during my absence the strongest link which bound me to the past has been snapt, and that I have lost in Delane the earliest, oldest, truest, and best of friends with whom I quarrelled only to find the *redintegratio amicitiae* which illuminated my life had become warmer and stronger than ever, and was, with Thackeray's affection, the comfort of my existence for many a year of trouble. Pardon this allusion to a personal sorrow, and believe me,

"Always very truly yours,

"W. H. RUSSELL."

* On the subject of the employment of staff officers as newspaper correspondents Russell afterwards wrote to Sir Charles Dilke that, as "father of the special war correspondents," he objected to "generals entertaining at the public expense corps of trumpeters to do their flourishes and hymns of praise in the newspapers. As father of the race—the miserable parent of a luckless tribe—I have seen with much regret the rise of the new policy." In another letter he wrote: "I hold a very strong opinion that the combination of staff employ and newspaper service is in no way advantageous to the public. There is no reason why half-pay officers should not act as correspondents with an army in the field, although it is obvious that if they intend to resume active service their criticisms on military operations, better guided and informed though they might be than those of unprofessional civilians, will be restrained or directed by personal considerations."

CHAPTER XXIII

CONTROVERSY WITH SIR GARNET WOLSELEY

WHILE Russell was at sea Bishop Colenso wrote to him (January 18th, 1880):—

“ I think that the Zulu War was not necessary at the time when it was entered on, but that it was certainly at all events very likely to come in time, if the Zulu military system was not abandoned or materially modified. But that was no excuse for the violence used to crush the Zulus and bring about the desired result, without making any serious attempt to bring about the change by peaceful methods. It was because I felt the possibility of danger arising from the existence of the Zulu Army—if not under Cetshwayo, through some accidental cause, or perhaps through his being unable to control his younger regiments, yet under some other king, if he should have passed away—that in my first letter to Sir Bartle Frere I recognised the prudence, or rather the necessity, of taking steps towards reducing the strength of the Army, and checking the martial tendencies of the people by urging the abolition of the existing marriage law. And, if all peaceful efforts had failed hopelessly, I was quite prepared to say that, due warning being given after due preparations had been made, even force might be applied by an invasion of Zululand, as the Zulu Army, now that the Transvaal had been annexed, and assuming that the ferocious Swazis would be also compelled to drop their military system, was no longer needed (as it undoubtedly was while the Boer Government was continually encroaching) to protect the Zulus from their neighbours. But I never dreamt of such a horrible proceeding as that of Sir Bartle Frere to bring about violently a change for which, as he himself says (2,079, p. 7) as for all great revolutions, time and patience are required in order to effect it peacefully. See, *e.g.*, Digest, p. 505, note 643, and many other similar notes. And you

must also bear in mind that it was only the annexation of the Transvaal that brought us into any conflict with the Zulus, with whom we have lived peacefully side by side for thirty years.

"But besides the injustice and cruelty of Sir B. Frere's proceedings, I must say that I am utterly amazed at the duplicity and untruthfulness which characterises his actions and writings throughout, and which I never would have expected to find in a man of his antecedents and reputation so far as I have any knowledge of them. However, you will see what I have said in my notes on this point, and pray do not hesitate to point out what may appear to you mistaken judgments on my part.

"As to the Transvaal, I most thoroughly concur in the judgment you pass upon that most foolish and iniquitous annexation. I have never concealed my sentiments on that point, and from time to time have expressed them as opportunity offered, in quite as strong language as you have used in your letter—*e.g.*, in my sermon on our Day of Humiliation, March 12th, 1879, of which I enclose a copy. But I felt that the Boers were white men, and had many friends, had even newspapers to plead their cause, and able writers to put forth their arguments, whereas *Cetshwayo and the Zulus had none*—not one single friend, who could denounce the cruel wrongs which have been inflicted on these poor ignorant *children*—for such they were in effect—and could do so persistently, without bringing ruin on himself in his relations with the colonists around him—of course, I am speaking of colonial friends of the Zulus, of whom, thank God, I know many in spite of the loud acclamations of the multitude.

"My own conviction is that for the honour of England and the permanent peace and safety of South Africa, two things should be done, or rather three—

"(1) The independence of the Transvaal should be restored under such conditions as shall secure the discontinuance of slavery and the acceptance of Confederation, when the other provincial towns have agreed to unite together.

"(2) Cetshwayo should be restored as king under the direction of a British Resident, not instantly, of

course, but as soon as the annexation takes place, which you anticipate and which, I suppose, is near at hand.

"(3) The Swazis should be reduced to the same state of dependence as the Zulus; for it is monstrous that these 'our allies' should be allowed to keep their army of man-and-woman-slaying gladiators, to be a standing menace to the Zulus, if not to the Transvaal also (see Digest, p. 501, note 632).

"I hope that you may share to some extent the above convictions, and, if so, I trust that you will give them utterance with your powerful pen.

"Believe me to be

"Very sincerely yours,

"JNO. NATAL."

"Of course, I do not mean that the Swazis should be disarmed by violence, but, if possible, by peaceful measures, and, if this cannot be effected, then the Zulus should be allowed to keep an armed force sufficient to protect their country from Swazi inroads."

On his return to England Russell restated his case, with the *Daily Telegraph* backing him up in an agreeable leading article, which, after referring shortly to his charges, praised the virtues of soldiers in general. Russell had no thought of giving in. He wrote to the Duke of Cambridge:—

"CARLTON CLUB,

"February 24th, 1880.

"SIR,—I have seen the report of Sir Garnet Wolseley, which, I submit to your Royal Highness, does not contain the result of any 'inquiry' at all, but is a series of remarks and deductions based on the replies of certain officials to cut-and-dry questions referring only to a limited period of the time covered by my statements and to a limited portion of the country in which the occurrences of which I wrote took place.

"I beg that your Royal Highness will be pleased to direct that the magistrates should be instructed to make inquiry into the truth of the allegations contained



THE ART OF POLITENESS

Sir Gwnet Wolseley · "Pardon me, my dear doctor, if I say that you have been hoaxed by gross exaggerations and transparent untruths."

Dr. Russell "Forgive me, my dazzling young general, for mentioning that you are a pig-headed ignoramus, and don't know what you are talking about."

(Reproduced from "Fun" by kind permission of Mr Charles Dalziel)

in my letter, and that the inhabitants of the towns of the territory over which the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in South Africa is Governor, should be applied to for the corroboration or refutation of my allegations.

“ I am, Sir,
“ Of your Royal Highness,
“ The faithful humble Servant,
“ W. H. RUSSELL.”

On March 4th Sir Garnet Wolseley wrote to Russell :—

“ GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
“ TRANSVAAL,
“ S. AFRICA,
“ *March 4th*, 1880.

“ MY DEAR RUSSELL,—The last English post brought me your letter of January 14th, written on board ship. I am very much obliged for the many nice things you say about me in it, for praise is always pleasant, and it is most satisfactory to think and feel that one's exertions in the public service have met with approval.

“ Now as regards your unfortunate letter written here on October 10th, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 21st, it is a subject that I should prefer not discussing with you. In all my relations with you in South Africa I looked upon you and treated you, not as a newspaper correspondent simply, but as a personal friend. Had I regarded you simply in the former position nothing would or could have induced me to have had you living with me, and I should never have spoken before the simple newspaper man in the open, frank manner I did before my friend ‘Billy Russell.’ I spoke before you as I should have done at my own table if none but my own staff had been there. I do not know what foreign armies may have done for you when at their Headquarters, but I *do* know the staff history of the Crimea, India, etc., etc., and I must say that I know of no instance in which any newspaper correspondent was ever on the intimate terms with the General commanding the troops that existed—before receipt of your letters I should have said satisfactorily existed

—between you and me during your South African expedition. You lived at my table and there heard every scrap of news there was daily discussed, and whenever you wanted any information you had only to ask me for it.

“The first page of your letter just received is a discussion about dates. Surely you must remember that you left the Transvaal before your letter about the conduct of the troops could possibly have reached us here, and that consequently I could not have instituted any inquiry on the subject before you left this. It is needless for me therefore to enter into the discussions which you raise as to the propriety of my having consulted you about that inquiry; I shall merely add an expression of my sincere regret that, before writing the letter you did impugning the conduct of H.M.’s soldiers here, you did not ask me, whom you saw daily, or Colonel Lanyon, in whose house you wrote it, regarding the stories you had heard. Of course you wrote your statement on the authority of others, for you had seen no women flying before our troops and flocking into the towns for protection, nor had you seen Tommy Atkins struggling under the weight of a church clock which he had stolen as a souvenir of the sack of Heidelberg. These stories were told you, and if you had asked me about them, I should have told you they were malicious untruths. I regret extremely that you, who were at the date of your letter living amongst us, should have taken no trouble to ascertain from any member of the staff whether the stories you had heard were or were not even *based* on some truthful foundation. Your friend Mr. Aylward in Natal, editor of the *Witness*, a bitter hater of the Army, and always anxious to decry its character, was manly enough in a recent edition of his paper to state that, although he had endeavoured to obtain evidence and information to corroborate the statements regarding our soldiers which had appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, he had utterly failed to do so, and in the course of conversation the other day when I was at Maritzburg he said that, having done his best to procure the affidavits he had been requested to obtain

in corroboration of the *Daily Telegraph's* story, he had not succeeded in obtaining one. However, it is useless in this letter to enter any further on the subject. You have made serious charges against the soldiers under my command, and you have pledged yourself to substantiate them. I deny them *in toto*. I have stated so in the most public manner, and I now anxiously await the fulfilment of your pledge or the straightforward, manly acknowledgment of a gentleman who had been taken in, confessing his mistake. I hope soon to be in England, and trust that all this unfortunate affair may have been forgotten before my arrival, so that when we meet we may meet as old friends. I shall end my long letter to you with an expression of sincere regret that anything should have arisen to necessitate its being written at all.

"We have all read your accounts of the Sekukuni business with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. I hope this may reach you in the fullest enjoyment of health, and that you may not have experienced any bad or permanent results from your short campaign in Sekukuni's mountains. Again thanking you most sincerely for the many flattering things you say of me in your letter just received, believe me to be,

"Yours very truly,

"G. WOLSELEY."

Soon Sir Garnet Wolseley wrote again:—

"GOVERNMENT HOUSE,

"TRANSVAAL, SOUTH AFRICA.

"PRETORIA,

"March 27th, 1880.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—Your note of February 12th arrived here by the last post. I wish that post had not also brought me the copy of the *D. T.* with your letter in it of February 6th. I had hoped that all further correspondence on the subject of the charges you so recklessly brought against the troops and *their officers* in your letter of October 10th would have been unnecessary. But your letter of February 6th necessitated an answer, and it goes home by this post. I have been three times along all the posts between here and Maritzburg since you left, and

wherever I went I heard your charges *denounced* by every officer I spoke to on the subject. You can therefore imagine my surprise when I find in your letter of February 6th that you say you speak in their name, and that their voice sounds through your pen—I forget the exact words. When you wrote that you must have forgotten how strongly you spoke of them in your previous letter. There is a howl everywhere now at what is termed your ‘presumption’ in speaking and writing as if you had been authorised by the officers to do so in their name. I presume to think you must now regret your first letter on the subject, but you cannot do so more than I do, for I hate being forced to enter the lists against a friend, and in defence of those who cannot defend themselves put their character in the proper light before the authorities and the public at home. I feel this all the more because I am certain that you were not well or yourself when you dipped your pen in gall on October 10th and accused the soldiers of many heinous crimes and the officers of not using their best efforts to repress the outrageous doings of their men. I have from the first used every endeavour to inquire most searchingly into the charges you made, and, with the exception of Mr. —, all, I may say, to whom application has been made repudiate their correctness; and that gentleman’s story is not borne out by any evidence that would be accepted in any court of law. I heard he was angry because the soldiers would not deal with him, and I was therefore prepared to make allowances for his irritation against them.

“However, I hope this is the last time I may have to bore you with the soldiers’ grievances against you.

“I am very much obliged and very grateful to you as a friend for your frank and kind letter—like yourself—dated February 11th, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. I wish you could now feel yourself strong enough to come forward and say you had been misled by informants here as to the doings of the troops. The more I think of your first letter the more convinced am I that you could not have been well when you wrote it; had you been all yourself

at the time the grotesque absurdity of such charges as that about the women flocking into the big towns as if flying from the embraces of Zulus and Swazis would, I am sure, have struck you as it did everyone out here.

"However, let us have no more correspondence on this unpleasant subject. I hope to be in London on June 17th, and I look forward to the pleasure of meeting you there and enjoying your friendship for many a year to come. May your shadow never grow less! All is perfectly quiet here, and I see no good reason why our military expenditure here should not be largely reduced next year.

"Always sincerely yours,

"G. WOLSELEY."

What are we to conclude after all these charges and counter-charges, excursions and alarums? We have seen that Russell was opposed to the policy of both Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Garnet Wolseley, and it is likely that by a kind of sympathetic attraction he was led, automatically as it were, to bestow his disapproval on the instruments of their policy. The foundation of his charges could not be disproved, but it certainly seems—most of his friends whose judgment was worth having were of this opinion—that he over-emphasized the misbehaviour, swelling his catalogue of thefts with some instances of what was the comparatively venial looting of hungry soldiers on march. He was not always happy in his informants. Bishop Colenso, a man of serene mind, was of course above all pettiness, yet even he was capable of greatly under-estimating the integrity of his opponents' motives, and in particular he misjudged the character of Sir Bartle Frere, who, whatever his political mistakes may have been, was a man—to repeat Russell's words—of "a real nobility of governing," and one

incapable of intentional falsehood. As for some of Russell's other informants, they possessed the class of minds which are in permanent opposition, and it was a symptom of Russell's chivalrous tendency to associate himself with the weaker side that he should not in this case have detached all the evidence from the intellectual atmosphere which coloured it. If further extenuation of a lapse of judgment be required, it is surely offered in that letter from Sir Garnet Wolseley which recalls Russell's sickness in South Africa. No more need be said except this—and it has been said before—that Russell took no pleasure in blaming the Army, in which he honestly rejoiced more than in any other British institution. He blamed it because his conscience required that he should do so. And where his conscience was in play he was completely indifferent to small questions of convenience and personal amity.

The controversy, which was a model of public controversy in its way, because the acute differences of opinion never affected the regard of the writers for one another, had a charming culmination. Sir Garnet Wolseley wrote :—

“ 17, DOVER STREET,

“ *June 13th, 1880.*

“ MY DEAR RUSSELL,—Your letter of the 9th inst. has at last found me here. Many thanks for it. ‘Let the dead bury their dead.’ Why should we two continue a paper warfare? Both have only one object, namely, the good of the State. Both being human are liable to error, and are influenced by passions at times in a manner which we regret afterwards. You stung me—I am sure most unintentionally—in the most susceptible point, and I endeavoured to hit out straight in return. There are many things connected with South Africa I shall endeavour to forget, and amongst them is the circumstance that you and I had

ever had any difference of opinion regarding the soldiers there.

"Believe me to be always very sincerely yours,
"G. WOLSELEY."

If that did not end the dispute the following incident certainly did. It was two years later at the Academy banquet of 1882, and it happened that Sir Garnet Wolseley and Russell met near the door. They were talking about things in general when the Prince of Wales caught sight of them together, and as he passed, laughed and exclaimed: "What, you two! You are friends, I see." Sir Garnet Wolseley took a step after the Prince. "I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't quite understand what you said." "Oh, nothing. Only I was glad to see you were friends." Sir Garnet turned back and said to Russell, "I wonder what he means?" "I'm sure I don't know," said Russell. And there the matter ended, never to be mentioned again.

Russell kept up a correspondence with several friends in South Africa, and watched events there with a painful interest. One of his soldier friends wrote to him after Majuba:—

"When our Colonials have said 'the Boers will make no stand,' I have replied, 'the Dutch have fought us under Van Tromp and others with some success.' Is the nomadic life of a Boer likely to degenerate the old stock? If they can hit a bottle at a hundred yards why should they not plant Atkins at the same distance? But there was a foregone conclusion in the whole affair, and words of wisdom, even from the mouth of this suckling, were unheeded. Poor Colley! How confident he was! And what a clear-headed, fine soldier was he also! One morning while the preparations were going on I went to see him. In the course of conversation, business being over, he said in answer to the everlasting question 'Any news from the Transvaal?' 'Yes, rather good news, I think—

things look better.' In my innocence I said : 'I'm glad to hear anything that may tend to a peaceful settlement. The ramifications of the Dutch in these colonies are so extensive that when once the ball is opened God knows where it may end.' He said, smiling at my guileless prattle : 'Oh, I did not mean that ; but I hear the Boers mean to meet me at the Nek, and I think that will soon settle things.' All were of the same kidney—speaking to poor Poole after Bronker's Spruit, he said 'Ah, we'll give them a hammering for that !'

Another letter was from Colonel Owen Lanyon. It is nothing less than a diary of emotions before, and at the time of, the surrender of the Transvaal after Majuba :—

" CAMP LAAGER,
" PRETORIA,

" March 1st, 1881.

" MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I have already sent you one letter from our cage, and as I hope it will not be long before we get relieved, I utilise a few spare moments to write to an old friend who has written many a quire about the Transvaal and who would doubtless like to hear of our doings. I have written such pages officially regarding the outbreak, its suddenness, and the strange and unexpected turn everything seems to have taken, that I need hardly re-write them to you, for will they not all be printed in the volume of S. African Blue Books which will now flow forth ? All I will say on this point is that there was nothing to show what was about to occur until a very short time before it really happened. And after the Boers had taken their action in proclaiming the Republic, I believe the whole affair could have been settled without much trouble or fighting had there been no military blundering. The more one hears of the 94th business,* the more distressing does the total want of precaution seem. We now know that the band was unarmed,

* About 250 men of the 94th regiment were ambushed by the Boers at Bronker's Spruit, December 20th, 1880. Several of them were killed and wounded, others were dismissed after their arms had been taken from them.

that the line of wagons was over half a mile in length, that the rifles of many of the men were on the wagons, that only 30 rounds was served out to each man, that, save the advance guard of 70 men, all the men were scattered in twos and threes, and the sergeant-major was riding in the wagon with his wife. And yet warning had been given to Anstruther to proceed with great caution, as he might expect an attack, and only four miles short of the place where the fight took place, a kaffir had warned him that there were a number of Boers waiting near them. I urged Bellairs to send him the message to warn him, and sent off one of our mounted police with it, who reached him at the Oliphants river, which is about twelve miles this side of Middelburg.

"The Boers' successful encounter with the 94th instilled courage into all. They had spilt blood, won easily, and so felt that they had the game in their own hands. Those who wanted to mediate were overpowered, and those who were friendly disposed were coerced into joining the ranks of those who were flushed with their success. Bronker's Spruit disaster had, in fact, precisely the same unnerving effect that Isandlwana had in the Zulu War, and accordingly a reign of supreme caution began on our side.

"To me, the inaction is simply un-understandable, for we have a force here ample to my mind to clear the country within a day's march. We have 700 regulars, 2 nine-pounder guns, 600 volunteers, 4 Krupp guns and 2 seven-pounders, and good supplies of rockets and ammunition of all sorts. The Boers certainly do not muster as many men, but yet they have been quietly hemming us in since December 22nd, and only thrice has anything been done to disturb them. The last two attacks have been failures, which reflect little credit upon us. Both myself and Colonel Gildea have been urging some action, more especially that Colley, in the only telegram I have received from him, asked that we should aid his advance by worrying the enemy here. I would give anything just to have command for a day to have one fling at them. At the present time the Boers are so

weakened in numbers by having to concentrate to stop Colley's advance that I don't believe we have more than 500 of them round us, and they are scattered over a circumference of a circle about 18 miles in diameter. Not a patrol even has gone out since February 12th, and consequently soldiers and volunteers are getting disgusted, and well they may be. But I dread most of all the effect this will have on the natives, who are most loyal to us, but who cannot help seeing that we are allowing a much smaller armed force to hem us in. Fortunately elsewhere matters have been different, and at Rustenberg in particular where Auchinleck has only fifty of the 21st with him, he has made a right good fight, and even sortied out against the enemy. I do hope that Colley will soon relieve us, and that this terrible reign of inaction may come to an end.

"All Pretoria is now in laager, the greater part being in the camp, and the balance at one which has been made by running up a wall between the gaol and the convent. I don't think that all the Boers in South Africa could put us out of these places unless they had guns. The town is deserted and grass is actually growing in the streets. But owing to the excellent sanitary arrangements, the laagers, though frequently overcrowded, are healthy, and the rate of sickness is under the average. As soon as martial law was declared, everything was commandeered: horses, cattle, forage, and provisions of all sorts. Thus we have been able to economise our resources, and we have plenty where there would have been a famine had not such precautions been taken. I never knew a better lot of people for taking things in the rough without much grumbling. Of course there are some who grumble, and that loudly, but as a rule they are those who have the least right to do so, and who belong to the ill-conditioned lot who would growl anywhere at anything. I sleep on the dinner table (a barrack one), and we all live on our rations the same as others, though of course by this I don't mean to infer that we do not participate in the tinned and bottled comforts of life which one had in store when the siege began. The excitement has done me all the

good in the world, and I feel more fit than I have done since I was out with our volunteers in Griqualand West. To an old friend, I don't mind candidly stating that I should be glad if at the present time I had the same force available and was without the regulars, for I firmly believe we could do more without them as they now are. At any rate, we could worry the enemy without any danger to ourselves, and one would not have the humiliation of feeling that one was cooped up in a cage by a force of Boers which is certainly not as large as our own.

" March 10th.

"I feel that my position is, and has been, a false one ever since I have been here, for I have written strongly about the reduction of troops and no notice was taken of my representations. The K.D.G.'s were removed during my absence in the northern districts, and without my consent; Bellairs strongly objected to them being moved in my absence. Again the 58th was taken away, and I wrote a strong and lengthy minute on the subject to Colley, in September, pointing out the existing dangers regarding the native situation, and finishing up with the statement that I made this representation irrespective of the possible hostile attitude of the Boers. But it seems that the whole matter was cut and dried at home before Colley left, and so he had no option but to follow out the programme then laid down. But what I feel so is that having never been an alarmist even in times of great excitement—and you of all others have cause to know this—I think some deference should have been paid to my representation when I pointed out probable dangers. People at home will not know all this, and I have no doubt I have been roundly abused without a chance of being heard. Here we have been nearly three months, locked up without one chance of hearing what one is accused of, or of stating what are the true facts. All this is not pleasant. Had the 58th not been removed, or even if they had been sent back when I asked for them, the present situation could not have reached the serious position it has. Read my dispatches, and you will see how strongly I urged this point.

" *March 29th.*

" Yesterday evening a letter arrived from Sir E. Wood, of which the enclosed gazette gives a *précis*. No words of mine can express the utter prostration of the people in camp at getting this. To-day is about the saddest one I have ever had. The women—who have behaved splendidly during the siege—are all in tears; the children are as if they were in a chamber of death, for they have caught the prevailing feeling; and the men are utterly cast down, for they feel that all their loyalty will make them marked men by the Boers, and that their property and investments will become well nigh valueless. Three Secretaries of State, three High Commissioners, and the House of Commons have assured them that the country will not be given back, and yet now practically such has been done. What earthly use a Resident will be without a physical force at his back, is a problem I cannot solve, but I clearly see that there has been a breach of faith which has made loyals disloyals. And the natives who have cheerfully accepted our rule and have been steadfastly loyal to us during our time of trouble—what is to become of them under the rule of their former oppressors? I am very, very sad, and cannot understand what has become of England's *prestige*. To give in after 950 men have been slaughtered, seems to me a demonstration of a craven spirit unworthy of the Empire. I leave in a few days and hope to be home about the end of May.

"Till we meet, yours as ever,

"W. OWEN LANYON."

CHAPTER XXIV

LORD DUFFERIN AND MAX MÜLLER

DURING the spring and summer of 1881 Russell visited the United States and Canada with the Duke of Sutherland and several directors and officials of the London and North Western Railway. For a long time the Duke of Sutherland, in whose affections the development of railways and the reclamation of waste lands vied with one another for the first place, had intended to study the methods of American railways. No kind of machinery seemed to him dull, but of all the different kinds, apart from railways, he probably found fire engines and steam ploughs the most ravishingly interesting. Russell used to tell a story of the Duke starting one day from Dunrobin station when a navvy exclaimed: "There, that's what I call a real duke! Why, there he is a-driving of his own engine on his own railway, and a-burning of his own blessed coals!" (the Duke worked a coal pit close to Dunrobin). The study of railways, then, represented the business excuse for the expedition, but business did not by any means exclude pleasure; it only provided the material for the contrast which is the fount of enjoyment. Russell had no thought of making a book out of his journey, but he was afterwards prevailed upon by his travelling companions to expand occasional letters he had written to the *Morning Post* into two volumes, which were published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. The narrative is unstrained, slight in substance, yet never out of touch

with ideas, and it must have recalled to Russell's companions as well as any manner of writing could the memory of days which were very interesting but never oppressively serious. Whenever Russell talked with Americans about the Civil War, it was with good temper on both sides. Only once was there an approach to danger, and then Russell's humour guided him well. He was at dinner in an hotel when a card was handed to him with a sketch of a man running at the top of his speed from a vague hint of cavalry in the distance. Underneath were the words "Russell at Bull Run." There was just room on the card for Russell to draw in front of the fugitive a pair of legs and part of a disappearing body, and underneath he wrote: "The last man of the Federal Army on that occasion." The loud laughter which followed showed that the adversary was conquered and was, moreover, a willing captive.

In the autumn of 1882 Russell was in Egypt, and for the first time was in the presence of war without taking part in it. He left London on July 20th, nine days after the bombardment of Alexandria. He really went abroad for his health, but once he was in Egypt the preparations to crush Arabi's rebellion and the agitations of innumerable correspondents to be allowed to go to the front brought a fever into his blood, and he applied to Sir Garnet Wolseley for leave to go with the rest. Sir Garnet wrote on September 4th from Ismailia :—

"I am very sorry I cannot help you to the front. I have issued very stringent orders against all amateurs doing so. My only plan was to make no exception, and I refused Lord Charles Beresford, although he came here armed with the Khedive's commission as

A.D.C. to his Highness. I can tell you also that life in the front here is a very hard one, and will be much harder when we make our final advance, as we shall be without tents for several days and with nothing to live on except rations."

Russell wrote in his diary that Lord Charles Beresford had tried next to reach the front as correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and had again been refused. On September 8th the diary says:—

"I received a great pile of papers. It makes me sick to read them. We are quite changing our national character, or showing its worst side, for no Gascon could be more braggart and vain, and the special correspondents vie with each other in gasconade."

On September 12th, the day before Tel-el-Kebir, he sang his swan song as a war correspondent.

"What a sight," he wrote, "to have beheld our Army moving out this night to bivouac on the desert. Alas! why was I not with them? This is my last chance, perhaps."

All the winter he stayed in Egypt, suffering from rheumatism and sending occasional letters to the *Army and Navy Gazette*. He wrote to Max Müller:—

"HELWAN (NEAR CAIRO),

"November 20th, 1882.

"DEAR MAX MÜLLER,—More years than I have fingers and toes by a good many is it since you made me smile incredulously as you cast a ray of light upon my utter darkness one evening and held before my eyes the word 'mad,' as well as I remember, as the Sanscrit root of all the 'mothers' of our race. And now I have just laid down with regret your lecture on the teaching of India and revert to that little den in the Temple and wonder what would have come of it all had I followed the quiet path which has led my friend to such a grand elevation with the best steps I could achieve instead of following those noisy drums

and trumpets, smothered in the dust of marches, and sinking at last into the common trench. And I say 'Kismet.' Here I am in the strange place at which the caprice of Nature is causing a sulphur spring to rush out in the desert, and the fancy of Ismail Pasha that he would create a Harrogate in the land of the Pharaohs has made a winter resort contrary to all the traditions of the Bedouins and wild animals, hitherto its sole inhabitants. I open the lattices of my comfortable hotel window and look out on the Pyramids of Darshour, the mounds of Memphis, and the works of Cheops, and in the village at which I stop when I want to cross the Nile I see from the hotel 'bus, if you please, the 'houses' and the people just as they were, I am sure, minus the turbans, in the time of Menes. And there is a fanfare of cavalry trumpets out on the desert, and behold Tommy Atkins running to fall in for parade. I came here first and they followed me, and we both came for health, for I am very rheumatic and they are very feverish. I think I shall winter out here. I have no home—all my bairns are away and married, and are busy with their own concerns, and I have only to await the end, if not quite *pauper indigens* certainly *exul*. But I trust I may live to pay that Oxford visit and make the acquaintance of your household.

" Ever yours affectionately,
" W. H. RUSSELL."

Hearing of Anthony Trollope's illness, Russell wrote home for information, and received this answer from Sir John Millais :—

" 2, PALACE GATE,
" KENSINGTON,
" December 5th, 1882.

" MY SWEET WILLIAM,—I was quite delighted to hear from you, and receive your admirable artistic performance. I regret to say that dear old Trollope is in a *very critical state*, and I believe there is little hope. I have called frequently and know that he is rarely conscious and has only been able to utter one word since the attack—'No.' In case you are ignorant of the particulars, I may tell you shortly that he was struck

down suddenly when dining. The whole of one side was paralysed and his speech gone. He was removed to his old lodgings in Suffolk Street. The last few days they have difficulty to feed him. Need I say more to prove how hopeless his condition is, and is there one word necessary from me to say what I think of the man we have both lost? 'Fill up the ranks and march on'—as Dickens said when he heard of Thackeray's death—is the spirit in which I pass on to other subjects. . . .

"Now, my dear old boy, I must *unlock* my door (I locked it to enable me to have quiet enough to write this) and proceed to an R.A. meeting over a green tablecloth and impressive august inkstand. There are some respectable moments in my profession, and these conclaves and the society of the Athenæum make life just endurable to

"Your affectionate old friend,
"J. EVERETT MILLAIS."

At the end of February, 1883, Russell moved to Cairo, and was scarcely established at Shepherd's Hotel when a message came from Lady Dufferin inviting him to take up his quarters at the Embassy. He answered that he was "a melancholy old bird," and begged her to reflect on what she was proposing. Her answer was that she had reflected, and that Russell was to put himself in a cab and come at once. Accordingly he went, and cultivated a friendship with Lord and Lady Dufferin from which he drew very much profit and pleasure. Several times, "fearing to use the Embassy like an hotel," he protested that he must go, but each time he was constrained to stay. "Lady Dufferin always puts me at my ease," he writes; and again: "How delightful Dufferin is! What a heavenly kindness and pity!" Early in April Lady Dufferin went to England.

"How will Dufferin get on without her?" wrote Russell. "He speaks of her so gently. He said to

me: 'I am blessed beyond most men. I had an incomparable mother, I have an incomparable wife. With two women in my life like these I cannot be sufficiently thankful.'

On April 15th the diary says:—

"After dinner I told Dufferin stories of the wars, and he listened and encouraged me to go on till I was tired of the sound of my own voice. I am now so very, very regretful I didn't try to write steadily every day some work of fiction founded on my past, as Dufferin said, and as Thackeray so often suggested to me."

In May Lord Dufferin went to Constantinople, and insisted that Russell should go with him. On May 7th the diary says:—

"The ship passed Gallipoli, and I told Dufferin of my experience on that miserable spot twenty-nine years before. He talked to me seriously of my duty to myself and the world to leave a record of what I have seen. He says I should dictate, but only when the fit is on me."

On May 14th: "How charming he was to me. As we were on our way to bed I had no words to thank him, and he declared that it was he who owed me so much, and he would ever value the occasion which had led to his improving his relations with one of the sweetest natures he had ever met!! Oh, dear, how flattered and foolish I felt, and so pleased, for at least he thought me worthy of some of it."

It will be convenient to quote here two or three letters which Lord Dufferin wrote to Russell subsequently. The letter which follows belongs to the period when Lord Dufferin was Viceroy of India:—

"SIMLA,

"30th April, 1885.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—It was such a pleasure to me to get your kind letter of the 1st of January. You must not expect much of a reply, for a Viceroy whose

dominions are about to be invaded has scarcely time to write a chatty letter.

"You will have seen by the papers that I have been hobnobbing with the Amir—a wonderful personage, who hangs up by the heels any member of his council who contradicts him, until the Durbar is over. This will give you as good a notion of the man as anything else.

"We are still uncertain whether it is to be peace or war, but if it is war it will be a wicked war imposed upon us by Russia. Nothing has been wanting upon our side, at all events in India, to avert it.

"I have sent my Amir home very contented and in the best disposition towards us. How long he will remain so is another question, for with Orientals, as no one knows better than yourself, two and two make five as often as they do four.

"I have some good soldiers here, and an excellent man in my Commander-in-Chief—a cannie, painstaking Scotchman, with lots of 'go' as well as of caution—neither fussy nor irresolute.*

"Pray lay my respectful homage at the feet of your wife. Mine desires to be most kindly remembered to you, as does my daughter.

"Ever, my dear old friend,

"Yours sincerely,

"DUFFERIN."

While he was Ambassador in Rome Lord Dufferin wrote of the various people—"gentlemen with soup tickets from Lord Salisbury; the representatives of trading firms that come to 'exploiter' the Italian Ministers; and various nondescripts such as you wot of"—who expected invitations to the Embassy. He went on:—

"It is only Lady Dufferin's extraordinary tact and good management that has hitherto kept us out of, I will not say hot, but boiling water. Even as it is,

* Sir Donald Martin Stewart, whose services in the Mutiny are well known. He became Governor of Chelsea Hospital in 1895, and died in 1900.

I have sometimes to take up the pen of indignation and to write to some obstreperous lady to ask her what she means by it. In the case of our ball, however, everybody, thank God, has to be passed through the Italian Chamberlain's sieve, and nobody can come who has not been presented to the Queen of Italy and to the Queen of England, so that we are able to reply to the angry people left out that it is the Court officials and not we who have shut the gates in their face. Another difficulty is that the Italian society is so small, and the Diplomatic and the English so large, that the former is completely swamped by the latter unless great care is taken to winnow the wheat.

"But what on earth has led me to write you all this stuff I hardly know. What I really wanted to tell you was how grieved I was to learn of your having been ill, and so prevented from coming South. Had you gone to Naples I would have joined you, for I have a boat there in which I expatiate in the Bay, and I am at this moment projecting a little holiday in that direction."

After Lord Lytton's death, Lord Dufferin was appointed Ambassador in Paris in 1892, and he wrote to Russell when on the point of leaving Rome:—

"Here we are, riding at single anchor. Our spoons and forks are already in Paris, and all we have left is a cracked teacup, which we hand round to one another, as those famous old ladies did their single tooth. The move is a tremendous business both material and moral. I had no expectation of finishing my career elsewhere than in this place, and had no pretensions to go to Paris. Poor Lytton sent me a message the week before his death by Wilfrid Blunt to the effect that, however much he loved me, he was not going to make a vacancy for me. I had actually begun a reply, in which I said that if his other colleagues in Europe were as anxious for him to continue to shine at Paris as I was, he would remain there for the next twenty years, but the fatal telegram arrived before my letter was posted.

"In fact, it is with a heavy heart that I am quitting

Rome, for I suppose I shall never again spend such pleasant and peaceful years as these past three have been. It is a delightful habitation: very little to do, the most pleasant society, hunting in the winter, boating in the summer—what could one wish for more? And now one has to separate from the friends one has made, to pull up one's heart by the roots, and to commence a new life in a new and difficult society, where the work is harder than anywhere else in Europe, except perhaps at Constantinople. This at my time of life is a sufficiently anxious prospect. My wife is more reconciled to the idea, because it will be better for her children, whom she can pitch across the Channel to their sister instead of leaving me alone for months at a time—a separation which we both hated."

In the winter of 1883 Russell became engaged to be married to the Countess Antoinette Malvezzi, a member of an ancient family of Bologna. The name Malvezzi appears both in Italian and French history. More than once the family of Malvezzi disputed the over-lordship of Bologna with the family of Bentivoglio. The name is also connected with England, as Virgile Malvezzi was Spanish Ambassador at the Court of Charles I.

The marriage took place in Paris, where the bride's family lived, on February 18th, 1884. The Anglican service was performed at the British Embassy, where the ball-room was turned into a chapel. Afterwards, the Roman Catholic service was performed in the sacristy of the church at the Place d'Eylau St. Honoré, the witnesses of Mlle. Antoinette Malvezzi being Count J. Bentivoglio d'Aragon and Prince Capece Zurlo; and of Russell, Sir Clare Ford and Colonel Napier Sturt.

Russell and his wife went afterwards to Lady Anglesey's house, where there was a very large party

to meet them, including Lord Lyons and all the staff of the Embassy. Many pages would be spent on details if an attempt were made to mention the messages of goodwill and the presents Russell received—from the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia downwards. It is much more important to say that the marriage turned out an immense happiness and support to him, his wife being wise and capable as well as charming; and this new comfort attended him to the end of his days. At the beginning of the very next year he was able to make an entry of an unprecedented kind in his diary—he was able to tell himself, not merely that he was hopeful about his finances, but that he had a definite reason for being hopeful, and he acknowledged that this was due to the excellent management of Mrs. Russell.

In May, 1886, he went to stay with Max Müller at Oxford, and wrote in his diary:—

“Forty golden years ago and more since first I met dear little Max, and the Temple parties and symposia—poor and simple, smoke and beer and song. Most of the players in the asphodel fields now at ghostly lawn tennis.”

Just before this visit he had given Max Müller a letter of introduction to Lord Wolseley, assuring him that Lord Wolseley hated war. “Anybody could introduce you to him,” he had said to Max Müller, “but I particularly wish to be allowed to have the pleasure of doing it.”

“I know he hates war,” wrote Max Müller. “So does Moltke, I believe; so does the Crown Prince; and who does not? I know there must be a row now and then, but this chronic madness is too much for me. I doubt whether it ever was so bad. But yet people

don't hate each other more than ever; on the contrary, they eat their international dinner and smoke their international pipes of peace; but at the first rattle of the drum, there they are dynamiting at each other. It is the *plural* that does it. You know I explain everything by language. Now, if people could never say, 'O those French, those Germans, those Irish,' all would go well, for most Frenchmen, and Germans, and Irish, declined in the singular, are very good fellows. It is the plural that changes them into such fearful fellows, and, I suppose when I shall have abolished the plural, we shall have universal peace."

How the old friendship between Russell and Max Müller began is explained in the following letter from Max Müller:—

"7, NORHAM GARDENS,

"OXFORD,

"*Sunday.*

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—You ask when we met for the first time. Was it '46 or '47? I came from Paris to England for the first time—was very sick and you kindly gave me a cigar! We arrived very late at night—it was dark and rainy—a fellow took my portmanteau and disappeared. I did not know where to go or what to do—I could not speak a word of English. Then you, like a kind Samaritan, recovered my portmanteau, took me into your cab, drove with me to your chambers in the Temple, and gave me a bed or a sofa to sleep there. I have never forgotten that—I doubt whether anybody else would have done it. The next day you found me a lodging in Essex Street. I slept in a large four poster such as I had never seen before, and next morning while lost in admiration over the four splendid pillars, my landlady came in, asked how I had slept and asked whether I wanted another pillar? I found out afterwards when I began to study English phonetics that she meant a pillow!

"What a time it was! Many things I have quite forgotten, others are as vivid as ever. You took me to an oyster shop in the Strand, and my impression is that I met Charles Dickens there one night. After a

time you disappeared, and then rose like a meteor in the Crimean War. I shall have to look through my old letters when I can do nothing else. At present I am as hard at work as ever—harder even—and feel all the better for it. Twenty lectures take some time to write, even when they are all there in your head.

“Ever yours,

“T. MAX MÜLLER.”

Although the two who met thus when all the world was before them did not often come in contact afterwards, they frequently corresponded; and nothing is more agreeable in the correspondence than Max Müller's affectionate recollection of the help Russell had been able to give him. He was never tired of referring to it. This touching note, written by a member of his family when he was dying, shows how much the subject ran in his mind:—

“I don't think he quite realises how near he is to his end. Beatrice and Tom are both here, and we are going to have the Communion service in his bedroom this afternoon. He was just saying that he must still write in his autobiography how good Billy was to him on his first arrival in England.”

On June 15th, 1888, the Emperor Frederick—the Crown Prince of the Franco-German War—died, and within a few months the publication of his diary in a magazine was fluttering all Germany. Russell wrote in his diary on September 28th:—

“Bismarck says, first, that the diary is apocryphal; secondly, that alterations and additions have been made with a sinister purpose by some persons of the Emperor's *entourage*. He quotes and refutes passages to show the diary is false, and then proceeds to prosecute the magazine for publishing State documents! He is certainly wrong as to the Sedan interview, and the diary is certainly wrong in stating I was absent

from headquarters secretly between the 12th and 14th of September. The *Times* and *Standard* refer to my connection with the diary. If the diary is not all genuine, the basis is, and must be so.*

* This question is illuminated by Busch's "Bismarck: Some Secret Pages of His History." On September 26th, 1888, Herr Busch, who was Bismarck's agent in "working the Press," wrote:—

"In the intervals he" [Bismarck] "had a long conversation with me on the manner in which the Crown Prince's diary should be dealt with. He introduced the subject by the remark (in English): 'I am afraid you have forgotten your English.' On my answering 'No, sir, by no means,' he continued the conversation in that language on account of the coachman. He began: 'As you will have seen from what you have read, we must first treat it as a forgery, a point of view from which a great deal must be said. Then, when it is proved to be genuine by the production of the original, it can be dealt with further in another way.' I said that on the whole it appeared to me to be genuine, but incomplete. . . .

"He rejoined: 'You were quite right. I myself consider the diary even more genuine than you do. It is quite insignificant, superficial stuff, without any true conception of the situation, a medley of sentimental politics, self-conceit, and phrase-mongering. He was far from being as clever as his father, and the latter was certainly not a first-rate politician. It is just that which proves its genuineness to me. But at first we must treat it as doubtful.' "

CHAPTER XXV

CHANGES AND CHANCES

IN February, 1889, Russell and his wife started for a tour in Chile, with "Colonel" North, the "Nitrate King," who was a well-known figure in London in the eighties and early nineties of last century. "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" was the question of Russell's friends. Well, it seemed odd that he should put himself in the train of the rough but good-hearted financier; but the invitation was accepted without premeditation and on definite conditions. Russell and his wife had made plans for spending the early months of the year in Egypt, and had actually booked their passages in a steamer, when a chance meeting with Colonel North changed everything. Russell had never been round the south of South America, and his yearnings towards a wild part of the world which he had never seen were somehow concentrated and expressed in the thought of beholding the Straits of Magellan—the very prospect which Colonel North held out to him. No sooner had he accepted the invitation than doubts assailed him. He had been asked as a well-known journalist—*ergo*, he would be expected to write something. But how could he write what would please the Nitrate King—and satisfy himself? The Nitrate King's idea of enthusiasm was enthusiasm about nitrates: his notion of information was the kind you may find in the prospectuses of company-promoters. Russell did the only sensible thing: he

said at the last moment that he could not go unless it were understood that his judgment remained his own. "Of course," said Colonel North in effect. "You want to tell the truth. Nothing will please me better. They say one of my railways is a tramway ending in a marsh. You will see what it is, and you are perfectly free to tell the truth in this and every other respect." So Russell's doubts were allayed.

Talking of his success during the voyage out, Colonel North told Russell that he was about to give up all hope of prospering in Chile, when his wife happened to mention in a letter from England, that two friends of his had made a bet of £100 as to his remaining in the country more than a year. "I made up my mind," he said, "that Tom So-and-so should win his money. In a little time I was able to send for my wife, and when I went home at the end of nine years I had £25,000 a year."

On the way home Russell visited the works of the Panama Canal, and wrote to M. de Lesseps, who answered many months later with an optimism which was rendered strangely pathetic by the event:—

"Septembre 18me, 1890.

"CHER MONSIEUR RUSSELL,—La perte de la lettre que vous m'aviez adressée de Panama a retardé le vif plaisir que devait me procurer la connaissance de votre appréciation sur le degré d'avancement du canal si encourageant pour la suite de l'œuvre.

"Mon fils vient de me communiquer la gracieuse lettre que vous lui écrivez de Marienbad. J'y trouve cet intérêt clairvoyant avec lequel vous avez, toute votre vie, suivi ce qui touchait aux progrès du monde. Elle me reporte au temps où, je parcourais avec vous les travaux du canal de Suez, vous étiez de ceux qui, alors rares, croyaient au succès de l'entreprise, et à son avenir.

"Vous avez vu de même à Panama l'effort accompli

et vous avez reconnu la certitude aussi bien que la nécessité de l'ouverture de la voie nouvelle.

"Il faut que tous ceux qui comprennent que le monde ne s'arrête pas, que les heures de défaillance ne doivent pas faire oublier le but à atteindre, contribuent comme vous le faites à répandre la vérité.

"Vous pouvez beaucoup, par votre parole persuasive et si autorisée, pour dissiper les craintes chimériques trop malheureusement semées par des aboyeurs toujours prêts à empêcher le bien.

"Aujourd'hui je ne forme qu'un vœu ardent, en dehors de toute préoccupation personnelle, c'est que le canal se finisse sans qu'on oublie les hommes courageux qui ont employé leur épargne à conduire l'entreprise si près de son achèvement.

"Je vous remercie bien cordialement des sentiments que vous m'exprimez. Je vous serai reconnaissant de toute part que vous prendrez à la divulgation de la vérité sur le canal de Panama.

"Veuillez, cher Monsieur Russell, croire à mon sincère dévouement,"

"COMTE FERDINAND DE LESSEPS."

At the beginning of 1890 Russell published a book on his Chilian journey.* He wrote in his diary:—

"North has read proofs. Said he would not wish to alter a line about himself or his work, but he was anxious that nothing should appear to offend the Chilian Government or the Chilians as he was getting on well with them and would not wish his good relations to cease. Whatever was in the book would be attributed to him. I said 'You must remember I went out to use my own eyes and judgment.'"

Eventually Russell made it clear in a few words of preface that the opinions expressed were all his own. Thus the expedition, more hazardous in one sense than any he had undertaken, ended without any harm being done, and Colonel North was still his very

* "A Visit to Chile and the Nitrate Fields," by W. H. Russell, with illustrations by Melton Prior. J. S. Virtue & Co.

good friend. When Russell heard of North's death six years later he wrote in his diary:—

“It was not a surprise, but it was a great shock to think that I shall never again see or suffer the great, kindly, blustering Boreas so full of goodness. To me and wife he was ever courteous, considerate, and attentive. The frantic grief of that house! For he was dearly loved and was in many ways lovable.”

Russell never again went further afield than Egypt. He felt that he had reached the time of life when comparative relaxation was his due, but this did not prevent him from working as seriously as was required in editing the *Army and Navy Gazette*. Something will be said in another chapter of the opinions he had for many years supported and continued to support in that journal. Here only a few notes can be made on the remaining years of his life.

London never failed to find him ready to watch and share in her manifold life with the old gusto; the conversation of clubs, the effervescence of well-arranged dinner parties, the visits exchanged with old friends: these things meant as much as ever to one who always found the world young. It was said that no one was more attentive to new members at the Garrick; and no one was more desired as a supporter by candidates.

On September 25th, 1892, the Duke of Sutherland died, and Russell wrote of his long friendship with a man whom he had truly loved but whom he had ceased to meet in the last few years owing to a disagreement on a matter of principle:—

“My heart is exceedingly heavy, and the only comfort I have in thinking over the recent years of our relations is the small one that we met and parted as friends the last time we saw each other and exchanged

words. For six and thirty years he was my friend and I can only say I loved him more than any man on earth, and during that time there was never a cloud in the sky under which we moved—he in his place and I in mine—separated by nothing that caused friction or discontent between us.”

In 1895 Russell was knighted on the recommendation of Lord Rosebery. The diary of May 10th says :—

“3.15 to Downing Street. Rosebery came in : ‘My dear Billy’—and then came a very pretty speech. He had always considered that my great services in the Crimea had not been sufficiently or at all recognised. A knighthood or a C.B.”

If a knighthood was a suitable reward for Russell’s services, it was strange that no Prime Minister before Lord Rosebery had thought it his duty to give it to him. The general feeling was surprise at the delay. In 1893 Lord Wolseley had written to Russell :—

“I waited before answering your letter in the hope of being able to congratulate you upon being made a K.C.B. I have long thought it a shame not to have given you one before, and have always said that whenever I got to the top I should insist upon it. But perhaps it has been offered and refused. You are the link between Literature and the Army, and you represent so much in our military world that it is simply disgraceful to have left you out. I hope you and I may live to see this wrong redressed.”

Two years later, when the knighthood was granted, many of the letters of congratulation Russell received expressed the same thought. Sir Redvers Buller wrote :—

“29, BRUTON STREET, W.,

“June 1st, 1895.

“MY DEAR RUSSELL,—May I add my humble comment to the many letters you will receive on the honour given you in the Birthday Gazette. I was so



SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL IN THE UNIFORM OF A DEPUTY LIEUTENANT.

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glad to see it. Better late than never; but in the opinion of most of your friends and admirers it was well earned *long ago*. . . . May you long live to enjoy it!

"Yours very truly,

"REDVERS BULLER."

The Duke of Cambridge wrote:—

"CAMBRIDGE COTTAGE,

"KEW,

"June 2nd, 1895.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I have been so busy running about of late that I have hitherto been unable to write to you to tell you how much I rejoiced to see your name amongst the birthday honours. I am delighted at your having been knighted, and I hope you may long live to enjoy the honour that has been conferred upon you, in health and strength. You have always been a kind friend to me, and you know that I appreciate your good opinion. My regards to my Lady, and believe me to remain

"Yours most sincerely,

"GEORGE."

The end of 1895 brought Mr. Cleveland's threat of war against Great Britain in connection with the Venezuelan dispute. Mr. Bigelow wrote on this subject to Russell:—

"7, WEST FORTY-THIRD STREET,

"NEW YORK,

"January 5th, 1896.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—No one can deplore more sincerely than I do the fatuous pronunciamiento of our President. I say this quite irrespective of the merits of the controversy between your Government and that of Venezuela, about which I know nothing, and irrespective of the Monroe, or any other doctrine which purports to have a basis of common sense. It was the most inauspicious, inopportune, as well as brutal exhibition of Jingoism that ever emanated from the head of a responsible government. It was, to use a *tour de phrase* of Milton, 'evil, and for evil only good.' Our Constitution had confided the war-making power

to Congress. President Cleveland does not appear to have yet read the Constitution so far as that; and besides entirely misconstruing the language and import of President Monroe, he assumes the 'Monroe doctrine' to be a part of the formulated and established determination of the American people. While we as a people would no doubt, in the language of Monroe's message, regard any attempt on the part of any European Power to forcibly colonise any portion of this continent—to use the language of Mr. Monroe—as an unfriendly act, our Government has never, so far as I know, avowed that doctrine in a way to authorise the President to cite it as an American doctrine or to authorise its use in any diplomatic communication. It does not become such an American doctrine until it has been adopted by both Houses of Congress and has been approved by the President. I think I take no risk in saying that the Monroe doctrine has received no such sanction. . . .

"Sincerely your friend,

"JOHN BIGELOW."

The year 1896 ended disastrously for Russell. He was suddenly confronted with the loss of some thousands of pounds owing to embezzlements by the manager of the *Army and Navy Gazette*. He described how it happened in a letter to Sir Arthur Lyttelton-Annesley :—

"*ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE*,

"3, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN,

"LONDON, W.C.,

"*January 9th, 1897.*

"MY DEAR ANNESLEY,—I was once blown up physically—May 8th, 1855, 2 p.m., No. 8 Battery, 2nd parallel, left attack—a big bomb. But it was nothing to the moral up and down of a letter by morning's post December 19th, Queen's Hotel, Southsea, where we were preening our wings for foreign parts on a visit to my dear old chum Obey Williams, the writer of which, replying to a complaint of mine about bad type, 'casually' remarked that I owed Eyre & Spottiswoode £1,974.

"Why, I did not think I owed them the odd 74. Every week I sent their cheque for £30, crossed and to their order, to —, the manager and confidence trick man, of the *A. & N. G.* I was off to London next train—to the Bank first. No, they had not passed any of our cheques from Eyre & Spottiswoode lately—a few now and then at intervals. Then to Eyre & Spottiswoode. No! they had not been paid regularly of late. When their collector called, — told them Sir William was away and a cheque would not be sent. They had written to me and had no reply, and (nice people!) they did not like to harass me.

"What was an utter mystery to me was to George Lewis clear as crystal. 'Where is —?' 'At the office.' 'I will go there with you, calling at Bow Street police office on our way.' I wish I had time to describe the interview. Lewis was exquisitely polite. 'Of course, Mr. —, you can explain how it is that the money is due to the printers when you got a cheque every week to pay their account.' 'There was no money in the bank.' 'Why?' 'I can't tell you.' 'Well, I can—because you were a rogue and put the money that ought to have met the cheques into your pocket.' Alas! he did far more—he let us in for debts of £3,500, and it has been shown by an examination of our books that he had robbed us (chiefly me) of more than £8,000 since 1890! That night Mr. — spent in a police cell—and next Monday I appear at the Old Bailey to prosecute him for felony. The accountant, who was his accomplice, blew out his brains, after —'s arrest.

"Such is my Christmas tale—my New Year's opening.

"W. H. R."

The manager was sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

It was a sign of Russell's popularity and the peculiar affection with which his friends regarded him that many persons—among them men who had little money to spare—wrote to offer him help. To give only one example, an Army doctor, who had known Russell in

the Crimea and in India, wrote : " I was much grieved to see that you had been such a loser. I shall be very pleased to contribute to assist you in this trouble by sending you £100. Do not, please, be offended with me, my dear old friend, in making this offer, as I feel very deeply for you, and as a friend for whom I entertain an affectionate regard, I should like to do you this small kindness if you will accept it."

But such support was unnecessary. Within a few weeks a miracle was performed, and Russell beheld himself in more security than ever before. His partner, Mr. R. J. Wood, had died a year before, and now by the timely help of Mr. Steinkopf he found himself in a real sense the sole proprietor of his paper. Briefly how this happened he explained in a letter to Mrs. Thornhill in April, 1897 :—

" I had a very awful winter of it. From December 18th last year when the gulf opened at my feet till the 28th March, my 77th birthday, I was in miserable anxiety. I would have willingly had half a dozen campaigns in lieu of the terrible ups and downs, and now that I am able to breathe I can scarce believe that I have escaped from ruin. But so it is. And how? Altogether by the inspiration and intervention of Antoinette who off her own bat, I may say, saved my stumps and by her address and cleverness got me a friend to help me out of all my pressing difficulties. So now the *Army and Navy Gazette* is my own—free from debt. It is miraculous. Of course I have suffered—and I am sure I am years older."

In this year of Queen Victoria's "Diamond" Jubilee, the *Times* conceived the idea of asking Russell to describe the chief ceremonies. Mr. Moberly Bell, the manager, wrote :—

" There are innumerable reporters, but only one Russell. We feel it is a very exceptional event, and

that nothing will celebrate the *semper eadem* of the *Times* better than by employing in 1897 the greatest of all reporters."

Russell answered :—

"ADARE MANOR,

"ADARE, IRELAND,

"May 28th, 1897.

"MY DEAR SON MOBERLY,—Your letter gave your poor Father William a very perturbed night, full of emotions of pleasure and pain and of agitated reflections, and as I write I am under the influence of them still. What a great delight it would be to me if I could write 'Yes' at once. But I *fear* to do it. That illness of body and mind—that imminence of ruin, as it seemed to me last year, have broken me down. I came here very ill—bronchitis, insomnia—on April 21st, and I was not able to leave my room for more than a fortnight, but I can sleep now and my cough has nearly gone. Where is the power to execute worthily of the *Times* the duties you offer me—a truly honourable distinction—the greatest compliment you could pay me? Gone! I find difficulty now and then in penning a paltry paragraph for the 'organ' with which I am, as you say, remotely connected, and in which I was wont to perform such tremendous fugues and magnificent marches. The very thought of breaking down—as I very nearly did on the occasion of the Duke of Wellington's funeral—though then *hunger* may have had something to do with my shortcomings—quite upsets me now. What would it be if I were to undertake the assigned work for you and fail utterly? It distresses me infinitely to say '*non possumus*.' The association with the event itself, and with the dear old *Times*, to which I owe so large a share of all I have ever had, my desire to show Arthur Walter how sensible I am of the bounteous kindness which prompted his visit to me in a moment of great trouble—nay! my years of *unearned* pension, and the terms of the very gratifying letter you wrote me yesterday, all impel me to essay the task. But *non sum qualis eram*. I know it and I deplore it bitterly, most of all because my sense of the change obliges me to an act of such

self-sacrifice. I intend to get back to 37, Queen's Mansions, next week. I am sure my wife will be as sorry as I am when she hears of my resolution on her return here to-morrow.

"We have seats at Apsley House for 22nd, and if I feel up to it I would, as an outsider, go off to my old place and take up my parable there. How would that be? I would not have the weight and dread upon me. So now let me pray you to pity the sorrows of a poor old man and sympathise with yours ever,

"FATHER WILLIAM."

As it turned out, Russell did not feel himself equal even to this small undertaking. His strength was waning steadily, and only a strong constitution kept him for nearly ten years more tenacious of life under the stress of numerous ills. His sufferings were of the heart as well as of the body; within nine months of one another both his sons died unexpectedly—the elder, William, of the Chinese Imperial Customs, at Nagasaki in May, 1898, and the younger, John, who had been Vice-Consul at Alexandria, the Dardanelles and Mosul, in January, 1899. When Russell took up his pen in these years, it was nearly always to write to his friends or keep his diary. During the Spanish-American War, Mr. Bigelow wrote to him:—

"THE SQUIRRELS,

"*June 5th, 1898.*

"MY PRECIOUS FRIEND,— . . . This war has made me nearly sick—it was so utterly inexcusable in its purpose and undertaken with such an ignominious lack of preparation. We have had, it is true, no Bull Run yet, but B. R. seems to have taught us nothing. We are relatively no better than then. The way we are emptying our treasury too—as some suspect, more in the interest of Protection than of the poor Cuban—is frightful, forgetting that we have not now, as in '61, the newly-discovered gold of California, the oil wells of Pennsylvania and an almost boundless

range of public lands to bank upon. The present value of all these resources is now mortgaged to secure existing national indebtedness. We must now depend upon taxation. We shall spend £100,000,000 before this year is out upon this war, and if successful will get as our compensation what we would hardly have accepted as a gift two years ago if the people had been consulted. While I was in Paris in 1863 I received a proposition from Prim, through an agent, to sell Cuba to our Government, for 3,000,000 dollars. It was at this time P. was undertaking the revolution which brought him to the head of the Army and made him the *force majeure* in the Government, but he was at the moment in need of money. I declined to entertain the proposition, ostensibly on the ground that I had no instructions to treat for Cuba, but really because I looked upon the acquisition of Cuba with its population as a calamity. It would have resulted in sending probably six senators and twice as many members to the lower House of our Congress with whom we would not have had one single bond of sympathy except such as we have with the beasts of the field. It is a little different now, I suppose, for I question if Cuba will have at the close of this war one half the population she had then; and the low price of the land there will tempt a rapid emigration from the States, in which the Spanish element will soon be as completely merged as the French are in Louisiana.

"In looking for the hand of Providence in the affairs of nations as of individuals, to which you know I am prone, I think I have discovered two or three good things that may result from this war which could have been compassed in no other way, and which may prove to be worth what they will cost:—

"1st. The extension of the territory over which the English language and law will prevail.

"2nd. So impoverishing our country as to make our people feel their taxes sufficiently to give more thought to the selection of the men who create the necessity for, and impose them.

"3rd. The rapid effacement of the sectional antipathies which grew out of the Civil War, and

"4th. The formation of a habit among the people of

your country and mine of looking for the good things in each other rather than the evil ; in looking forward into our future histories rather than backward into our past histories, and thus becoming in our platonic unity strong enough to become an example to the rest of the world instead of being objects of jealousy and mistrust. . . .

“Affectionately your friend,
“JOHN BIGELOW.”

CHAPTER XXVI

OLD AGE

RUSSELL's diary becomes fuller temporarily under the excitement of the politics which preceded the South African War and the emotions of the early disasters. From the time of the Jameson raid onwards he was thoroughly ill at ease as he contemplated our policy in South Africa. The raid and all its circumstances excited his anger and contempt. "The tone of the London Press suggests disappointment at the failure," he wrote. "Shame, oh, shame! It is wicked, disgusting, base, and false!" He could scarcely contain his indignation at the anthems of the music-halls in England. "If you and I," he wrote to Sir Arthur Annesley, "were to tell any Hyde Park meeting of British Christians our real opinion of the hectoring, bragging, talk, writing and policy, which has landed us in this infernal cauldron, there would not be a bone of us unbroken or a complete pound of our flesh for exhibition."

In the same strain he wrote to Mr. Moberly Bell:—

"ADARE MANOR,

"ADARE, IRELAND,

"*January 12th, 1896.*

"MY DEAR OLD BUCCANEER,—You sent me to church to-day to give great fervency to the prayer 'Give peace in our time, O Lord! because there is none other that fighteth for us but only Thou, O Lord!' And that's like to be a fact; but if we have a few more

spirited 'Songs of the Road' from the new Laureate to cheer our modern Knights of the Golden Fleece there's no saying what sport there may be for the Drakes, Raleighs, Frobishers—and above all the Morgans and Hawkinses of Africa. It is so perverse of the Lord—may I say it reverently?—not 'to turn the hearts of these disobedient' Dutchmen, Turks, French, Germans, Chinese, Venezuelans, and Yankees 'to the wisdom of the just' Englishman, who is the only direct descendant of Adam, and who became a Jew for a time that he might become of the house of Jesse and David and so became the saviour of mankind—a fact universally felt in all industrial and financial circles—but not quite so much recognised *in partibus infidelium*. I roared over your 'Transvaal' in the *Times* of yesterday. It is superb! Oliver Cromwell, Uriah Heep and Ananias all together. . . .

"Yours,

"W. H. RUSSELL."

After the raid, Russell could not bring himself to see that a policy, grafted, as he thought it was, on crime, displayed at any point the extenuations or indulgencies owed to a people who had been wronged. In a word, he disliked and mistrusted the policy which ended in the Boer War. But when the Boers ultimately fired the first shot, he confessed that, provoked though they had been, they could have had peace at the eleventh hour if they had really sought it. To his mind, the only way out of a war thus entered upon, was victory. And he never doubted that we should be victorious. His reasoned optimism comes out extraordinarily well at the most trying moments; it was his great merit that, in spite of his years, which might have been an excuse for timidity, he never despaired of the State. A few days after the "Black Week" in the War, when "the stoutest held his breath for a while," and Englishmen at home needed but little

more excuse to yield to national panic, Russell was "interviewed" for the *Daily Telegraph*. Any man would be proud now to think that he said what Russell said then :—

"Reverses! The ordinary Englishman has not the remotest notion of the extent of our experience in the matter of reverses. We have had them often and we have had them everywhere; the nation has never suffered such drastic humiliations as upon the eve of its most extraordinary advances in the work of creating an empire. Few things would have a more salutary effect upon the vulgar and vaunting conceit of our insular egoism than a revised version of popular history in the drum-and-trumpet style, showing that it consists by no means exclusively of victories, flourishes and triumphal tattoos. . . . It is tolerably certain that if there is no other nation which would have gone into this war in such a haphazard fashion, there is not another country which would have borne its disillusionment quite so well, or set itself with such quiet and dogged coolness to repair mistakes. English Governments have usually failed to rise to a situation, but the English people never once. It is the way in which sheer national force has corrected Government inefficiency in the greatest crises of our history which suggests that the strength that is left in England will never be known until her enemies think her beaten. . . . There is nothing like a history of our reverses for encouraging the nation.

"The war is hardly three months old. In the first stage of the American Civil War the shock to the confidence of the North came with a feeling of indescribable surprise and humiliation far beyond anything we have experienced in this War. In reality the reverse acted upon the Transatlantic branch of the race as reverses have always acted upon this: it saved the situation. It was simply the ever-increasing force of the North and the ever-dwindling numbers of the South that made the result of that War inevitable. An exactly similar process will make our ultimate success in South Africa beyond question."

In a letter to Mr. Moberly Bell, Russell wrote contemptuously :—

"Then the rubbish about 'terrific fires,' 'fearful slaughters,' 'ghastly carnage'! There has been nothing as yet to equal an hour at the Alma or the Redan or Inkerman, nor half an hour at Königgrätz, nor fifteen minutes at Gravelotte, in all the fighting."

At the end of 1899 he wrote to the Duke of Cambridge a few good wishes for the New Year which was naturally inseparable from the hopes and fears of the Army in South Africa. The Duke answered :—

"GLOUCESTER HOUSE,
"PARK LANE, W.,
"New Year's Day, 1900.

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I thank you so much for your good wishes in the New Year, and I sincerely hope it may turn out a much happier one to us all, including yourself and your good lady, for certainly 1899 has ended in great anxiety and much sorrow to us all. What times we live in, my dear friend! Who would have thought it when I beheld the solitary tent at Aladyn. How well I remember it, and was speaking of it the other day. But you make one mistake, I did *not* say I sent an A.D.C. to warn you off. I certainly did *not* love you in those early days, but I have lived to appreciate your line, and I don't know any man for whom I have entertained a greater *regard or consideration* than yourself—a sentiment which I sincerely hope you equally entertain for me. I should so like to have a good talk with you, but I am afraid you would find it very difficult to come here even if I came to my room downstairs to meet you there. Do pray let me know when you are most usually visible in your rooms, and I will call some evening, as I do not anticipate leaving London until we get some better news. If about ten years younger I would ask to go to the front myself, and I should like to see Billy Russell's tent by the side of mine in all the vigour we were then. However, happily our intellects are still clear—possibly more so

than those of some of our younger acquaintances, who seem to be somewhat muddled.

"I remain, my dear Billy,

"Yours very sincerely,

"GEORGE."

Russell's opinions on the lessons of the Boer War and his military views generally will be mentioned in the chapter about his editorship of the *Army and Navy Gazette*; but it seemed right to indicate in the main narrative of this book what he thought on such a subject as the South African War, which touched so poignantly the public and private life of every Englishman.

On February 10th, 1899, Mr. Bigelow wrote:—

"You ask why I think the U.S. will take to Free Trade. I answer, 'For the same reason that you did—need of markets.' You are the largest customers we have, and yet we sent you the last year five times as much property as we imported. We could double our exports had we the markets for them. We last week shipped pig iron to Birmingham—3,000 tons. These new islands of the sea,* which we shall control if we do not swallow, have probably as great a producing power as any part of the U.S. of equal proportions, if not many times greater. It will not take us many years, I think, to prove that. With money here at 3 per cent. in abundance the improvements in these new islands will go on with a mysterious rapidity. That will help us to outgrow the follies of Protection. Even the manufacturers, who are the only active apostles of Protection, will want foreign markets for their wares which the home market will not absorb. You ask what will happen when all the wants of the world are satisfied. My dear friend! You and I live moderately but comfortably, nevertheless we think we could make good use of double or treble of our present incomes and would be willing to make something of a struggle, or at least some sacrifices, to obtain such an increase. And yet, not one tenth of the population of this sinful

* Cuba and the Philippines.

world are so liberally provided for as we are. If you will bethink yourself to ask me that question when the remaining 90 per cent. are as well provided for as you and I are, you may find your answer in the one just given *mutatis mutandis*. Enough always has and always will mean 'a little more' to the children of men."

Apparently in the same year Mr. Bigelow wrote:—

"We have all been deeply interested during the evenings of last week in Mrs. Ritchie's 'Chapters from some Memoirs.'* I do not think anyone ever wrote a book about himself or herself, in better taste. She persists so effectually in being only a witness and never a prominent actor in the scenes she describes, that she is never for one moment suspected of staging herself, while she astonishes her readers by the intelligence and judgment exhibited at that early age in picking out the incidents of her life that were best worth preserving and perpetuating. She seems to have inherited many of the qualities which contributed most to the literary eminence of her father.†

"The perusal of this book has recalled to my mind an interesting scene which I witnessed at your house once, in connexion with Mrs. Ritchie's *début* as an authoress. I wonder if you recall it? One Sunday morning in the spring—I think it was—of 1861 my wife and I walked around to your house near Onslow Square. You and yours were at breakfast. While we were chatting with you, Thackeray came in. The second or third number of *Cornhill* appeared only a day or two before. It promptly became the topic of conversation. All had read it, and everyone proceeded to give opinions, preferences and objections to this, that and the other article. When you and Thackeray had expressed yourselves pretty fully, my wife said: 'Well, the piece I liked best was that story of—' (I have forgotten its name). 'Did you?' screams Thackeray, jumping up and grasping both her hands in his; 'my daughter wrote that!' Then, with eyes moistened with emotion, he proceeded to tell us how much the publishers paid her for the article, never

* Published in 1894 by Messrs. Macmillan.

† Thackeray.

suspecting the writer to be of any kin to him. My dear little wife could not have devised a more acceptable compliment than this upon which she stumbled if she had studied a week upon it."

One more letter from Mr. Bigelow:—

"HIGHLAND FALLS ON HUDSON,
"ORANGE CO., NEW YORK,
"June 20th, 1899.

"MY DEAREST OF FRIENDS,—Why do you groan over your weight of years? Has there ever been a time when you have not wished more of them? No one ever lived too long; and why? Of course, no one's life is prolonged without a sufficient purpose, for the Master never wastes His energy. Are you not conscious of being in many ways a wiser man and incapable of doing thousands of foolish things which you did not hesitate about in earlier years? Had you not been constantly growing into better shapes, your precious wife would long since have been a widow. I realise every day the profound wisdom of those lines of Waller, so full of consolation to us old fellows:

"'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.'

"Whenever we have gotten out of this world all it has to teach us, our funeral bell promptly begins to toll; not a moment sooner or later. So never throw another stone at yourself because you are getting wiser and better prepared for the great hereafter. . . .

"Yours affectionately,
"JOHN BIGELOW."

After the death of Queen Victoria, King Edward and Queen Alexandra showed Russell all the kindness of the old days, but with new touches of thoughtfulness and consideration for his years and infirmity. Only one extract shall be taken from the diary as an example. On March 14th, 1901, Russell wrote:—

"March 14th, 1901.

"Charlotte Knollys sends an 'Immediate' by special messenger to summon me to Marlborough House at 3, to

see the Queen, who was 'much pleased with my letter.' Titi * and I went off to Marlborough House, and after a few minutes in the waiting-room a major domo in black with an order on his coat announced that the Queen would see me, and I passed on to the outer drawing-room, where Persimmon stands on his easel. A valet threw open the door of the inner room, and in a moment the Queen—all black, no ornament—came forward with both hands stretched out. 'I am so glad to see you! Sit down. Will you have a high chair or will you sit there?' pointing to a horror of a dummy; and then with her own hands she took a high-back and drew it to a sofa. 'Will that do?' and helped me to it and sat down on the sofa on my left, and there we sat, and I listened to the dearest lady I ever saw."

In August, 1902, Russell received the C.V.O. He described his experience in a letter to Mrs. Thornhill:—

"... At 12.55 I was at the Palace in my dinner-dress, as commanded, and mounted the grand staircase helped by two gentlemen-at-arms to the Grand Gallery. Arthur Ellis rushed at me at once: 'Take them off! Take them off, and hide them somewhere,' he exclaimed. He meant my medals. I had forgotten the rule that when one is to receive a decoration he must appear as if he never had one before; so I pocketed my honours and resolved not to sit on them. Then I joined the crowd, and we were all dressed in single file and each was given a card with his name on it for the Lord Chamberlain, who was in the Throne Room next to us on the right of the King, who was seated on a chair of state with a high cushion before him. I don't know how many were before me—six or seven. When I hopped in the King said, 'Don't kneel!' and as I did not halt at once, he said, 'You must not trouble to kneel, Billy! Stoop!' Dighton handed him the riband and badge, and Edward VII. slipped it over my head and gave me his right hand to shake."

On December 21st, 1904, Russell made the last entry in his diary. For a little more than two years he held

* Lady Russell.

on to life, tended with unremitting care by Lady Russell. He died on February 10th, 1907, at his house, 202, Cromwell Road, London.

If Russell's character has not unfolded itself in this record of his life, it would be vain to attempt to explain it now in an excursus. But those who have come to understand him tolerably well may be interested enough to desire a few additional observations. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon his genius for friendship. It is a curious experience to look through his private correspondence. Upon picking up a letter to him expressed in terms of such affection as Englishmen do not frequently permit themselves, one concludes that one has by chance lighted upon a symbol of the great friendship of his life. But when one delves deeper in the correspondence one discovers that such letters were written to him by twenty different persons. Under the warmth of his affectionate temperament reserve thawed, constraint vanished, and one can believe that some of his friends yielded their hearts to him as they could have done to no other man.

"My dear old friend," writes Lord Dufferin in 1902, "How can I sufficiently thank you for your kind and affectionate letter, though it deeply grieves me to learn that you are writing from a sick bed. . . . What would I not give to have a chat with you and to talk over old times! Certainly no man has ever had a better, kinder and more faithful friend than you have proved yourself.

"Yours affectionately,
"D."

Sir Arthur Ellis wrote once, when Russell had sympathised with him on the loss of a near relation:—

"Thank you for your kind sympathising letter. Your words always come straight from the heart.

I am grateful. Yes, we are indeed mourning together."

The last sentence is "significant of much"; Russell felt his friends' sorrows and pleasures as his own. He liked nothing better than to make his friends friends of one another, and this pleased him even when there was only the memory of a former friend to commend to the living. Thus he wrote to Sir Arthur Annesley:—

" 37, QUEEN'S MANSIONS,
" VICTORIA STREET, S.W.,
" March 14th, 1899.

" MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,—You delight me by delighting in Thackeray. But oh! the pity of it! He never had a chance of being at his best. He suffered the greatest tortures. He told me of his sufferings sometimes when he was obliged to write 'funny' papers for *Punch*. It is miserable to think of his death—comparatively a young man. Yes! It was a 'privilege' to know him—to love him as I did. . . .

" Ever your affectionate
" W. H. RUSSELL."

Sir Henry Irving wrote to Russell in 1905:—

" BELOVED FRIEND,—Do eat your dinner on Tuesday next at the Reform, quarter to eight. It would be such a delight to see you, and you would find old friends only,

" With affectionate greetings,
" Yours,
" HENRY IRVING."

Lord Wolseley wrote to him once after hearing him make an after-dinner speech:—

" I found your broadsides the other evening as striking as ever; plenty of good powder, ample force, elevation correct, but all controlled by that delightful geniality of disposition that would wound no man; that sympathetic good nature and consideration for the feelings of all poor, weak human nature that is very

rare but is most lovable whenever it exists. I don't want to borrow any money from you!"

And here is the manner in which a distinguished member of the Prince of Wales's staff in 1875 welcomed Russell back from Egypt in 1883:—

"Oh, you very dear old fellow! Welcome home, and many of them, indeed. How glad we shall be to see you! We go straight from here to Cowes, then to Homburg, after a short slap at the grouse; ah, Billy dear, shall you go to either place? How glad I shall be to see you again!"

A man with Russell's personality attracted confidences naturally. "I am a duct for all complaints," he says in his diary—"a sorrow pipe." He questioned, however, whether he was a good visitor for a sick person: "I am perhaps too demonstrative for nervous people of fine susceptibilities." He not only stimulated people to write him affectionate letters; he provoked them into imitating his freshness, his humour and his power of stringing up his sentences to a fine tautness with easy and happy metaphors. As may be imagined, imitation in this respect was not always successful or even pleasing; but anyone who read through the whole of Russell's correspondence would be compelled to admit that the ungifted writer was not only aiming high when he wrote to Russell, but was achieving his utmost.

The counterpart of Russell's exceptional gift of affection was what must be called his exceptional gift of anger. His anger was as quick as flame, but, like flame, it was quickly gone. He frequently said what he did not mean, and forgot what he had said as easily as he had formed the words. It is a familiar paradox that such a man often does not forget provocations

offered to himself. But Russell at all events never bore malice. Colonel Glas-Sandeman has written :—

“Some time in November of 1854 when I happened to be orderly officer of the Royal Dragoons, I saw Billy, whom I then knew only by sight, taking stock of the wretched camp in which the regiment then was ; and taking offence at what I thought was unjustifiable espionage, I ordered him out of the camp, saying that we didn’t want any newspaper correspondents prying about. I met him occasionally afterwards during the campaign, but, as you may suppose, our relations were not of the most cordial description. But in after life I saw a good deal of him with reference to an incident at the cavalry action at Balaclava, and we became on very intimate terms, so much so, that in later years I always included him in my invitations to the anniversary dinners I gave to old comrades on October 25th, after the ‘official’ one had been discontinued. On the last of these occasions, over our coffee and tobacco I said to Billy, who was sitting next to me : ‘Billy, do you recollect the cornet of the Royals who turned you out of the regimental camp?’ ‘I do,’ he replied ; ‘I recollect it well, my dear Sandeman ; but let bygones be bygones.’ By some unlucky mischance we had both of us for half a century treated *au grand sérieux* what was really a good joke.”

Russell used to say himself that the *locus classicus* of his transgressions in the matter of statements which he did not mean was a remark he wrote once in his diary about Delane. The curious coincidence which brought the transgression home to him is worth relating. He was travelling from Abergeldie to Dunrobin, and Lord Hartington, Lord Ronald Gower, and Delane were in the carriage with him. A discussion arose as to the date when somebody’s death had occurred. Russell said : “My diary is in my dispatch box ; if I can get it out I can tell you at once.” The diary was taken out, but Russell could not find his

glasses. Delane said: "I will read it for you." "I hadn't an idea," writes Russell, "that I had ever said or written anything against Delane in my life, but I said jokingly, 'It would be better not.'" As everyone was eager for the date, however, Russell handed over the page to Delane. Delane read out at the end of an entry about foreign politics: "I look on Delane as a dangerous guide, though my very good friend. And he lies so!" Russell, describing this incident, goes on:—

"Never could be greater astonishment than mine when he read it out. My backbone grew red hot, I am sure. He behaved like an angel! read it aloud again, handed it to Ronny and to Hartington."

The next day Russell returned to the subject in his diary with these words:—

"'And he said in his heart all men are liars.' What a gross injustice to dear Delane and to my own regard for him! The more I think of yesterday the more I am petrified. But what millions of chances against such a catastrophe! Certain that for twenty years in my diaries not a word could be found such as that of January 14th. I wonder how I should take such an entry?"

If strong affections were matched by the power of lambent indignation in Russell, his high spirits—the buoyancy and merriment which everyone remarked who met him—were matched by a capacity for quick, if secret, dejection. Some of the entries in his diary begin with a laugh and end with a groan. He jots down a few notes of a delightful evening somewhere, and as a burdensome afterthought passes through his brain he adds: "Kyrie Eleison!" One of his friends has said that the slight drooping of an eyelid always

seemed half to conceal a joke. Thackeray used to declare that he would pay a guinea any day to have Russell dining at his table at the Garrick. But perhaps the most cogent testimony to Russell's charm as a companion was the fact that he was much sought after as a whist-player although he was one of the worst players in London.

His impulsiveness and his erratic management of his affairs continually reminded his friends that he was an Irishman. Delane wrote to him once :—

"You certainly are the representative Irishman. To have two houses in London and live in neither of them, and to edit a newspaper eighty miles off, are traits of the character poor Thackeray never thought of."

Unvarying though his practice was of keeping a diary, he by no means kept it regularly. He would leave it untouched for weeks, and then write under a certain date: "I dined with So-and-so." Then, as a doubt as to the date worried him, he would add: "But did I?" For several days together he would enter small items such as cab fares, and then the entries disappear perhaps not to be repeated again for years. It is impossible to say whether these were due to some outbursts of good resolutions methodically to record his expenditure, or whether they were meant to figure on the page as a brief but ample warning.

In India, Africa and America we have marked Russell's disapproval of arrogance, or any approach to it, in the ruling race. When he was in India with the Prince of Wales the English polo team was beaten by a team of native potentates, and Russell noted in his diary, with much irony, that some members of the Royal party spoke "as though an outrage had been committed." His views on the famine in India in

1877 caused the Duke of Wellington to write to him :—

“What a Radical you are about the famine! It is the essence of Radicalism to find fault whenever possible. In truth we are not to blame, except because we interfere with natural causes to prevent population exceeding food. We do all we can to prevent humans dying, and the result is that there are more mouths than morsels. We ought to increase the quantity of food by tanks, etc., and I cannot approve of your notion of giving ‘one year of the revenue which India gives to Englishmen’—just as if it was a *present* to Englishmen.”

His opinions on Irish affairs became progressively more out of sympathy with those of the political party to which he belonged. His heart was with the minor or aspiring nationalities, and in some cases this became a prejudice which the most potent argument by results could not shake. For example, the vivacity, fertility of ideas, quickness and address of the Khedive Ismail quite captured him and made him oblivious of the disastrous effects of Ismail's rule. He was distressed when he observed that Ismail was ignored in London. Thus he writes in his diary in 1883 :—

“Lord Granville said to me: ‘Who is that in the fez?’ ‘Khedive Ismail,’ I replied, astonished. Lord De La Warr later, by my suggestion, asked Lord Granville if he would like to be introduced, but he declined with effusion.”

Russell himself had many conversations with Ismail, and as a result offered a paper to Sir James Knowles for the *Nineteenth Century* on “Why was Ismail deposed?” “Surely the answer is because he taxed the Egyptians past bearing,” answered the sagacious

Knowles. "I should not like to ask you specially to write any argument to the contrary. But if you have it already written I should be very glad to be allowed to consider it." Here in a few words is Russell's argument for the nationalities outside the mystic circle of the European Powers. He writes to Sir Arthur Annesley:—

"Suppose the Huns were to overrun Europe—superior Huns—*soit!*—and that their Dufferin were to say to the prostrate races: 'My lads, see here! You have been fighting for centuries—French, Germans, Russians, Christians, killing each other, and now we have given you *pax Hunnica*, and devil a one shall fight without my leave. You are not fit for liberty. We rule you by the sword as we have won you by the sword, and you are not fit for any sort of freedom, being of different races and languages.'

In estimating his whole life one cannot forbear to echo the regret of many of his friends that he did not leave behind him some work which asked to be judged by the highest standards of our literature and not by those of periodical writing. There is no necessary distinction between the two; any journalist who argued that there was, would take a detestably low view of his profession; at the same time, one would have thought it becoming had Russell challenged fame in the stricter domain of letters—in circumstances which gave him the opportunity to write more leisurely. He did not do so because in his later years, when he had enough time, he was the victim of his great popularity. There were few men in the world of affairs whom he did not know, and he filled his days to overflowing with visits and dinners and the cultivation of friendship. For the

latter he probably thought a new kind of fame well lost, and none can say that there was not simplicity and sincerity in his choice.

If his friends were chiefly men of "great place," as Bacon says, it was not that he was an idolater of position as such. It was rather that he was intensely interested in affairs, and among the "ruling classes" he could look for that sort of information which was the breath of his life. No man need be required to shun the friendships which he has a patent reason for enjoying lest it be said that he engages in them for some reason less respectable. He coveted position for himself, because it meant a ready-made vantage ground for the exercise of influence in the world. He envied those who could spend their whole force on doing things which would be felt without having to waste half their lives and energy in climbing to the eminence where authority is conceded as a right. "What would you most like to be?" he was asked once, and he answered frankly and without hesitation, "A millionaire noble." In other men the ambition might signify something ignoble. Russell could afford to confess his thought; he was in no danger of confusing means and end. If his life proves one thing more than another, it is that he had the sovereign moral excellence of independence and the courage to declare the conclusions at which he independently arrived.

CHAPTER XXVII

RUSSELL AS EDITOR

THE reader's attention has necessarily been directed to those great events which took Russell out of England; and yet most of his working time, from 1860 onwards, was spent in London in editing the *Army and Navy Gazette*. If it be true that the style is the man, any reader who has followed the narrative of Russell's life must be able to deduce the manner in which he expressed himself in his paper. It is worth while, however, to define a little more closely in such matters—such incalculable matters—as Army reform, the convictions of the man who had watched the Crimean War, seen the most powerful of European armies overrunning Austria and France, and lived to take into account the lessons of the South African and the Russo-Japanese Wars.

To begin with, though he was not seriously apprehensive of an invasion of Great Britain, he believed that for nearly all reasons—particularly in order that Great Britain might hold her proper place in Europe—a larger regular Army was necessary. Without it, he contended, we had no power or logic in argument.

“Do not,” he wrote to Commander C. N. Robinson, his naval editor, “put me in the list of scoffers if I, in admitting unreservedly and entirely the grandeur of the results of Nelson's second great victory, cannot accept it as a demonstration of the truth of the thesis of naval enthusiasts that the power of Napoleon was overthrown by the sea-supremacy established by England at Trafalgar. For Napoleon crushed Prussia

and Austria and Italy, dominated central Europe, and was master of the world (European) till 1812, when he fell before the armies of coalesced Europe after his great hosts had been ruined in Russia. We were safe, but we had to pay prodigious sums to keep Prussia, Bavaria and Austria in the field *in lieu* of sending an army into it as we did under Marlborough; and it was with difficulty we kept up an army in Spain, although we had twelve millions of people at our back, as well as Spanish and Portuguese."

To another correspondent he wrote on the same subject:—

"You really do not believe England brought Napoleon to his knees! Had Russia nothing to say to it—or Prussia, or Austria—to the abdication at Fontainebleu? Never more will Europe see a British generalissimo of allied armies at Paris, Berlin, Vienna. Our paths have led us to savage lands, *Africa arida mater leonum*. We spend nearly twenty-two millions on an Army which is without influence or weight in the concert of Europe, but which is rough on niggers."

Russell's conclusion was that we ought to have, and some day should have, conscription. He was not given to advocating incessantly what he saw not the least chance of speedily achieving: sufficient unto the day were the Army reforms thereof; but conscription, in his judgment, would be the only ultimate solution of growing Imperial difficulties. He took the characteristically Continental view of an Army rather than the characteristically English view.

His work and disposition made him acquainted with so many Army officers in responsible positions that the *Army and Navy Gazette* acquired a kind of semi-official reputation, and the question confronted him whether this increased its authority or lessened it by discounting the value of its criticisms. He was inclined to think that the balance of advantages was in

favour of semi-officialism. He never, as a matter of fact, abated his disapproval of any measure he disliked merely because it was the ewe-lamb of some friendly officer in authority. His correspondence and diaries contain numerous amusing references to the black clouds which drifted across his friendship with the Duke of Cambridge. Neither of them, however, wished to quarrel, and when the Duke was put out by one of Russell's trenchant sallies, General "Jim" Macdonald, who was for thirty-eight years on the Duke's personal staff, would write to tell Russell that "H.R.H. is perfectly furious," and would add, what became almost a formula: "Of course we feel sure that you were away. We know *you* did not write it." Alas! Russell often had written it, and then a temporary estrangement was inevitable. Once Macdonald said: "The Duke keeps repeating, 'Save me from my friends!' What am I to say to soothe him?" Another time: "The Duke says yours is the only paper which has said one unkind word about his speech of last Tuesday. I have known him angry with you before, but I have never known him so irate."

When Macdonald died the Duke wrote to Russell:—

"ORWELL PARK,

"IPSWICH,

"*January 18th, 1882.*

"MY DEAR RUSSELL,—I was sure you would deeply feel the death of our dear old friend Jim Macdonald, with whom I so well know you were on such terms of intimacy, and who I know had such a great regard and friendship for you. His loss to me after having been for thirty-eight years on my personal staff is great indeed. But I cannot regret his release in one respect for, poor fellow, he suffered dreadfully, I fear, of late, so that his end was rather to be wished than the reverse. Yet we must all feel that we have a dear and kind friend

the less in the world, and I feel their need deeply. We live in very troubled times, and can ill spare those who have long supported us by good counsel and sound advice. Amongst these I am assured that nobody is more disposed to act with real friendship and good feeling towards me than yourself, and I value these kindly sentiments highly. I shall be too glad at any time to have a good talk with you on many matters. I am afraid you have not altogether agreed with me of late in some of the very grave questions I have had to deal with. I greatly regret this, but feel assured that if you heard my views and the difficulties in which I have been and am placed, you would be disposed to take a similar view to my own. If therefore some early day you would call on me I should too gladly see you.

"I remain, my dear Russell,
 "Yours most sincerely,
 "GEORGE."

Russell's impetuosity frequently achieved the most valuable kind of indiscretions ; he was the only man in England who having the necessary information, had also both the daring and opportunity to make use of it. And yet there was a curious reverse to all this : it was a symptom of his genius for friendship that he should occasionally pass without a struggle into the acceptance of some opinion which was opposed to his habit of thought for no more cogent reason than that it was cherished by one whom he liked. Even a chance acquaintance at an agreeable dinner party might carry at a sweep all the outworks of his judgment. Those who worked with him were inclined to distinguish very clearly between his first and his second judgments ; the first might be a whim, a reaction, a characteristic outburst of indignation or pity, but the second was nearly always sane and mature. When he wrote in haste he was capable of saying things which were

quite irreconcilable. In his reminiscences of the Crimean War, for instance, which he wrote for the *Army and Navy Gazette*, he says in one place of the Alma that there was very little generalship on our side, "and that little decidedly bad"; that there was "no reconnoitring—no manœuvring." But in another place he tells us that the stolid Russian battalions in this battle had "their left turned, their centre pierced, their right overwhelmed"—which makes one sigh with a writer in the *Athenæum* for more examples of that "decidedly bad" generalship which will turn lefts, pierce centres, and overwhelm rights. In the same reminiscences he says: "The War Office had sent out an immense assignment of rabbit-skin overcoats; they were appropriated by the officers as fast as they could be served out. Happy were the men who could encase their legs in bread bags or sacking!" Here it is implied, according to the strict meaning, that the officers seized on the whole of the "immense consignment" of rabbit-skin greatcoats, careless of the sufferings of their men, and apparently without any authority to have the coats issued to them. Russell, of course, knew better than any man that the British officer, whatever his defects, is careful of his men, having inherited a tradition of considerateness, and Russell himself had praised it times without number. Here, for once, he seems to deny its existence. Why? One can only say that this is one of the examples of his recklessness. He wrote what he did not mean, and he did not re-read his work carefully enough to correct what superficially he seemed to mean. Naturally his gusty methods appeared in his relations with those whom he employed as well as in his less considered writings. He would dash off an angry letter to one of

the contributors to the *Army and Navy Gazette*, and by the time he next met the offending contributor he would have forgotten what he had written and perhaps be genuinely puzzled at some constraint in his manner. He readily forgave, and was absolutely incapable of pettiness or malice. His indignation flowed through his pen much more easily than from his mouth ; when he was in a man's company, even if severe criticisms were flying about, he was ever genial, reasonable and gentle. Those who joined his staff generally remained with him for a very long time. Major C. W. White worked for the *Army and Navy Gazette* with him for over thirty years, and Commander C. N. Robinson for over twenty.

The choice of Captain Robinson as naval editor was characteristic of Russell. Russell had met him in 1869 in the *Ariadne* during the Prince of Wales's tour in the Near East, and Captain Robinson had been able to render him a service. Russell had left the *Ariadne* in a boat one day to go towards Miramar, and the boat took the ground after travelling some distance, and, as the tide was falling, was in danger of being stranded all night. Mr. Robinson was officer of the watch, and spying round with his glass, discovered the plight of the boat, and sent another boat to Russell's rescue. Russell was in no danger of his life, but he was in danger of much discomfort, which he resented whenever it was unnecessary, and on his return to the ship he hailed Mr. Robinson as his preserver.

Sixteen years afterwards, hearing that his preserver had retired from the Navy, he asked him to join the *Army and Navy Gazette*, though Captain Robinson had had no experience of writing. Russell's judgment did not mislead him. He set to work to coach the new

member of his staff, with such success that he obtained an admirable colleague who has since become well known as the author of "The British Fleet" and "The British Tar in Fact and Fiction," and as the owner of one of the best collections of nautical prints in the world.

Russell's success in keeping in touch with powerful persons was due simply to this: that he was known to be in earnest. Lord Strathnairn wrote to him:—

"You speak with your usual good nature, which has won you so many friends, about my letter to you about the quartermastering question. One always writes to you with frankness, because you are known to be of the high order of mind which appreciates it, and nothing so effectually sets matters right."

Russell's opinions on certain Army questions may be gathered from the following extracts from his letters. In 1887 he wrote to a contributor:—

"I am rather a fossil and very Toryish in reference to the organisation of the Army, being as yet quite an infidel on important points of the new *credo*—Army Corps and the like—which seem to me unworkable. Do *you* not see some danger and inconvenience in the attribution to the A.-G. of a control which makes him an *imperator* in the *imperium* of the Horse Guards to the diminution of the *prestige* and influence of the C.-in-C. representing the Crown? All changes of structure are irrevocable."

To the same correspondent he wrote, when there was a discussion as to the advisability of having a soldier as Secretary for War:—

"Please recollect that our Parliamentary system is founded on party, and that financial control of all departments of the State is a *sine quâ non* of all parties. We may wish it otherwise—I do, for example. I wish I had an eye in the back of my head. The idea of a soldier Secretary of State does not solve our difficulty.

A Government may come into power without a single soldier returned to Parliament as a supporter who would be fit to fill the post; and the Commons would not hear of a Secretary of State for War out of Parliament."

To the same contributor he again wrote of the difficulty of keeping the balance in the *Army and Navy Gazette* between the different branches of the Services:—

"I am very sensible of the advantage of having the assistance of an officer of your intelligence and acquirements in discussing artillery questions, and value it highly; but reformers are not always considerate in the advocacy of their arms in a Service journal, which they are apt to regard as the organ of the particular interest they have at heart,—for example, would like to have the *A. N. G.* filled with the purchase officers' wrongs every week. I know you are more reasonable, and that you remember we have the Navy as well as Cavalry, Infantry, Militia, Volunteers, etc., to deal with."

As to the military affairs of India, Russell was opposed to the Forward Policy. In 1879 he wrote to his partner, Mr. Wood:—

"This bad news from India has not come on me by surprise; and if you look back to my earlier articles on the Afghan War you will see that I anticipated—in common with many better-informed and wiser men—great danger from our enlarged frontier and our interference in Afghan politics."

Similarly in 1897 he wrote to Mr. Moberly Bell:—

"As a pessimist of the most abandoned type, I have been completely dissatisfied with the Lockhart operations, which, on a large and very costly scale, were but a repetition of the punitive expeditions which have been biennial, or annual, since the occupation of the Punjab. But it is well that we did not go one better in the very forward policy and get up cheek by

jowl with Afghanistan. Still, the work is ill done, and there will be need of more when the Khels have run up their pigeon-houses and healed their wounds, unless we learn the secret of dealing with these people from the Russians, who have no trouble with the Khanates. I do so want to have been born in 1850 or 1860 (not on account of pension, for I would not have had one) to see what is to go on in 1900 or 1905, like the old Russian doctor who used to blaspheme horribly because 'I want to leef to see de demonstration dat light and heat, and magnetism and electricity and de life are all de same von ting as I know dam vell dey are'—only *I* wish to see Armageddon and the Army of the future."

As a pessimist too—a very jolly pessimist, surely—Russell used to write of what he believed to be a deterioration in our national physique. The conditions of deterioration may, indeed, be present, and in certain towns it is probable that they are, but so far as anthropometry speaks, there has been a demonstrable improvement. Russell used to dispute this with Sir Evelyn Wood, who wrote to him:—

"August 5th, 1890.

"MY DEAR YOUNG MAN,—Have you ever considered that, small as our men may appear to you, they average an inch and a half more than the average of Wellington's victorious Peninsular troops? I cannot understand what fault you have to find with the faces of the men, for they appear to me to be more intelligent every year, although I freely admit to you, as, indeed, I have reported officially, they seem to me to be smaller and lighter framed every year. I look at the Germans every year when I go abroad, and I cannot believe that they are as well grown at twenty years of age as our men. These latter are scarcely ever eighteen when they enlist, and thus our *recruits* appear to be smaller than those of Continental Armies. I wish that you could get a pair of glasses, tinted rose colour; I feel sure that you would be happier and you would have more time to turn your talents to assist us in

making the best of the soldiers who are willing to serve.

"Yours truly,
"EVELYN WOOD."

In the same vein Sir Evelyn Wood wrote :—

"We no longer say :

"*Sergeant* : 'My Lord! We are enfiladed. Look out!'

"*His Lordship* : 'Sergeant, what does a fellow do when he is enfiladed?'"

During many years of Russell's editorship the volumes of Kinglake's history of the Crimean War were coming out, and he reviewed them for the *Army and Navy Gazette* and the *Times*. Of Kinglake's account of the Alma he wrote in his diary :—

"What a pity it is disfigured by such monstrous injustice and prejudice as well as partiality! He has, after all, very few authorities. His apologies for Lord Raglan's treatment of St. Arnaud's plan of attack, his disingenuousness, his reliance on anonymous authorities for assertions of the greatest gravity, his special pleadings, and his theories, militate against the acceptance of his account as history. His treatment of Sir George Brown is most unjust."

Delane wrote to him :—

"Don't spare Kinglake. He has not spared us, and his whole book is written to help to restore the state of things which he had so large a share in demolishing."

But Russell's reviews were not severe, and he wrote once to Delane to explain his moderation. Delane replied :—

"Don't regret your comparative leniency to Kinglake. It was the more convincing. My belief is that, like Gladstone, he is infatuated about Homer, and took one of his big fights as his model. There, you know, the chiefs are everything, the men mere sheep whom Ajax

or Achilles slaughters till he is tired and then turns from this ignoble game to refresh himself with a 'scrimmage' with Hector."

In 1881 a review in the *Army and Navy Gazette* of a book which contained what Russell thought was a regrettable letter by C. G. Gordon, brought this characteristic letter from Gordon himself:—

"MAURITIUS,
"21-12-81.

"MY DEAR MR. RUSSELL,—I happened to see your article in *Army and Navy*, 22 Novr. (or October, I think), and I cannot help thinking that what you wrote respecting Dr. Hill's book and my letter is very just. I mean that it was not fair to those who were kind enough to go with me, to print passages which detracted from their efforts. Speaking now, when these things are past, I can conscientiously say that when I wrote thus, I did so when worried and troubled, discontented, etc., and that it was more my fault in dealing with them, than their want of helping me. I never saw the book. I never read over the letters. Had I done so, I certainly would never have let them appear; indeed, one or two passages which I have seen in reviews are positively nauseating to me. Of course I am in difficulty with respect to Dr. Hill and my brother Sir Henry, who looked over the book. I do not excuse myself in any way. I wrote what was written, and the only thing I can say is, that what I impressed on those who were selecting portions of the correspondence was not to hurt anyone's feelings, that egotism was to be cut out. I did not wish my views on religion to be concealed, and consequently I did not look with disfavour on the publication; but that I could wish to be praised or to court praise at the expense of those brave fellows who were with me is what I did *not* wish. However, I can do nothing now, and must be content to leave matters as they are, though should you think it right to use this letter you can do so.

"Yours sincerely,
"C. G. GORDON."

Once again, when Russell had written in the *Army and Navy Gazette* some criticism of Gordon's action in Egypt, Gordon wrote :—

"When one knows the little one does of oneself, and any one praises you, *I*, at any rate, have a rising in the gorge, which is a suppressed '*You lie ! !*'

"Though I may put it in a queer way, I say that were I Prime Minister, I would not risk employing myself. '*Unstable as water,*' '*Thou shalt not excel,*'—and I do not want to excel. I am afraid that this is a very egotistical letter, but I have now finished it. If more men wrote as you do, they would be more respected. Praise undeserved is censure in disguise. Self-conceit is self-deceit. And who wants to be self-deceived ?"

It was part of Russell's infidelity on many articles of "the new *credo*" that he mistrusted Lord Wolseley's ambition to introduce selection into the Army. Lord Wolseley wrote to him in 1885 :—

"What I long to see is, the Army dealt with as all other professions are—that is, the best, most capable and most hard working brought to the top. Every man entering the Army should feel that if he has ability, hard work, pluck and zeal will enable him to obtain rapid preferment as it would in all other spheres of life. Won't you help in this good cause ?"

To this Russell answered that he gladly accepted the theory, but feared that selection might become a disguise for favouritism. Lord Wolseley replied :—

"My argument is : every N.C. officer in the Army, every adjutant, every quarter master, every staff officer and every general is selected for their several positions. Selection is not therefore foreign to our Army. Formerly after a campaign the two senior captains were made major, now in my little wars I tell the officer commanding each regiment and battalion to send me in the names of the two officers whom he considers most deserving of reward. Here

again is selection. You mistake me if you imagine that I want a captain to be suddenly made a lt.-col. commanding a regiment. What I want is, to avoid handing over the lives of our splendid soldiers to incompetent men; it is a crime to do so. The days when naval and military jobs were perpetrated are past. Whoever now-a-days hears of an incompetent captain being posted to command a ship? I know it for a fact that even naval Lords of the Admiralty are named without its being known sometimes what their politics are. However, I am for no violent change, but a change there must be. I owe everything I possess to the British soldier, and I shall never rest until I have protected him against having incompetent colonels set over him. I am quite ready to come out with a plan to work the seniority tempered with selection system (which is certainly not the practice now) whenever the principle of selection is admitted."

Russell was very doubtful of the value of the changes which were made in the Army after the South African War, but it should be said that even before the war began he had been compelled to abandon all serious work for the *Army and Navy Gazette*. In 1901 he appointed Major Arthur Griffiths to succeed him as editor, and when Major Griffiths retired after two years he appointed Mr. John Leyland, the well-known writer on the Navy and the author of "The Blockade of Brest." When it was proposed, after the South African War, to abolish the Commandership-in-Chief, Russell wrote to a friend:—

"Moltke cum Nap himself could not be of use in Pall Mall if the office of C.-in-C. were subject to limitations and he were merely a member of a military council. The other members, subordinate to him, might have more weight with the Secretary of State."

About the tactical "lessons" of the South African War he was scornful.

"As far as I can form an opinion from what I read," he wrote to Sir Arthur Annesley, "the military *beau idéal* of the reformers is to have an army of Cossacks—a swarm of mounted infantry with invisible uniforms and weapons, instructed to seek cover and keep out of fire—no cavalry proper, and guns with 8,000 yards range, as if we were never to meet enemies but Boers or fight anywhere but in S. Africa. I am incoherent. What I mean is, God keep the British Army that fights in Europe with South African tactics!"

Russell did not himself often write about the Navy, as all his experiences and affections turned his thoughts to the sister Service. He believed there was a time when the Navy was in danger of being allowed to fall below the standard necessary for security, but when this madness passed he was convinced that it had passed for ever.

"You may be quite sure," he wrote to Captain Robinson in 1896, "that whatever Government is in power the Navy will not be let 'run down' again. But we shall never have a commanding voice in the councils of the Powers till we can put one foot on land as of yore."

These notes are enough to indicate the tendency of Russell's opinions. It would be unprofitable to show how he applied them in detail to the practical questions of his day, as those have been bodily swept away by subsequent reforms.

Patriot though he was, he was more indulgent to the susceptibilities of foreigners than to those of his countrymen. In the creditable sense he was a citizen of the world. Readers of Greville know that William IV could scarcely be restrained from rudeness in the presence of Frenchmen; but Russell, who was born into a British world still reeking of the anti-French

prejudice, was quite unaffected by it. When he was asked to take part in the public celebrations of a renowned English victory, he wrote: "Peace and concord would be impossible if every nation had annual celebrations of victories, and I am altogether opposed to them."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE WORK AND FUTURE OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS

A PATENT characteristic of Englishmen, which is very salutary or it may be very troublesome, is that they persistently desire to know the truth. "My business," Delane said once, "is publicity." And no newspaper can have any other business, though it limits and directs it by whatever its sense may be of decency and public service. The character of readers is reflected in the character of the newspapers they enjoy; the number of foolish newspapers is the measure of the number of foolish readers. But neither the foolish newspaper nor the foolish reader has any weight in the conduct of affairs; the person who counts is he who must have a plain statement of the facts before he can proceed to judgment. He may not be moved easily either to believe or to act, but when he does both he is irresistible.

The man, then, who has the power to make his convictions felt must have the truth above all things. In the case of affairs at home, he can arrive at the truth easily enough, very often by personal observation; but in the case of what happens abroad he must depend absolutely upon the statements of others. He depends on the statements of permanent correspondents in the various capitals, and on peculiar occasions he has the investigations of special correspondents. The self-respecting special correspondent has an enormously important task; he must be able when he surveys the tangle of contradictory tendencies to pick

out, with the help of his experience and his instinct, what is essential. If he picks out what is unessential his narrative will be misleading and probably tedious. His office does not end with merely supplying the news, for that word in itself postulates that he should have the capacity of discriminating between what is true and what is false, what is likely to happen and what unlikely. The power of selection must be cultivated in the correspondent even more than in the artist. He is more than a translator; he is an interpreter.

War correspondence is only the dramatic branch of special correspondence. Every war correspondent is also a special correspondent and should satisfy the same tests. If this record of Russell's life has conveyed any meaning to the reader, it will have convinced him specially of one thing: that the war correspondent's work is done under wildly perplexing conditions. The war correspondent is often entirely at a loss for clear evidence about events which he has undertaken to report. And as though this scarcity of evidence were not trying enough, he finds himself summoned hither and thither by brilliant and alluring marsh-lights which he has been taught generally to mistrust but which he dare not ignore for fear lest one of them should be a true light. The *mendacium Vasconicum* we have all heard of, but the *mendacium militare* runs it hard for gaiety and plausibility. At the seat of war second-hand evidence is perhaps the equivalent of twentieth-hand evidence elsewhere. Moreover, while delusions are pressed on the war correspondent from without, he is exposed to curious snares within the brotherhood of his craft. In the modern stress of competition he knows that the correspondent who

wins the most credit is he whose news arrives first. Therefore, in order to be ahead of his fellows, he is tempted to risk accuracy. He sends off an important statement which he cannot verify, but which he believes to be true, knowing that if his news arrive early and turn out to be substantially correct he will earn more praise than he would ever earn reprobation if it should prove false. Give the war correspondent his due: he does not want to be inaccurate. We are a newspaperised people, and everyone is to blame. The newspaper reader sits like a playgoer in the stalls and sees the drama of a distant war trip before his eyes. A century ago the fastest ship would have brought him the news of a battle weeks after it had been fought. Delay was ever a spoiler of the dramatic elements—hence the “unities.”

The reader's requirements influence the correspondent, if he be venal, in another way by tempting him to write what he thinks the reader would wish to be told. If the correspondent accepts a political brief from his editor, he sees only what fits his theory.

In most cases the war correspondent need not trouble himself with politics; it is bad enough that in the task of describing the simplest scenes he is conscious of his employer's itching proximity to the London end of a telegraph wire. This keeps him agitated. He is like a salmon being played. He dare not move far away from the office or tent which emits the imperious editorial instructions. In South Africa the result was ludicrous except in the case of those newspapers which had a kind of marshal of correspondents who was a plenipotentiary and disposed them on his own responsibility. It was not by the judgment of the correspondents themselves, for example, that

they flocked to the headquarters of Lord Roberts when the march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria began. They joined his column because the field-wire kept pace with him and they could telegraph every day (and sometimes be telegraphed to); but the newspapers expended great sums for the privilege of putting "From our Special Correspondent" at the head of stale news. Lord Roberts, tapping all the sources of information, had telegraphed first. Meanwhile the predominantly important operations of Sir John French's cavalry, which turned the Boer positions, went almost unrecorded because he carried no telegraph wire. The overcrowding in one place and the scarcity of correspondents in another are the price of competition on the telegraph wires. Probably it is a counsel of perfection to try to end the competition in the interests of the serious study of war, for you cannot rationally ask a newspaper to cease trying to cut its neighbour's throat.

The commercial struggle of their employers at home is reproduced, in a sense, in the behaviour of correspondents to one another in the field. It is not possible to define the limits of competition among war correspondents, to say what is fair and what is not in the gentle art of getting the news home first. Russell's life affords an example, which has been related, of two correspondents trying to deceive one another as to their intentions without very much heart in the deception. Of course, the information which a correspondent has acquired, at whatever exertions, is not his own property but that of his employers, who have paid large sums to come into possession of it. He has no right, then, to present it to others. At the same time there are proper limits to combativeness and secretive-

ness. A man would not be justified in turning his rivals' horses loose in the night. There have been correspondents, perhaps, who have recognised few limits—men who, if asked whether there was water for horses beyond a neighbouring hill, would say that there was not, knowing that there was, because they argued in some oblique way within themselves that if their rival's horse were refreshed, he might conceivably undertake some journey he would not have otherwise undertaken and see something he would not otherwise have seen; men who, if they fell in with a rival's waggon hopelessly lost, would not tell the driver where to find his master. Such a heartless prosecution of rivalry would probably react on itself; there are days when everyone's turn comes to lose his waggon or to go short of water for his horses. If the limits of competition cannot be reduced to a code, it is at all events not more vain in this than in other competitions to leave the definition to the instincts of decency.

Even in their more leisured writings, modern war correspondents are invited to join in the *danse macabre* of competition. They are expected to be "vivid." Probably war is less "vivid" than it used to be—less dramatic, let us say, than when Cæsar told his troops to strike at the faces of Pompey's young men at Pharsalia, or when the spiked boarding bridges crashed from the Roman masts on to the Carthaginian ships, or when one line of English pikemen met another line of English pikemen, or when a line armed with short-range muskets fired point blank at another line and the line which remained less thin advanced over the victims. If war is scattered, fogged and elusive, the correspondent is still asked to heighten

his colour. "Everything obeys success," says Victor Hugo, "even grammar." It is believed that the "bang, bang, bang" style is successfully vivid, and consequently the attempt is made to achieve effects at the expense of language.

Rarely can a man employ the method with dignity and probably less often than is supposed with the certainty of jangling into attention jaded or comatose minds. G. W. Steevens, though inclined to tear his fine talent to tatters, was a splendid exception to all rules; a writer who never let go of his sense of proportion and whose scholarly instincts enabled him to disguise instruction under tornadoes of excitement.

The work of a war correspondent cannot be considered apart from his relations with the censorship; and this will bring us presently to the difficult question of how to prevent a correspondent from misusing his opportunities to the detriment of the Army he accompanies. Lord Roberts said almost all that was necessary in the way of admonition in South Africa: "Never give away a plan; but when events are over say what you please, criticise as you please." It may be argued that on purely military subjects the civilian's criticism is bound to be nonsense. Well, if he choose to make a fool of himself no great harm is done. But, though the professional mind may not like to make the admission, an intelligent civilian may be competent to judge the broad sweep of a campaign. The expert is apt to lose sight of grouped objects in concentrating his attention on one object. It is the old story of not seeing the wood for the trees. The professional critic may be easily misled if he sniffs out tactical heresy, and his orthodoxy will lead him to refuse to results attained by heterodoxy, their obvious merit of being

results. Probably Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar were laughed to scorn by some staff officers of their day; and we know, on similar authority, that Wellington should never have won any battles, and that, but for the miraculous intervention of good fortune, England would now be under the *Code Napoléon*. An example of the civilian mind seeming to possess almost Solomonic wisdom at the critical point of a highly expert controversy was furnished by both Delane and Russell. For many weeks in 1874 there was a dispute between two rival schools of musketry about the kick of the Martini-Henry. Much learning was expended on paper and a solution seemed to be no nearer, when Russell wrote to Delane and suggested that a body of men should be ordered to fire a given number of shots and that their shoulders should be medically examined afterwards. Delane answered:—

“Strange to say (as see to-morrow’s paper) I had proposed to put an end to this perverse discussion about the Martini-Henry by taking 100 men, good and bad shots indifferently, and setting them to fire each 100 shots—as many as would be required in a modern action—and then see whether or not their shoulders had suffered. Why people should dispute when the solution is so easy and when thousands of shots are fired every day at Aldershot, none but a soldier can understand.”

Similarly Russell earnestly urged on Englishmen the need to arm themselves with needle-rifles after his experience at Sadowa. And for years (1863—1871) he opposed himself to a powerful school of artillerymen in England who still believed in muzzle-loaders, giving reasons for their obsolete faith which to-day would not rally a single supporter. He watched such tenacious superstitions sick at heart, fearful

lest his country should be summoned to an encounter with all the odds against her. No expert knowledge opposed to him in such cases was much better than an impertinence. He had seen. Therefore he believed. An understanding brain is the first thing necessary, and it may be found indifferently in civilians and soldiers, and may be denied to both. Without it a man might go through as many campaigns as Frederick the Great's baggage mule, and still be as ignorant of their military significance as that enduring animal.

The familiar danger from the presence of war correspondents in the field is that they may help the enemy, and the fact that they do so unwittingly does not make the help less valuable. We have seen how Russell in unguarded moments published information which might have been very useful to the Russians, and we have also seen that, so far as the effects of this publication could be traced, they amounted to little or nothing. Probably if a treacherous Englishman had set himself to give the Czar all the news of the British camp, he would not have persuaded him to trust it. The Russians supposed every definite statement from a British source to be designed to mislead; and long after the descent on the Crimea had been decided upon the Czar persisted in believing that the Allies were still bent on a campaign in the Principalities, and he steadily refused reinforcements to Menschikoff. Perhaps the military staffs of all nations are inclined to rely chiefly upon evidence which is undesigned and therefore free of suspicion. The correspondent who says positively that six batteries are in a particular position may be disbelieved if his statement be read

by the enemy; but the enemy may build much on the same correspondent's incidental mention of a particular battalion at a particular place. They know what other battalions are brigaded with that battalion, and they form their conclusions. That, to be sure, does not absolve the correspondent. If he means no harm, his power for evil should still be treated at its source.

Sir William Molesworth begged the *Times* to suppress Russell's Crimean letters because they encouraged the enemy by insisting on the burden of sickness in the British camp. Burgoyne and Rose made exactly the same complaint. "Is that of less consequence," Burgoyne wrote to the Government, "than that the curiosity of the public should be satisfied?" In stating the problem as a question of alternatives, Burgoyne was right. One might go on indefinitely enumerating the various ways in which correspondents can do disservices to the armies they follow. But when all has been stated, the balance has still to be struck. Did Russell do more harm than good to the British troops in the Crimea? There can only be one answer. The man who revealed the position of the powder magazine "saved the remnant of the Army."

It is not accurate to say that the dangers of giving information to the enemy appeared for the first time with war correspondents. In the Peninsular War, Wellington continually complained of the revelations in the letters written home by officers. The newspapers at home, even more than the correspondents at the front, must be muzzled. The whole idea of a military or naval movement may be presented to the enemy by the publication of the news, say from

Southampton, that a fleet of cruisers and transports has been sighted in the Channel steaming in a certain direction. Can nothing be done to stop this kind of revelation? For years a War News Bill has been under contemplation, but has never been launched, and the cognate Official Secrets Bill was dropped in 1908, after a discouraging reception in the House of Lords. Little good would come of penalising newspapers after the event, for it is admitted that the judgment of editors might honestly fail, and that the most important clues might be offered to an enemy unawares. The experience of Russell in the Mutiny becomes significant at this point. Lord Clyde procured his silence by telling him everything. Is it supposed that most editors and correspondents have so little care for their personal honour that they would betray a trust formally committed to them? The most cursory examination of the genus of British newspaper, for ever discussing this or that plan for the good of the country and the Empire, answers the question. It is as certain as any human thing can be that the ordinary British editor, if given a piece of information by authority and appealed to as a patriotic man not to publish it, would rather see his office burned down than be accused of giving his country away. The solution, then, is for the Government to take editors into their confidence. But this suggestion applies only to a limited kind of information and to a time of war, or to a time when war is imminent.

It is not suggested for a moment that there should be a constantly maintained *rapport* between the Admiralty and the War Office and journalists. This is positively undesirable. The powerful official who desires to advance his theories, or perhaps to

exalt himself, can keep those whom he favours with his confidence in a sort of tutelage which poisons journalistic independence. Suppose that the military or naval correspondent of a newspaper has earned for himself good pay by the fullness and accuracy of his information. This information is derived, let us say, from a member of the Army Council, or of the Admiralty, or of the Imperial Defence Committee. The correspondent at length differs conscientiously on some important point of policy from his patron, but he knows that acquiescence is the only condition on which the stream of information will continue to flow. His employment depends upon it. In fine, when such a relation has been established, the official dispenses the destinies of the correspondent. Perhaps meanwhile the correspondent has contracted obligations which he cannot meet if his salary fails. What is one to say of such an association? Blackmail seems almost as tolerable.

All that has been said here of the relation of officials and journalists at home applies in principle to the relation of commanding officers and correspondents in the field. But in a campaign the relation has already been simplified by the existence of the censorship. Within the circumference of the censorship, one would suppose, officers could act with some confidence in their own discretion without on the one hand making reputable correspondents fear their intentions when they "bear gifts," or, on the other hand, observing a solemn reticence which serves the letter rather than the spirit of the King's Regulations. One has heard of a British officer who was serving his country in some *imbroglio* in the Far East, where the Powers were engaged in forcing peace on a native

population, repelling as an impertinence the request to see him made by a distinguished archæologist. The archæologist, although fair game for suspicion at the time as a newspaper correspondent, knew more about the natives of the district than any Englishman accessible within hundreds of miles. Very likely he made his request in an ill-mannered way. Probably the officer prided himself on his indifference to the Press—an admirable thing in itself. But all the time, were British interests being served? The Duke of Wellington said that to conquer your enemy you must first understand him. Well, the officer retained his dignity, the King's Regulations were strictly observed, the correspondent was put in his proper place, and knowledge was freely forsworn. It is enough to make one despair.

The question for the future appears to be whether war correspondents shall be allowed to accompany armies at all. It is often said that the Japanese example will be accepted and extended. The writer frankly disbelieves this. The argument from one nation to another is of all arguments the most illusory. He thinks that as our national ways are not those of the Japanese, prohibition would not be possible, and would be undesirable if it were. Russell used to say that the days of the war correspondent were ended, but perhaps he meant only the days of his substantial independence of control; and that no doubt is, and ought to be, true. In 1901 he wrote to Mr. Moberly Bell: "As Grattan said of the '78 Parliament, I may say, I think, of the special war correspondent, 'I sat by his birth and I followed him to his grave.' No newspaper will ever send forth its ready writers to the wars again to embroider and

enlarge their phylacteries and leave them behind in Lieutenant Muddle the Censor's bureau—whereon is inscribed 'The Truth Strictly Prohibited.'"

The Chief Press Censor in South Africa suggested that the War Office should keep an elastic list of respectable newspapers, and that only these should have the right to be represented at the front, and that a list of correspondents should similarly be kept, and only these should be accredited to newspapers at the front. When a war broke out, each paper with a right to a correspondent could choose a man from the list, or pool, at the War Office. The paper might possibly have made arrangements with a correspondent beforehand. That would be its own affair; only the correspondent's name must be on the list. He further suggested that correspondents should have some kind of uniform; that dispatch riders should not be allowed; that (though this was proposed more tentatively) telegraphing should not be allowed; and that letters should not be censored at all. The grave disadvantage of the "pool" would be that the War Office would be in an ultimate sense the employer of the correspondent. Evidence of any value to the discredit of the War Office would in these circumstances be very shy and fitful. Suppose that Russell in the Crimea had felt that his livelihood depended upon the favours of the War Office!

There is a good deal to be said for a very rough, ready and simple solution of the difficulty. Newspapers would freely choose their correspondents; telegraphing would not be allowed at all; and a time limit would be imposed before the expiration of which no reference might be made in any shape or form to events of a particular date. A censorship

would be unnecessary. Time would be a complete censor.

In this way, the valuable side of a correspondent's work would be preserved and its admitted dangers removed. Russell, who shook the Government of his day down to ruin, sent one telegram in the whole campaign—a few words recording the fall of Sebastopol. If it was decreed that the telegraph no longer existed for correspondents, all would still have an equal opportunity to emulate the achievement of Russell; the newspapers would be saved much expense; the serious study of war would be advanced; the standard of writing would possibly become higher; and only the public would be deprived, for the sake of their country, of the means to satisfy their craving for promptly-delivered sensations.

War correspondents who take a rational view of their duty are the unofficial scrutineers, the umpires representing the democracy, of an enterprise which requires a huge expenditure and involves the national honour in various directions. The Army cannot form an impartial estimate of its own actions. "I fear," said Burke, "to be judge in my own cause." Probably the Army itself shrinks from that responsibility, and it is almost certain that the nation is unwilling that it should be transferred to the Army.

If the soldier cannot criticise himself, it would be even more unseemly were he to praise himself. The dispatches of British generals have been traditionally marked by an unrivalled reticence and brevity. It is right that the troops should be praised for devotion and endurance by the supplementary medium of unofficial dispatches. For such reasons as these it seems impossible that in a nation like ours war

correspondence could be abolished. The task for the future is to remove all the causes of its errors, recognising that in the hands of a man like Russell it may yield a public service comparable with that of the soldier himself. And this task does not seem to be beyond the reach of ingenuity.

APPENDIX A

THE RUSSELL MEMORIAL IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ON Tuesday, February 9th, 1909, a memorial bust of Sir William Russell, subscribed for by many of his friends and admirers, was unveiled in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. The bust is by Mr. Bertram Mackennal, A.R.A. The following account of the ceremony is taken from the *Times* :—

“Mr. Mackennal's work is simple, dignified, and effective; and we may add that it offers a marked contrast to the majority of memorials in the crypt. Some of them, like the unfortunate relief commemorating Archibald Forbes, close by, are poor and insignificant, and many endeavour, by the lavishness of their alabaster frames, to compensate for poverty of idea and dull execution. Sculpture in England has greatly advanced during the last 20 years, and Mr. Mackennal, as was implied by the large vote which lately made him an A.R.A., is generally recognised by his brethren as one of the men most likely to further the advance. The scheme that he has adopted is that of a portrait bust in character, resting on an ample marble support, which shows the inscription in plain and legible writing. The bust, in bronze, shows us Russell wearing a campaigning cloak, and writing in his note-book. The face is not the face of the Russell of later years, but it is the face of Russell in his prime, when he was still doing yeoman work for his country with his pen. To get the likeness we believe that the sculptor had access to many photographs, and that the representation of Russell's face is quite approved by his family. Of the question of accuracy they are the best judges; but as to the artistic quality of the bust and of the whole monument, the public will form its own opinion. We believe that this will be highly favourable, and that all competent judges will agree that Mr. Mackennal's monument is one of the few thoroughly satisfactory works that

the crypt contains. The inscription upon the tablet is as follows :—

“SIR WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D.
THE FIRST AND GREATEST OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS.
CRIMEA, 1854. INDIA, 1857.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, 1861.
FRANCE, 1870 SOUTH AFRICA, 1879.
BORN MARCH 28, 1821. DIED FEBRUARY 10, 1907.”

“Besides Sir Evelyn Wood, there were present :—

“The Archdeacon of London (who conducted the dedication service), Lady Russell, Miss Daphne Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Longfield, Mrs. and Miss Thornhill, Mr. Walter, Mr. and Mrs. John Walter, Lord and Lady Courtney of Penwith, Lord Burnham, General Lord William Seymour, Sir William Richmond, R.A., Lord Ronald Gower, Sir Harry Poland, Mr. Underdown, K.C., Mr. G. E. Buckle, Admiral Sir Richard and Lady Blomfield, Mr. Moberly Bell, Sir George Birdwood, Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir William Treloar, Major C. W. White, Mr. and Mrs. Quirk, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry, Commander C. N. Robinson, R.N., Major S. H. Hooper, R.A., Mr. John Leyland, Mr. G. F. Bacon, Colonel C. à C. Repington, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Mackennal, Mr. and Mrs. Wynnard Hooper, Mr. Joseph W. Fenn, Mr. T. Catling, Mr. Humphry Ward, Mr. W. I. Richardson,* and many others.

“Lady Russell and Mrs. Thornhill brought wreaths, which were laid at the foot of the memorial.

“The bust having been unveiled by Sir Evelyn Wood, Archdeacon Sinclair opened the dedicatory service, and at an appointed pause Mr. Walter, on behalf of the donors, asked the Archdeacon, as representing the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral, to accept the custody of the memorial.

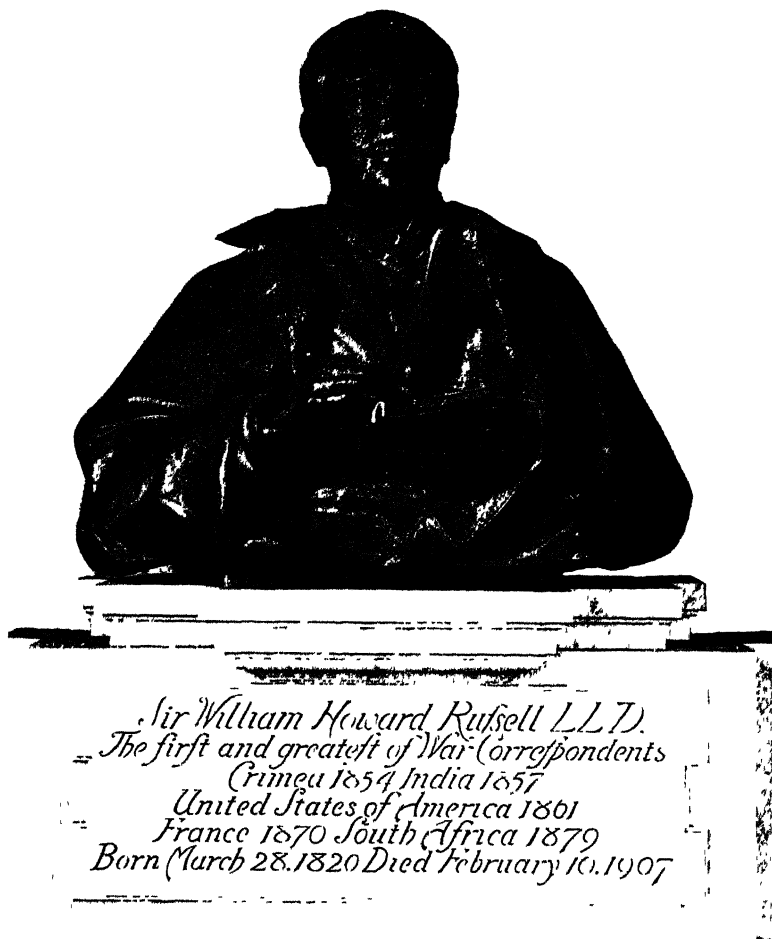
“The Archdeacon, in accepting charge of the monument, said he counted it among the most worthy memorials to those who had served their country by pen or sword, and won for themselves a lasting name.

“SIR EVELYN WOOD’S TRIBUTE.

“Sir Evelyn Wood then gave an address.

“He said they had assembled there to honour the memory of a remarkable man, who in a winsome personality

* Mr. W. I. Richardson, the printer of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, was head of the store department in the works of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans when the paper was founded in 1860. It was his duty to produce the specimen pages for Russell’s approval.



Sir William Howard Russell LL.D.
The first and greatest of War Correspondents
Crimea 1854 India 1857
United States of America 1861
France 1870 South Africa 1879
Born March 28. 1820 Died February 10. 1907

The Memorial in the Crypt of St. Paul's

combined the accuracy of an Englishman, the shrewdness of a Scotsman, and the humorous wit of an Irishman. Sir William Howard Russell had to make his own way in the world, and his successful career attested not only the force of his mental powers, but also his persevering character. Perhaps his most marked characteristic was his literary skill in describing faithfully what he saw and in language so graphic as to bring the scene vividly before his readers. When he was 21 years of age he reported the O'Connell meetings for *The Times*, and except for a short period when he wrote for the *Morning Chronicle*, he was generally until late in life writing descriptive letters in peace and war for the leading newspaper. In 1860 he founded, brought out, and edited the *Army and Navy Gazette*. It was, however, his work in the Crimea which, while it created the position of the war correspondent, earned for Howard Russell, in later years affectionately called 'Billy,' his world-wide reputation. He made mistakes, as all writers did who had to rely upon necessarily imperfect information. His experience was unlike that of his more fortunate successors of the present day who were allowed access to the Headquarters Staff. The present generation could scarcely imagine what Russell underwent during the first year of his daily life with the troops in the East. He landed at Gallipoli with the first detachment of our troops in 1854; and he saw the last British soldier leave the Crimea in the summer of 1856, himself remaining, as he wrote, 'alone, except for Cossacks and rats.' At first he was regarded only as a camp follower, a nuisance, an unnecessary nuisance, and was merely tolerated; but when his first letters appeared in *The Times* pointing out the painful deficiencies in the regimental hospitals he became, in the opinion of the officers around him, a dangerous and obnoxious pest to be crushed as soon as possible. Yet not all the officers so regarded him, for it was impossible to live with Russell and be his personal enemy, and he always had supporters in the Army. Consciously or unconsciously, he reflected the views and opinions of those with whom he had to live. But the Headquarters Staff and many regimental officers feared that his outspoken denunciations of a want of system by which in eight battalions at the front 71 men died out of every 100 would weaken discipline. It was difficult to realise in these times that those 71 men in every 100 died from want of food and clothing alone. By the spring of 1855 thoughtful officers realised that Russell's letters had enabled *The Times* to save the remnant of a naked and starved army. Then came in the Crimea a great revulsion of feeling in favour of the war correspondent, and one commanding officer wrote in May, 1855: 'I have changed my views, and

consider that *The Times* is a good friend to the Army.' Indeed there were substantial grounds for gratitude to the proprietor of *The Times*, for the staff of that journal collected and distributed in the Crimea food and clothing at a cost of over £30,000. But the great war correspondent did much more than that. He 'showed up' the military mismanagement of the day when, in describing an interview with a lad who had been severely wounded at the assault on the Great Redan, he stated that the recruit had never fired his rifle because he had not been taught how to load it. On the other hand, Russell caused the heart of the nation to go out to its soldiers as it had never gone out before. His descriptions of the heroism of the private soldier were a revelation to the British people, who had never realised what they owed to the misnamed 'common' soldier. In the great war forty years earlier the rank and file had generally been items to the credit account of the superior officers. Howard Russell enabled the tax-payers at home to understand 'with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights.' Officers learnt to appreciate his work. Colin Campbell by his will left him a keepsake, and few men were so popular as Russell with the Crimea veterans. At the time, however, his letters caused a break-up of the Ministry. While the new Prime Minister was writing to the new War Secretary, 'Our men are dying in hospital from mere neglect,' and the new War Secretary expressed privately very much the same views as did Russell on the want of an Army system, yet the War Secretary vituperated him continuously for his letters which were then appearing in 'the villainous *Times*.' The proprietor and his staff, however, were as unmoved by abuse as Howard Russell himself, and, with a more accurate forecast of the resolution of a growing democracy to secure redress of known evils, maintained their policy of plain speaking, being convinced that 'great is truth and mighty above all.'

"The Archdeacon, before resuming the service, said he wished to add the expression of the Dean and Chapter's pleasure in having that work of the rising sculptor, Mr. Mackennal, side by side with the Archibald Forbes memorial and immediately above the one which had been placed in the crypt to the men who had sacrificed their lives for their country in South Africa. He continued the recital of the sentences of the service as follows:—

"These were honoured in their generation and were the glory of their times. There be of them that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported; and some there be which have no memorial. . . Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.

"The service was brought to a close with the Benediction."

APPENDIX B

A LIST OF RUSSELL'S WORKS.

1. "The War from the Landing at Gallipoli to the Death of Lord Raglan." 2 vols. 1855 and 1856.
2. "The British Expedition to the Crimea." 1858. New edition, 1877.
3. "Rifle Clubs and Volunteer Corps." 1859.
4. "My Diary in India in the Years 1858—59." 2 vols. 1860. New edition, 1876.
5. "The Battle of Bull Run." New York. 1861.
6. "A Memorial of the Marriage of Albert Edward Prince of Wales and Alexandra Princess of Denmark." 1863.
7. "My Diary North and South: Canada, its Defences, Conditions, and Resources." 3 vols. 1863—65.
8. "Gen. Todleben's History of the Defence of Sebastopol: a Review." 1865.
9. "The Atlantic Telegraph." 1866.
10. "The Adventures of Dr. Brady." (Reprinted from *Tinsley's Magazine*.) 3 vols. 1868.
11. "My Diary in the East during the Tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales." 1869. (2 editions.)
12. "My Diary During the Last Great War." 1874. Translation by R. Schlesinger. Leipsic. 1874.
13. "The Prince of Wales's Tour; with some Account of Visits to the Courts of Greece, Egypt, Spain and Portugal." Illustrations by S. P. Hall. 1877.
14. "The Crimea, 1854—55." Comments on Mr. Kinglake's "Apologia for the Winter Troubles." 1881.
15. "Hesperothen." Notes from the West, being a Record of a Ramble in the United States and Canada. 2 vols. 1882.

16. "A Visit to Chile and the Nitrate Fields of Tarapaca."
1890.

17. "The Great War with Russia; the Invasion of the
Crimea: a Personal Retrospect." Reprinted from the *Army
and Navy Gazette*. 1895.

18. Introduction to "The Crimean Diary of Sir C. A.
Windham, K.C.B." Edited by Colonel H. W. Pearse,
D.S.O. 1897.

APPENDIX C

A LIST OF RUSSELL'S ORDERS AND MEDALS.

The Order of Christ of Portugal.

The Order of the Redeemer of Greece.

The Order of Francis Joseph of Austria.

The Order of Medjidieh of Turkey.

The Order of Osmanieh of Turkey.

The Order of the Iron Cross of Prussia.

He had the Crimean medal with the clasp for Sebastopol, the Turkish medal, the Indian medal with the clasp for Lucknow, the German medal for 1870, and the South African medal for 1879.

He was knighted in 1895, and received the C.V.O. in 1902. He was LL.D. of Trinity College, Dublin, a Deputy-Lieutenant for the Tower Hamlets, and a Commander of the Legion of Honour.

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